WALKER's

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OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For OCTOBER, 1794.

SOME MEMOIRS OF M. BARRERE.

(With an accurate Likeneſs of that celebrated French Miniſter.)

M. BARRERE is a native of Chalons ſur Saone, and is now in his forty third year. He was bred to the law, and was an advocate of the parliament of Paris before the revolution. His eloquence, and his immediate turning with the tide of politics toward republicaniſm, procured him the favour of the people; and the chief demagogues thought his talents would make him highly uſeful to them in their purſuits. He was not deſtitute of ambition, but he wiſely concluded that to obtain a ſafe and permanent ſituation in the adminiſtration of public affairs he ought not to aſpire to be at the head of them. By that wiſe and cautious conduct, amidſt all the diſſenſions and convulſions of the convention he preſerved the third rank both in the legiſlative and executive departments. He ſo tempered his ſpeeches and his actions, that he was the firm republican without violence or betraying a ſanguinary diſpoſition. By turns the friend of Mirabeau, Condorcet, Briſſot, Danton, and Robeſpierre, he excited no jealouſy when either of them was in power; and became the enemy of each as ſoon as they made themſelves obnoxious to the ſtate or the people. Thus, like a wary and ſkilful pilot, he ſteered amidſt the ſtorms, rocks and ſhelves, on which many were fatally wrecked, and has kept himſelf in a ſafe ſituation.

Frequently elected preſident, he filled that office with dignity, and being one of the committee of public ſafety he exerted the moſt unwearied diligence in executing the functions of that difficult office. As the communication of all reports from that committee to the national convention were made officially by Barrere, he had frequent obligations to be long and minute in his ſpeeches from the chair. Thoſe he did in moſt correct language, and a pleaſing ſatisfactory manner, ſuch as rendered him very popular.

After the detection of the infernal plots of Robeſpierre to render himſelf the dictator of the nation, Barrere ſpoke pointedly againſt him, but when Robeſpierre and his aſſociates fell under the axe it was not to be ſuppoſed that with them the whole party was extinct. The utmoſt care, indeed, was taken, that no new flaming phœnix ſhould ariſe from its aſhes. Yet an attempt was made. It was thought that by taking off the principal heads of the convention, confuſion might ariſe whilſt they would ride in the whirlwind and direct the ſtorm. On the 29th of Auguſt laſt, Le Cointre, of Verſailles, had the boldneſs to denounce *ſeven* of the chief members of the convention, amongſt whom Barrere was one. Some of their friends attempted to paſs by the accuſation by the order of the day, but the accuſed members oppoſed that motion, they fairly and boldly met the charge, gave

opportunity to the accuſer to open it in all its branches, which were each refuted in the moſt ſatisfactory manner. Le Cointre gained only contempt and deteſtation, but the accuſed members were more firmly fixed in the public opinion, as ſincere friends to the republic: and Barrere with the reſt are now eſteemed more than ever, eſpecially as they ſhewed they had totally departed from that ſpirit of terror and revenge which had ſo long been diffeminated by Robeſpierre and his party; for their victory over falſe accuſation was not followed up by any ſanguinary decree againſt the accuſer, whom they left to be puniſhed only by the ſtings of diſappointed rancour, and general contempt.

Evening.

(With an elegant Deſcriptive Engraving.)

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

Now he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky:
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads,
Shelter, for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the Lark with vary'd tune,
Carrols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

As the Trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well poiſ'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckow bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

The Three Sociables: A Characteriſtic Sketch.

WE often obſerve an intimacy where we can diſcover no bond of union. Men of diſſimilar habits, talents, and humours meet together by ſome accident, become conſtant companions, and enter into a ſtate of friendſhip, which the reſt of the world think as unſtable as the wind, and as little to be depended upon as a rope of ſand. Yet they remain connected for years, and often death only parts them. It is certainly contrary to the commonly received notion of friendſhip that it ſhould ſubſiſt between perſons of diametrically oppoſite qualities, but the exceptions to this rule are not few, and *Morologus*, *Eutrapeles*, and *Tetricus* afford a remarkable one.

How or when they came together, as they know not themſelves, it would be impertinent in others to enquire. Accident probably firſt threw them in one another's way, and there was, it may be ſuppoſed, ſomething common between them which inclined them to meet again by *deſign*. Conſtant to each other they certainly are now, although no three men ſeem more unlikely to agree. Morologus is one of thoſe talkers who, without diſplaying any uncommon, or indeed even common ſhare of underſtanding, talks perpetually on all ſubjects, and hazards an opinion with equal pertinacity whether he does, or does not know any thing of the ſubject. Eutrapeles, with more underſtanding, but not more common ſenſe, is a fellow of ſome facetiouſneſs. He has read all the jeſt books, and can apply old jokes to new incidents. He

is very happy at a pun, and is ever attempting ſomething of the kind; good, they cannot be called, but it ſo happens that the worſe they are the more they produce laughter, and that is a main object with Eutrapeles. Tetricus poſſeſſes a conſiderable ſhare of underſtanding and common ſenſe, but he will give neither fair play; he is as froward as if he were childiſh, and moroſe even to a proverb. He is eternally complaining that Morologus talks when he ſhould be ſilent. Morologus avers that he is out of humour without a cauſe; and Eutrapeles exerciſes his wit at the expence of both, in ſuch a manner that they unite againſt him as a common enemy. Morologus talks him out of the field, and Tetricus frowns him into ill-humour. Thus do they agree in mixing their diſcordant ingredients.

Of the three it is hard to ſay which is the moſt agreeable companion. Morologus muſt have all the converſation to himſelf, and few companies will agree to a monopoly of that kind. Eutrapeles is ſo profoundly witty, as to be often unintelligible, and until he has begun the laugh, one is not aware that he has been attempting a jeſt. Tetricus would be equally ſilent and ſour in all companies. It is in the *trio* only that his peculiar talents are called forth. Morologus, from being always employed in talking is inattentive, and Tetricus plays him many a practical joke by hiding his ſnuff box, or his cane. Eutrapeles goads Tetricus to ſay ſomething; the other growls his diſapprobation, and Eutrapeles catches at ſome word which will make a pun. Morologus is offended at being interrupted in the midſt of a long diſſertation by what he calls a ſilly jeſt, while the wit retorts upon him, that a tedious ſpeech is the beſt of all good jokes. In this manner, the trio torment one another, and from this ariſes the happineſs which they enjoy in each other's company. No perſon but Tetricus would liſten to the converſation of Morologulus, and none but he would give effect to the wit of Eutrapeles, by being offended at it.

In the ſummer, they frequently travel, and each has his ſeparate department. Morologus talks to the poſtilions and ſtable boys. Eutrapeles exerciſes his ingenious talents at the expence of the waiters and bar-maids; and Tetricus, beſide the privilege of ſettling the accounts, is entitled to find fault with every thing preſented to them. Their dinners are a trial of ſkill in their ſeveral qualifications, Morologus prevents the waiters from obeying the call by keeping them in converſation: Eutrapeles makes jokes and puns upon the diſhes, and is never ſo happy as when a calf's head, or a tongue and brains are upon the table, diſhes which time immemorial have afforded a vaſt ſcope to the little efforts of little wits. Tetricus grumbles and carves, complains and eats, opening his mouth as often as his companions, but for a purpoſe *widely* different. When the wine is placed on the table, it affords Morologus an opportunity of explaining its hiſtory and properties. Eutrapeles has a number of very appoſite *bon mots*; and Tetricus is highly gratified by having an opportunity of condemning it as too new, or too old, too ſour, or cloudy, or, perhaps, 'it is not the wine they had before.' They all agree, however, in drinking copiouſly, and the talkative man becomes ſpeechleſs, the witty man dull, and Tetricus is good humoured and lively, when he has nobody to ſhare in his mirth, for his companions are faſt aſleep.

Although theſe three ſworn friends quarrel at leaſt once at every meeting, they underſtand each other ſo well as to contrive to part upon the beſt terms, and propoſe to meet again with the moſt eager impatience. For this purpoſe, each takes an opportunity to gratify the other's foibles. Morologus compliments Eutrapeles on the poignancy of his wit; and the latter aſſures Morologus, that notwithſtanding his *reſerve* and avoiding *much* converſation, there is a depth and ſolidity in his remarks, which would acquire 'the applauſe of liſtening ſenates.'—And they both pacify Tetricus by declaring that his temper proceeds only from his wiſdom, and that his native good humour is not the leſs pleaſing, becauſe

it happens not to be dreſt in ſmiles. Beſide this, there are a few ſubjects on which they all agree, and the ſtarting of any one of them is ſure to quell the moſt violent commotions. Theſe ſubjects are, contempt of the married ſtate and of early hours. They are all batchelors, and of a pretty advanced age, and they uſually begin to ſpend their evening, when other men are in their firſt ſleep.

Such is the union which ſubſiſts between theſe three extraordinaries, and what once, perhaps, was caſual, is now conſtant and neceſſary. The talker would have nothing to ſay, and conſequently no employment, if the wit were not to liſten to him; and the ſulky gentleman would fall into a lethargy, if the converſation of the one did not keep him awake, and the jokes of the other provoke his reſentment. In the chain of cauſes and effects, theſe men are uſeful ſome how to one another. Inſulated from the reſt of the world, they have found each other out by inſtinct, and are to themſelves a little world. It may be doubted, indeed, whether their union be rational, for how can that be rational which is not made up of rational parts? But they nevertheleſs enjoy a degree of happineſs, like that of the animal creation, which is juſt as much as they are capable of. To uſe the language of ſcripture, 'A ſtranger intermeddleth not with their joys.' They are to one another what no perſons beſide can be.

If we conſider the nature of that connexion, to which ſome people give the name of friendſhip, we ſhall probably think that the foregoing deſcription is not overcharged. Moſt men in ſeeking friends, plainly ſhew that they want only companions, thoſe who may divert the hours that muſt otherwiſe be conſumed in the greateſt of all pains, the pain of ſeeking reſources within themſelves, where none are to be found. How elſe can we account for the prepoſterous mixtures of promiſcuous company, the bad and the good, the boiſterous and the mild, the ignorant and the crafty, aſſembling to produce ſomething agreeable to the whole; or in other words, combining together to deſtroy that *time*, which would be too powerful for their ſeparate efforts. Combinations of the moſt abſurd kind may very naturally be expected, where men meet for no better purpoſes than to fly from their own reflexions, and loſe ſight of their own immediate duties. We may, by giving way to this humour, comply with the complimentary forms, and external appearances of human ſociety, but we cannot be ſaid to cultivate or to underſtand either our own happineſs, or our characters. And the only conſequence of thus avoiding the hours of ſober reflection, is, that we ſhall ſoon ceaſe to think with wiſdom and act with propriety, for there never yet was an inſtance of a man who courted the promiſcuous companies of the low, the illiterate, and the groſs, and at the ſame time conducted himſelf in the affairs of human life, with a ſteady temper, a cool rectitude, and an unbiaſſed judgment.

Character of the late Mr. Day.

MR. DAY's ſhort life was one uniform ſyſtem of exertions in the cauſe of humanity. He thought nothing miſ-ſpent or ill-beſtowed, which contributed, in any degree, to the general ſum of happineſs. In his purſuit of knowledge, though he deemed it highly valuable as a private and perſonal acquiſition, he had a particular view to the application of it to the purpoſes of philanthropy. It was to be able to do good to others, as well as to gratify the ardent curioſity and activity of his own mind, that he became an ingenious mechanic, a well-informed chemiſt, a learned theoretical phyſician, and an expert conſtitutional lawyer. But though his comprehenſive genius embraced almoſt the whole range of literature, the ſubjects to which he was the moſt attached, and which he regarded as the moſt eminently uſeful, were thoſe that are comprehended in hiſtorical and ethical ſcience. Indeed, every thing was important in his eyes, not merely as it tended to advance the individual, but in proportion to its ability in diſcloſing the powers, and improving the general intereſts, of the human ſpecies.

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The political character of Mr. Day may be ſeen in his writings. But it is proper here to obſerve, that though he wrote with warmth and energy, his ſentiments were tempered with a moderation dictated by humanity. To adopt his own words, he was unwilling to "make the great ſtate machine ſtand ſtill, for the mere experiment of greaſing its wheels." It was with horror that he heard of the coolneſs with which perſons ſometimes talked of civil wars, as if they imagined that every the leaſt profaneneſs at the ſhrine of liberty was to be purged by ſtreams of innocent blood, and the overthrow of the conſtitution. Partly from the notions he had imbibed from Rouſſeau of the dignity of man, but ſtill more perhaps from the jealouſy with which he thought the ſacred temple of freedom ought ever to be watched by its own prieſts, he declared, "that he never would, either by himſelf or agents, aſk for the vote of an elector in any part of the kingdom." From the ſame refined watchfulneſs over his own independence, as in the former inſtance over that of others, he withdrew from more than one overture to bring him into the public ſervice, though ſuch overtures were made in a very honourable manner. The pointed ſcrutiny with which he was accuſtomed to examine things threw a thouſand obſtacles in the way of his union with a party: and as he deſpiſed the proſpects of ordinary ambition, and ſought neither titles nor emolument, he perceived the more diſtinctly the ineſtimable privilege of retaining the good opinion of all mankind in the homely ſtation of an honeſt man.

In private life, Mr. Day was a faithful and tender huſband, an affectionate ſon, and a generous and ſympathiſing friend. Indeed, the unuſual patience with which he commonly liſtened to the accounts any in his company gave of their ſituation and circumſtances, and the earneſt advice, as well as ready pecuniary aſſiſtance, which he afforded them, made many ſuppoſe him to be more intereſted for their individual welfare, than from their relative connections, and his regards for the reſt of mankind, there could be juſt reaſon to expect. Benevolent as he was, he knew that both friendſhip and property have their limits.

Mr. Day was remarkably plain in his dreſs, and even negligent in that reſpect; but then it was only in ſuch points as he thought to be unconnected with health. In the choice of his food he was far from being nice and delicate; not, however, from the want of a very diſcriminating taſte, but becauſe he had obſerved that a faſtidiouſneſs of appetite is often productive of evil conſequences. His mode of travelling was as ſimple and unexpenſive as poſſible; the reaſon he aſſigned for which, was, that the leſs he ſpent upon himſelf, the more he could afford for the wants of his fellow-creatures. In fact, he not only applied great part of his income, but alſo ſome portion of his principal fortune to the calls and purpoſes of others. In conſequence of the wide range of his charity, and the unoſtentatious manner in which it was beſtowed, many of his beneficent actions are now totally unknown; and others it would not be proper to mention, as the objects of them are ſtill living. Few returned from him empty-handed; for he ſaid, "that he loved to give." It was a beautiful part of his character, that he would often ſeek for excuſes, why he might beſtow ſomething even on profligate poverty. The relief that might accrue to the families of unworthy perſons, the diſtance the petitioners came from, or other reaſons, were aſſigned by Mr. Day as apologies for the exerciſe of his generoſity. Indeed, human benevolence would be too much limited, if the extenſion of it were ſolely confined to moral excellence. There may be much compaſſionable diſtreſs, much diſtreſs that ought to be relieved, where there are great defects in point of character.

It has been thought that Mr. Day was reſerved in his manners to thoſe of his own degree in life; but this was not the caſe where he particularly eſteemed people for their moral qualities, whether he knew them by experience or report. His countenance and behaviour were then expreſſive of the natural openneſs

openneſs and cordiality of his temper. The perſons he was moſt diſpoſed to treat with coldneſs and diſtance, were thoſe, who preſuming upon their rank, faſhion, or fortune, ſeemed to lay claim to the univerſal homage of mankind. Such vain and empty pretenſions he undoubtedly regarded with ſupreme contempt. He enjoyed rational ſociety, and had very great talents for converſation: but he had a diſlike to mixed companies, and eſpecially thoſe which conſtitute what are commonly called the polite circles.

To merit, though unattended with ſhining talents, Mr. Day was much attached; nor was he unwilling to have the company of any orderly perſons of the lower ranks. Common farmers were frequently admitted to his table, and he converſed with them with the utmoſt freedom. It was a pleaſure to him to promote the chearfulneſs and happineſs of that claſs of men, who, though overlooked in a country of opulence and luxury, may be conſidered as the centre pillar of the great fabric of ſociety, and who at ſome part of this day are an emblem, more perhaps than any other ſet of people in the kingdom, of the old Engliſh character.

In his temper, Mr. Day was open and mild to an uncommon degree. Nevertheleſs, the rigour with which, at an early period, he had diſciplined his own conduct, induced him ſometimes to expreſs his indignation with harſhneſs, when perſons talked in a manner very inconſiſtent with what might juſtly be expected from their age, ſituation, or character. He deſpiſed the French for their effeminacy and affectation; but a delicate Engliſhman he regarded as doubly contemptible. Had he lived to ſee the progreſs of the late grand revolution in France, he would probably have adopted other ſentiments, and made uſe of different language concerning that nation.

Mr. Day ſpoke very indulgently of the failings of mankind, and maintained, that miſconduct aroſe more from inconſiderate folly than deliberate wickedneſs. The latter term he thought to be rarely applicable to the characters of men. His opinion of the preſent age was, that it was diſſipated and trifling: and he believed, that even the middling claſſes were in their full career to ruin: the great cauſe of which he aſcribed to the want of good advice and example. He hoped, however, that from ſowing the ſeeds of morality early, a new ſyſtem might ſtill ſpring up, if the reſpectable characters of the kingdom did but foſter their growth with genial care, until they had raiſed them above the reach of thoſe weeds with which French foppery and faſhionable folly have over-run the land.

We ſhall conclude our account of Mr. Day's private life with an extract from a letter with which Mrs. Day has favoured the writer of the preſent article. "I may, I hope, without impropriety, freely expreſs my ſenſe of that merit, which, in *my eſtimation*, was unequalled. The undeviating firmneſs, independence, and diſintereſtedneſs of Mr. Day's character, in an age of ſuch venality, corruption, and effeminacy as the preſent, might ſurely be conſidered as a ſingular phænomenon. As I, of all human beings, was the moſt intimately acquainted with the extraordinary and invariable ſimplicity of his life and manners, I do not ſcruple to ſay, that this, united to his patriotic ſpirit (with the opinion I entertained of his eloquence and abilities,) continually reminded me of thoſe great and virtuous characters of antient times, who, deſpiſing the common objects of ambition, cultivated their farms, and yet were ever ready, when occaſion called, to exert themſelves in defence of the rights and liberties of their country. My huſband's conduct was in a great meaſure conformable to that ſentiment of Rouſſeau: "Whilſt there is *one* of our fellow-creatures who wants the neceſſaries of life, what virtuous man will riot in its ſuperfluities?"

Anecdote.

BENSERADE made profeſſion of ſaying witty things, and in reality excelled in it. A few proofs will be ſufficient. A courtier and a married man was greatly ſuſpected of impotency, and much joked by *Benſerade* and

and others on that account, which offended the gentleman very much, who had a quite different opinion of himself. Some months after, meeting with the poet, "sir," says he, "notwithstanding your jokes my wife has been brought to bed some days ago." "Upon my word sir," answered he, "I never suspected your wife in the least."

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

TO bestow deserved honour on the dead, is to hold forth the strongest incitement to virtue. By giving to the public the following character, you will discharge a debt due to the memory of a person of very superior merit; and render him even in death, serviceable to his country by his bright example.

Authentic Particulars of the late Brigadier-General Richard Symes.

AMONG the many excellent and valuable officers who have fallen victims to the ravages of the pestilential fever which has prevailed among the West India Islands during this campaign, there are none who from eminent public and private virtues will prove a more severe and irreparable loss to their country—or their friends, than the late Brigadier-General Symes, of Ballyarthur, in the county of Wicklow.—Possessed of an ample fortune, and most beautiful family seat, he yet felt it an indispensable duty to serve his country by engaging in some active and liberal pursuit. Having chosen the honourable profession of arms, to which his genius more particularly directed him, he applied himself with such diligence to the study of it, both as a science, and in practice, that he was generally esteemed by all judges of military merit, to be one of the best officers in the service. He early attracted the notice of sir Charles Grey, who in the late American war appointed him his major of brigade; and confided to his zeal and ability the most important and arduous enterprizes. When sir Charles was, towards the conclusion of that war appointed commander in chief in the year 1782, he placed him in the honourable and lucrative station of Quarter-master-general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. But peace being immediately afterward concluded, he had, at that time, no further opportunity of displaying his military talents;—the estimation however in which his general character was held, for the more amiable—though less brilliant, arts of peace;—for honour—probity, and refined elegance of manners, procured him the distinction of being selected by his majesty, as confidential companion of prince Edward, when he joined his regiment at Gibraltar, in the year 1790. This delicate commission he discharged with so much address, that he was at once honoured with his majesty's approbation, and the most flattering testimonies of esteem and regard by his royal pupil,—with whose friendship he has been since continually favoured, and with whom as fellow-soldier he has signally co-operated in the late glorious conquest of the West India Islands.

On the commencement of this war he was made lieutenant colonel of the 53d regiment, and served with great honour in the whole campaign of 1793, in Flanders, under the duke of York. When the expedition against the West India Islands was committed to his old friend, and patron sir Charles Grey, he was appointed his quarter-master general with the rank of colonel; and was soon after raised to that of brigadier general. The splendid success which attended that expedition, is too recent to be detailed here; it may be sufficient to observe, that to his judgment and spirit, was in a great degree owing, the rapid progress of the British arms in that brilliant campaign; in which the whole of the French West India Islands were completely conquered in so short a space of time, and with such an uninterrupted career of victory, that then, of ever in modern times—the *Veni—Vidi—Vici* of *Cæsar* might have been aptly applied. The high encomiums bestowed on his conduct, zeal, and abilities, by the commanders in chief, both military and naval, in every official

official report, have given ample and immortal teſtimony to his uncommon merit, and have placed his fame beyond the reach of envy or of time.

By that partial reverſe of fortune, which gave the enemy once more the poſſeſſion of Point-a-Petre, in Guadaloupe, he was again called to conduct the aſſault of a fort, which he had that very ſame campaign carried by ſtorm. The unfavourable iſſue of that enterprize is well known:—being miſled in the night by his guides,—although he took poſſeſſion of the town of Point-a-Petre,—yet, having ſuſtained conſiderable loſs in attempting the moſt inacceſſible part of the fort, he was at length compelled to retreat. In this unfortunate affair, he received a ſevere wound in the wriſt, which obliged him to embark for Europe, on board the Vengeance man of war, for the recovery of his health; of which the beſt hopes were entertained, every alarming appearance from his wound having in a great meaſure ſubſided, when he unhappily caught the infection which then prevailed on board the ſhip, and which his debilitated ſtate probably rendered him more ſuſceptible of, as well as leſs able to contend with, and expired on the 19th of July, 1794, in the 48th year of his age; at the period when, after long and ſevere ſervices, he had at length attained that well-earned rank and eſtimation in his profeſſion, which placed its higheſt honours and emoluments in full proſpect before him. His body was committed to the deep, with all military honours due to his rank and merit; and his memory will be cheriſhed by his country, while public or private virtue holds eſtimation among mankind,

His conduct is his beſt panegyric.—Deliberate in council—prompt and intrepid in action—ſteady, affectionate, and ſincere in friendſhip—The firmneſs and energy of his military character were tempered by the benevolence, the tenderneſs, the humanity, of his private life.

——"Take him for all in all,
We ſhall not look upon his like again."

Anecdote of Charles the Firſt.

THERE are at Mr. ——'s, at Bruſſels, ſome MS. letters of Rubens, in which he expreſſes his happineſs at going to England to work for this unfortunate monarch, who, he ſays, "was one of the beſt connoiſſeur princes of his time." Charles drew a little with his pencil and had made a very fine collection of pictures at Whitehall, moſt of which, after his death, paſſed over into Spain. The buſt that Bernini made of him was burnt at Whitehall, and by the drawing of it, at preſent in the poſſeſſion of one of our moſt eminent collectors, we appear to have had no great loſs. The buſt muſt have been quite *outré*, and quite in the *maniera Berniniuneſca*, as the Italians call it. The whiſkers are enormous, and the whole head is charged. An exceſſively intereſting account of the behaviour of this prince during his confinement is to be met with in ſir Thomas Herbert's "Memoirs of the Two Laſt Years of the Life of King Charles the Firſt." His behaviour appears to have been ſo dignified, yet ſo patient, that one is nearly tempted to cry out in the words of Seneca,

"Ecce ſpectaculum dignum ad quod reſpiciat operi ſuo intentus Deus: Vir bonus cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus."

The behavour of the late excellent monarch of France, in the ſame circumſtances, reminds one very much of that of Charles; his anſwers were ſo collected, his demeanour ſo majeſtic, his reſignation ſo pious, and his whole conduct ſo different from what from common report there was reaſon to expect from him, that he completely verified what was always ſaid of him by one who well knew him, "Le Roi eſt au deſſous & au deſſus des autres hommes: The king is both below and above moſt other men;" above them when he thought and acted for himſelf, and below them when in his moments of feebleneſs and of idleneſs he was led by other perſons. "Le dernier venu avoit preſque toujours raiſon avec lui: The perſon that laſt ſpoke to him upon any ſubject in general directed him."

To the Editor.

SIR,

IN your magazine for July laſt, I read a letter, ſtating, that an opinion was prevalent on the continent, that the myſteries of free-maſonry had in a great meaſure contributed to thoſe changes in ſentiment and morality, no leſs than in government, which had brought about the French revolution. To corroborate this opinion, we are favoured with ſome account of the freemaſons, taken from a work printed at Paris, intituled, "The Veil withdrawn; or, the Secret of the French Revolution explained by the help of Free-Maſonry." A Mr. Le Franc, the late ſuperior of the Eudiſts at Caen, who was butchered at Paris on the famous 2d of September, is ſaid to have been the author of this tract; and J. M. obſerves, that it is much eſteemed by the *honeſt* part of the French nation, and has paſſed through two editions.

In what part of the continent ſuch an opinion as he ſtates could prevail, I am at a loſs to conceive, as the principles and tenets of the maſonic inſtitution are too well known to give it the leaſt ſanction; and I can freely declare that, after a regular intercourſe with the fraternity of maſons both at home and abroad, above thirty years, I have not been able to diſcover the leaſt ſimilarity between their myſteries and the ceremonies recapitulated in that letter. Nay, I will go farther, and aſſert, that the whole account which he has taken the trouble to tranſlate is fabulous, and muſt by every enlightened mind be treated with contempt.

There is, indeed, no occaſion to uſe the medium of a literary journal to anſwer the queries; as by a regular application to the ſociety, which is very generally ſpread, and the doors of which are open to every man of probity and honour, he might have ſatisfied himſelf as to the truth of every particular he wiſhes to know. Had he adopted this meaſure, in place of waſting his time and talents in tranſlating a work for which nobody will thank him, he would have ſhewn more diſcernment, and have proved himſelf a better friend to his ſovereign and his country.

The conſtitutions of the free-maſons have been in pretty extenſive circulation above eighty years; and the ableſt writers, both in the laſt and preſent century, have expreſſed the moſt favourable opinion of the inſtitution; while the moſt dignified and illuſtrious characters, both in church and ſtate, in almoſt every country in Europe, have given it a ſanction, and continue to patronize and protect the regular aſſemblies of the fraternity. Now, can it for a moment be ſuppoſed that, under ſuch auſpices, any meaſures could be planned and encouraged, which either were calculated, or had the leaſt tendency, to produce the changes in civil and religious affairs which have lately taken place in France! Such an idea is abſurd in the extreme.

That there are, and have been, impoſtors, who have introduced modern fanatical innovations under the ſanction of ſecrecy, to deceive the credulous, and miſlead the unwary, is a truth beyond contradiction; and that ſuch impoſtors may have intruded themſelves into the aſſemblies of maſons, may be alſo true. But, I will take upon me to ſay, that ſuch aſſociations are unconnected with the genuine tenets of maſonry, which, according to the univerſal ſyſtem, never countenance deception; nor do the regular patrons of the craft ever ſanction impoſture.

Whether the conſtitution of free-maſonry be of antient or modern date, or whence its appellation is derived, are points I will leave to others, who are better informed, to determine; in my opinion, they are to the public of little avail.

To prevent the evil conſequences, however, which may ariſe from the virulence of the poiſon his letter is intended to ſpread, I ſhall, for the ſatisfaction of the public, and to remove any groundleſs cauſe of alarm againſt the maſons, ſtate the nature of the maſonic inſtitution, and the employment of the fraternity in their various claſſes. I ſhall then ſpecify the charges they are bound to ſupport; and endeavour to ſhew, that neither the tenets of the Or-

der, nor the principles of the brethren, are compatible with the meaſures which have ſo recently convulſed the French nation.

According to the genuine maſonic ſyſtem, as univerſally eſtabliſhed, the fraternity are divided into three claſſes, of which the privileges of each are diſtinct. The firſt claſs is compoſed of worthy men, ſelected from the community at large, on account of their acknowledged probity and honour, for the purpoſe of promoting moral and ſocial virtue. In this claſs the duties of morality are taught, and the art of uniting, for a time, men of oppoſite tenets in one theme, the glory of God, and the good of man. The ſecond claſs is ſelected from ſuch members of the firſt claſs as have by perſeverence and diligence, merited the good opinion of their brethren, and who, by the proper application of their talents, have eſtabliſhed their claim to preferment. In this claſs ſcience and philoſophy are explored, and every exertion made to embelliſh and adorn ſociety, by the culture of learning and the improvement of uſeful art. The third claſs is compoſed of members ſelected from the ſecond claſs for eminent talents, exemplary conduct, or diſtinguiſhed rank. Among this claſs the whole ſyſtem of antient lore is preſerved, and the improvement of the underſtanding enriched by correct reaſon, ſound judgement, and ſage experience. From ſuch an arrangement what beneficial effects may not be derived?

To ſubmit to the powers that be, to obey the laws which yield protection, to conform to the government under which they live, to be attached to their native ſoil and ſovereign, to encourage induſtry, to reward merit, and to practiſe univerſal benevolence, are the fundamental tenets of maſons: peace on earth, and good-will to man, are their ſtudy; while the cultivators and promoters of that ſtudy are marked as patterns worthy of imitation and regard. Friends to church and ſtate in every regular government, their tenets interfere with no particular faith, but are alike friendly to all. Suiting themſelves to circumſtances and ſituation, their lodges are an aſylum to the friendleſs and unprotected of every age and nation. As citizens of the world, with them religious antipathy and local prejudices ceaſe to operate, while to them every nation affords a friend, and every climate a home. Hence the unfortunate captive in war, the ſhip-wrecked mariner, and the helpleſs exile on a foreign ſhore, have reaſon to glory in fraternal affection; while the diſconſolate widow and her diſtreſſed orphans are cheriſhed by the bounty of maſons.

Such is the nature of the maſonic inſtitution, and ſuch are the advantages reſulting from its eſtabliſhment; it muſt therefore, ſurely be no trifling acquiſition to any government or ſtate, to have under its juriſdiction a body of men who are not only loyal and true ſubjects, but the patrons of ſcience, and the friends of mankind.

The beſt inſtitutions, it is true, may be ſubject to corruption, and the moſt ſtrenuous ſupporters of right may err; but in favour of maſonry, it may be averred, that it countenances an error in no individual. Whatever tends to ſubvert order, or foment diſcord, is ſhunned, while the genuine aim of the true maſon is to be happy and to diffuſe happineſs. Hence, in every country, they endeavour to ſtrengthen the ſprings of government by purifying the motives and animating the zeal of thoſe who govern, to promote the virtues which exalt a nation by rendering its inhabitants good ſubjects and true patriots, and by confirming all the reſpectable bonds and obligations of civil ſociety. Such are the principles they inculcate; and ſurely theſe are very incompatible with the meaſures which brought about the French revolution.

Had the example of maſons, or the influence of their tenets, a proper weight in the ſcale of government, we ſhould not ſo frequently witneſs ſcenes of diſſenſion and diſcord. It is to be regreted that the efforts of the wiſeſt men, and of the moſt illuſtrious princes, have been unable to extinguiſh that unhappy ſpirit of fanaticiſm, of whoſe deplorable effects a neighbouring country has exhibited ſo ſtriking a picture. But let it ever be impreſſed on the mind, that

without

without religion there can be no tie; that it is the natural tendency of infidelity and licentiouſneſs to diſſolve the moſt ſacred obligations, to remove the moſt powerful motives to virtue, and, by corrupting the principles of individuals, to poiſon the ſources of public order and public proſperity. Such are the evils incident to the moſt judicious meaſures when carried to exceſs; it is our duty, therefore, to beware of ſowing the ſeeds of diſcord in any country, and exciting jealouſies for which there are no real foundation.

The miſconduct of a few individuals can never operate to the extinction of a laudable inſtitution: while free-maſonry, therefore, is conducted on its pure and genuine principles, in ſpite of all its opponents, it will be found the beſt corrector of miſguided zeal and unreſtrained licentiouſneſs, as well as the ſtrongeſt ſupport of every well regulated government.

Characteriſtic Anecdotes.

OF the numerous inſtances of human miſery, the effect of the ignorance and fanaticiſm of the dark ages of Europe, may be reckoned the melancholy fate of Henry IV, emperor of Germany, who was alſo ſtyled Henry the elder and Henry the great. The long reign of this prince, in the eleventh century, was marked with misfortunes which are principally aſcribed to his quarrel with the clergy, and the animoſities they had excited againſt him for having reclaimed the poſſeſſions which had been laviſhed upon them by his predeceſſors. Terrified at the anathema of the pope, he was compelled to remain three days and three nights, in the depth of winter, in the court yard of the pope's palace at Canoſa, bareſooted, imploring abſolution in the moſt humiliating terms. He was afterward dethroned by his ſon Henry, detained ſome time in priſon, and reduced to the moſt abject poverty. In his proſperity, he had given the city of Kreuzenach, as a preſent, to his ſuppoſed friend Erchard biſhop of Spire. In his ſubſequent diſtreſs, he applied to this very prelate, the ſycophant of his proſperity, who then lived at Kreuzenach in luxurious eaſe. Maïer a German hiſtorian, relates the circumſtance in the following manner. 'The unfortunate emperor came to the caſtle in as wretched a ſtate as when he waited at the palace of Canoſa, ſtript to his ſhirt, and bareſooted. He had the attitude, voice, and humiliated aſpect of a common beggar. He looked up with a timid eye to that biſhop, who had been his moſt intimate friend in the days of his proſperity, and to whom he had been ſo laviſh of his bounties, in hopes to receive conſolation and ſupport in the countenance of his former dependant. He then glanced his eye over the ſtately dome which he himſelf had built, and ſeemed to ſay, behold my claim to commiſeration! while the briny tear trickled down his grief worn cheek, into the wounds which the heavy chains of his rebellious ſon had inflicted. He now ventures to exclaim, with faultering accent, "I have loſt empire and hope! For the love of God throw me a morſel of bread upon the ground I have given you!" The ſupercilious and inhuman prieſt pretended that he could diſpoſe of nothing without the conſent of his chapter, and finally diſmiſſed him with an oath—By the mother of Jeſus I will not aſſiſt you.'

Such is Maïer's affecting recital. The author of the Nouveau Dictionnaire Hiſtorique thus records the dreadful reverſe of fortune in this once magnificent prince: 'Reduced to the laſt extremity, a wretched pennyleſs vagabond, he implored the biſhop of Spire to give him a lay prebend in his church; repreſenting, that having ſtudied ſinging, he could perform either the office of reader or ſub-chanter; it was refuſed. What an age, when an emperor, who had ſo long attracted the attention of all Europe by his victories and his ſplendour, could not obtain the loweſt ſituation in a chapter! At laſt, abandoned by all, he wrote to his ſon, to conjure him to permit the biſhop of Liege to grant him an aſylum. 'Let me remain at Liege,' ſaid he, 'if not as an emperor, at leaſt as a refugee. Let it not be ſaid to my ſhame, or rather to yours, that I am obliged to ſeek a new aſylum *during the feſtival of Eaſter.*'

Eaſter.'—The wretched emperor died at Liege in the year 1106, the victim of the ignorance and fanaticiſm of that age. His body was interred in that city, but taken up again by order of the pope, and deprived of ſepulture for five years, till his ſon Henry V, who had dethroned him, cauſed it to be inhumed at Spire, in the tomb of the emperors.'

It has been obſerved, that the Germans, for ſome years paſt, have applied to literary purſuits with the greateſt zeal and aſſiduity. A proof of this may be found in the following particulars relative to the conducting of the periodical work, entitled 'Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung, or Journal of General Literature, publiſhed at Jena. In the year 1790, the number of writers employed in that work, including thoſe who died within the year, amounted to not leſs than three hundred and nine. Of theſe, one hundred and ſeventeen were profeſſors in the Germanic and foreign univerſities; ninety-ſix in higher or inferior offices in church and ſtate; thirteen clergymen; ſeven librarians of princes, counts, &c. ſixteen phyſicians; four doctors of muſic; ſeven who have no profeſſional character. The books reviewed in that work amounted to one thouſand eight hundred and five.—Of theſe, one thouſand three hundred and ninety-ſeven were written by Germans; four hundred and eight were foreign productions; one hundred and ſeventy-three were publiſhed by fellow-labourers. The correſponding members of literary fraternity in different parts of Europe are one hundred and thirteen in number.

An event, recorded in the French annals, marks the dreadfully ferocious character of the twelfth century. Thomas baron d'Omart had married Adela, the beautiful daughter of the count de Ponthieu. In conducting her to his caſtle (his ſervants lagging behind) the baron and his lady were ſurrounded by eight of the high born and titled plunderers with whom France was then infeſted. D'Omart made a gallant reſiſtance; but, being overpowered by numbers, he was ſeized, ſtripped, and bound to a tree, while the ſhrieks and ſtruggles of Adela were in vain exerted to ſave her from repeated diſhonour. At length, the baron's domeſtics approaching, the unhappy pair were clothed and carried back to the caſtle of the count de Ponthieu, near Abbeville. That ſavage parent heard the fatal ſtory without apparent emotion, but harboured in his mind the moſt atrocious of deſigns. A few days after, he found an opportunity to ſurpriſe, at a diſtance from her huſband, his unfortunate, but guiltleſs daughter. A large barrel, had been prepared, which, when the fair Adela had been obliged to enter it, was cloſed up, and launched into the ocean, in ſight of the inhuman father. Providentially, the barrel, having caught the attention of a fiſherman, was hoiſted into a veſſel, and opened in time to ſave the life of Adela, who was ſoon reſtored to her afflicted huſband. Theſe real facts have been the foundation of more than one romance.

The following narrative, taken from the records of Languedoc, will evince the magnificence, folly, and barbarity, habitual to the nobility of the early ages: in 1174, Henry II of France called together the ſeigneurs of Languedoc, in order to mediate a peace between the count of Toulouſe and the king of Arragon. As Henry, however, did not attend, the nobles had nothing to do but emulate each other in wild magnificence extended to inſanity. Among other inſtances the counteſs Urgel ſent to the meeting a diadem worth 4000 modern pounds, to be placed on the head of a wretched buffoon. The count of Toulouſe ſent a donation of 4000l. to a favourite knight, who diſtributed that ſum among all the poorer knights, that attended the meeting. The ſeigneur Guillaume Gros de Martel gave an immenſe dinner, the viands being all cooked by the flame of wax tapers. But the ſingularly rational magnificence of count Bertrand Rimbault attracted the loudeſt applauſe; for he ſet the pe-

ſants about Beaucaire to plough up the ſoil; and then he proudly and openly ſowed therein ſmall pieces of money, to the amount of fifteen hundred Engliſh guineas. Piqued at this princely extravagance, and determined to outdo his neighbours in ſavage brutality, if he could not in prodigality, the lord Raimond Venons ordered thirty of his moſt beautiful and valuable horſes to be tied to ſtakes, and ſurrounded with dry wood: he then heroically lighted the piles, and conſumed his favourites alive.

The vanity of Lewis XIV. made him liſten with avidity to the adulatory compliments of his courtiers; and, to the diſgrace of literature, men of the moſt illuſtrious talents were not wanting to adminiſter the pleaſing incenſe. In the year 1677, Lewis appointed Racine and Boileau to write the hiſtory of his reign. In that very year, the places which that vain-glorious monarch beſieged fell almoſt immediately into his hands; but neither of the two royal hiſtorians had accompanied their ſovereign in this expedition. When he returned he expreſſed his ſurpriſe at their want of curioſity to ſee the great events they were to deſcribe. 'What!' ſaid the king, 'had you no deſire to ſee a ſiege? The journey was not a long one.'—'Sir,' ſaid Boileau, 'our tailors could not work faſt enough; we beſpoke ſome military clothes, but before they were brought home, the places that your majeſty beſieged were taken.'—This ingenious anſwer was very favourably received by the king, who, however, gave them to underſtand, that he expected them to attend him in the next campaign. Two poets following an army, that they might be eye-witneſſes of battles and ſieges, without taking any part in the war, is certainly a very ridiculous incident; and the preparations for their journey, and the manner in which they atchieved it, ſoon became the ſubject of much merriment and raillery.

In the mouth of Ivucktoke Bay, on the coaſt of Labrador, is a ſmall iſland, near the north ſhore of which a very tragical ſcene happened about fifty years ago. A number of Eſquimaux Indians were then encamped upon it, when a diſpute aroſe between two young men, about the wife of one of them, with whom the other was in love, and inſiſted upon having her from him. High words enſued; the reſpective friends of the two men took part with them, and not being able to ſettle the matter amicably, they at length had recourſe to their bows: their arrows flew ſwiftly until all were expended; they then attacked each other with their knives. Neither age nor ſex were ſpared in this civil diſſenſion. The feeble grandſire, the tender mother, and the infant at her breaſt fell alike undiſtinguiſhed victims of frantic rage and ungoverned fury. Two men only, and they of oppoſite parties, ſurvived the bloody conteſt: when each, ſurveying the dreadful carnage that every where ſurrounded him, and ſtruck with the thought of what would become of himſelf, if he killed his antagoniſt, agreed to deſiſt.

Narrative of the late Embaſſy to China.

AFTER paſſing the banks of Sunda, the Engliſh veſſels made ſome unſucceſsful attempts to explore the iſlands of Banka, and the ſtraits of Malacca. They ſtopped at Pulo Condore, and thence proceeded to Turon bay, in Cochin-China, where they found a young prince eſtabliſhed upon the throne after a civil war of twenty years continuance, which ended in a revolution; for, ſuch events, it would appear, are not peculiar to the weſtern world. A conſiderable number of miſſionaries had once been in Cochin China; but they were all gone, having followed the fates of the royal line expelled by this revolution, and which ſtill retained poſſeſſion of a ſmall corner of the kingdom. In their voyage they viſited Macao and Chuſan, the eaſternmoſt extremity of China, and at laſt reached the mouth of the river Tienſin, in the bottom of the Ptcheli gulph, on the 26th of July, 1793, where

where they found the water ſo ſhallow, though they had no ſight of land, that they caſt anchor in ſix fathoms water.

Hence they diſpatched a brig to announce their arrival, to requeſt that veſſels might be ſent to receive the preſents intended for the emperor, as the Engliſh veſſels could proceed no farther for want of water; and alſo to ſolicit a ſupply of freſh proviſions. On the firſt of Auguſt, a number of ſmall veſſels arrived from the ſhore, having on-board ſome principal mandarines, with a moſt magnificent ſupply of every kind of proviſions: 20 bullocks, upwards of 100 ſheep, as many hogs, a great number of fowls of various kinds, an immenſe quantity of the richeſt and fineſt fruits of the country, ſeveral cheſts of tea, ſugar, china, &c. &c. and a large ſupply of flour, millet, bread, rice, and other articles, in great profuſion.

The different preſents being put on-board the Chineſe junks, lord Macartney, on the 5th, went in the Clarence brig to Tacao, a few miles up the river, where the goods were obliged to be transferred to ſtill ſmaller veſſels, to convey them to Tang-chu, about ten miles from Pekin.

The embaſſy left Tacao, where every accommodation was afforded them, on the 8th of Auguſt, and arrived at Tienſin on the 11th, where they were ſplendidly entertained on ſhore amidſt thouſands of people. After the entertainment they got a preſent of victuals, in name of a dinner, ſufficient to laſt the whole of them for a week—each officer got, beſides, two pieces of ſilk—and even the ſoldiers, mechanics, &c. had a piece of ſilk and cotton.

Tienſin is ſituated at the confluence of three large rivers, and is a place of large and extenſive commerce. Its population is not to be counted by thouſands, but by millions—the burying-ground only, an immenſe plain, extends farther than the eye can reach, and appears only bounded by the horizon. The other facts relating to this place, which they left on the 11th, would appear incredible were they recorded here.

They next went to Tang-chu, to which place they were conveyed by water in veſſels dragged by men. They reached it on the 16th. Here the preſents and baggage were landed, and depoſited in houſes erected to receive them.

On the 21ſt, the ambaſſador and his ſuite ſet out for Pekin—lord Macartney and ſir George Staunton in ſedan chairs; the officers, &c. in two wheeled carriages; the reſt in a kind of covered waggons. They reached Pekin about nine o'clock that morning. The ſtreets are not paved; the longeſt are about ſix miles, croſſing each other in right angles, as in Philadelphia, and from 90 to 100 feet in breadth. The houſes are only one ſtory high. The walls of the city are an immenſe height; and the principal ſtreets terminate at the gates, which are very magnificent. Sumptuous apartments were provided for the ſuite, and every neceſſary of life furniſhed to them without purchaſe.

They remained here till the beginning of September, when lord Macartney and ſuite ſet out for Gehol, the country reſidence of the emperor. His lordſhip went in an Engliſh coach; the other gentlemen on horſeback; the ſoldiers, &c. in waggons; ſo that, with the baggage train, the whole cavalcade was of very great length.

Gehol is about 150 Engliſh miles from Pekin. They were a week in going thither. On the fourth day of their journey they reached the famous wall which forms one of the barriers of this empire, their way lying through a gate called Canpe Rieu. There are only four ſuch paſſes in China. This wall was built upwards of two hundred years before Chriſt; from which time, for 1400 or 1500 years, it ſerved as a complete defence againſt every enemy; but, at the end of that period, Gengis Chan invaded the empire, and got poſſeſſion of the throne. It is about 26 feet high and about 15 thick at the top, which is well paved, and has a parapet on each ſide; the baſe is above 20 feet thick. At every diſtance of about 90 or 100 yards, there is a tower upon it, about 15 feet each in height, and 45 in length. In ſeveral places there are other walls within the main one, which take in a ſweep of ſeveral miles, and then con-

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nect again with it, ſo that, ſhould the outer one be forced, the inner remains as a defence; and theſe again are covered by other walls within them; but this is only at the four principal paſſes. The ground over which this immenſe fabrick is carried is, in ſome places, very rugged and uneven, more ſo than the moſt mountainous parts of Cumberland. This wall is more than 2000 miles in length, without allowing for the bendings over mountains and thro' valleys. The towers are about 45,000 in number.

When they reached Gehol, ſome miſunderſtanding reſpecting the mode of preſentation prevented the ceremony from taking place till the 14th. Lord Macartney inſiſted that the ceremonies, required to be by him performed before the emperor, ſhould be performed by a Chineſe of equal rank before the picture of his majeſty. One of the prime miniſters, of whom there are five in China, ſtyled Calags, having committed ſome miſtake, in reporting that lord Macartney had agreed to comply with ceremonies to which he had not aſſented, was degraded ſome ſteps in his rank, and forced to wear in his head-dreſs a crow's tail inſtead of a peacock's, which, it ſeems, anſwer there to our ſtars, ribbands, and other inſignia of nobility. Chin-ta-gin, one of theſe miniſters, on finding what hindered the buſineſs from going on, very ſhrewdly remarked, that he thought it ſtrange that an ambaſſador, who had come ſuch a great diſtance profeſſedly to compliment the emperor, ſhould commence his buſineſs by contending about formalities. It was at laſt, however, ſettled, that his lordſhip ſhould pay the ſame reſpects to the emperor that he paid on approaching the king of England.

The ſuite were received in a large tent. The emperor was carried thither in an open chair borne by ſixteen men. As he paſſed to the tent the Engliſh kneeled on one knee; every one of the Chineſe proſtrated themſelves on the ground. Being all arranged in and round the tent, they had a ſumptuous repaſt, which was followed by muſic, tumbling, wreſtling, and other exercises. The emperor paid great attention to lord Macartney, and he and all the gentlemen had preſents of ſilk, purſes, fans, &c. The entertainment being ended, the emperor deſcended from the throne and walked to his chair, and was carried away in the ſame manner in which he came. The crowd of mandarines, princes, and other people of rank, which attended this ceremony, was almoſt innumerable.

Next day (the 15th) the emperor again ſaw lord Macartney. He came in the ſame manner as on the preceding day. He told his lordſhip, that he was going to a pagoda at ſome diſtance, but that he had given orders to his miniſters to attend upon his lordſhip, and ſhew him the palaces and gardens. When the emperor was gone, the ſuite were conveyed to an iſland in an extenſive ſheet of water, where they found a large building, in almoſt every apartment of which there was a kind of throne, and alſo a number of curioſities of Engliſh manufacture. On the left of each throne was a large agate, in a batten form, depoſited there as an emblem of peace in the empire. From this they were conveyed by water, and afterward ſhewn a number of other buildings, where they were entertained with fruits, ſweetmeats, &c.

The 17th, which was the emperor's birthday (he is 83 years of age), they viſited the palace before the morning dawn. They waited till daylight in a large apartment; after which lord Macartney and the high mandarines were admitted to an inner court: the officers of the ſuite were in the ſecond court, and the mandarines of inferior rank in a third court, outſide the other two. The ſight of flags, banners, &c. of embroidered ſilk floating in the air, was grand beyond the power of language to deſcribe. The emperor was not preſent. All the people kneeled, and bowed nine times with as much ſolemnity as if they had been worſhipping a deity. This ceremony over, they were conveyed through other parks and lodges, the gardens laid out in much the ſame manner as in England. They were ſumptuouſly entertained in one of theſe buildings, and afterwards carried through ſome magnificent pagodas or

temples.

temples. One of them was larger than the buildings of Somerſet-houſe, but higher, and in the ſame ſquare form, open within the ſquare, in the centre of which was a building of conſiderable height, covered with ſolid gold. The inſide front of the ſquare is in the form of galleries, one over the other, in four rows, moſt ſplendidly decorated, and ſupported with pillars of gold. In ſome of the apartments hundreds of prieſts were employed in ſinging. The images of deities, &c. in theſe buildings, are almoſt innumerable, and many of them of gigantic ſize, larger than Gog and Magog in Guildhall. They are, however, of the ſame materials, wood richly gilt and ornamented, numbers of them ſymbolical repreſentations. In many of the religious ceremonies a reſemblance of the Jewiſh rites was obſervable; others were ſimilar to thoſe of the Romaniſts.

On the 18th they were admitted to the emperor's theatre. It is a ſquare, open at top. The ſtage extends along one ſide of the ſquare, and thoſe who are honoured with admiſſion to ſee the performances are placed under piazzas in the other three ſides. In front of the ſtage, about fifty feet diſtant, is the throne, from which the emperor views the performance. The reſt of the area is ornamented with flower-pots. Lord Macartney was led to the throne, and received from the Emperor's hands a copy of verſes, made by himſelf for his Britannic majeſty, in a box of great value and antiquity, made of black wood carved very neatly. The ambaſſador had alſo the honour to receive a copy of verſes for himſelf. Here the ſuite was heartily tired for ſeveral hours with a performance, one word of which they could not underſtand, and which was accompanied with a confuſed noiſe of gongs and bells; after which, as was uſual every day, they received preſents of ſilks, fans, china, &c.

The two next days were employed in preparations for their return to Pekin, where they arrived on the 26th. On their journey they were very much ſurprized to find a very great number of men employed in levelling the road for the accommodation of the Emperor on his return from Gehol, which he was to quit in a few days. The whole road, a ſpace of 150 miles, was covered with men about 60 feet aſunder, and a ciſtern of water for each man, for watering the road on the Emperor's approach, ſo that the number of men and ciſterns exceeded 13,000. The road for the Emperor is as ſmooth and level as any walk in the gardens at Kew; no perſon is allowed to ride or travel upon it, and it is guarded night and day.

On the 30th, the embaſſy ſet out for the palace of Yeng-Ming-Yuen, whither all the preſents had been ſent, that the Emperor might ſee them together. They reſted that night at Hing-Min-Yuen, and ſet out next morning to a houſe about four miles diſtant, whence they walked a little way, and met the Emperor; who, learning from the principal mandarine, who attended the embaſſy, that lord Macartney was indiſpoſed, deſired that his lordſhip might return to Pekin, for the ſake of better accommodation. They returned the ſame day, and indeed it would appear that the Chineſe at this time wiſhed their departure altogether; for, lord Macartney had an interview with the miniſters the ſame day, in the courſe of which they recommended to him "to take the benefit of the good weather for his departure, as he would not travel comfortably if he allowed the winter to overtake him, the more eſpecially as he was but poorly in health."

From this time none of the miſſionaries, of whom there are a number in the country, were allowed to go near our countrymen; and the attendant mandarines, under pretence of friendſhip, ſtrongly urged them to propoſe departing, as a change of treatment might not be found quite pleaſant. It ſhould be remarked, that by this time all the preſents had been delivered.

On the 3d of October, lord Macartney preſented to the miniſters a number of propoſals and requiſitions reſpecting the object of his miſſion. His lordſhip had intended ſtaying till March, but it was now thought advi-able to take the hint that had been gi-ven. On the 4th he requeſted permiſſion to depart. The Emperor's [illegible] mi[illegible]

miſſion was with him by next morning, and the ſecond day after was appointed. The Chineſe, however, were very conſiderate in one thing. The notice was ſhort, they therefore gave them a great number of men to aſſiſt in packing up; and they were ſo induſtrious, that every thing was in complete readineſs by the time fixed. On the day of departure, the ambaſſador had an interview with the miniſter, and received an anſwer to the propoſitions he had made on the 3d—*they were all refuſed*; and the embaſſy left Pekin very much mortified at their want of ſucceſs: after which lord Macartney and his ſuite returned to Canton, where they ſpent their Chriſtmas.

The failure in this buſineſs cannot be eaſily accounted for. Perhaps the mandarines who attended the embaſſy were not addreſſed in the *feeling* manner they expected. Pretty things for the emperor were only ſhown to them, and they might wiſh for ſomething ſubſtantial for themſelves. It is however ſuppoſed, that the want of ſucceſs is chiefly to be attributed to ſome evil impreſſion made upon the Chineſe court by ſome of the native princes of India, telling them to beware how they allowed the Engliſh to obtain a footing among them; and ſtrengthening their admonition by *falſely* ſtating, that the ſame people had firſt, as friends, obtained ſmall ſettlements in India, which they afterwards increaſed by repeated wars, driving many of the original owners from their dominions, and eſtabliſhing upon their ruin an immenſe empire for themſelves.

We are happy, however, to add that, when the laſt accounts left Canton, ſome arrangements had taken place which indicated a more friendly diſpoſition on the part of the Chineſe; and that ſome hopes had begun to be entertained that it was yet poſſible to obtain the object of the voyage, though not perhaps without conſiderable trouble.

The Hermit's Prayer.

O FIRST Mover! O Cauſe of Cauſes! O thou Omnipotent, Omniſcient, Incomprehenſible Being, whom men call God. If thou regardeſt the thoughts, the words, or the actions of men; if it be not criminal in ſo wretched an animal even to proſtrate himſelf before thee, and if the moſt ardent prayer that my heart can form or my tongue can utter be not an affront to thee, hear me, O Almighty Being! and have mercy, have mercy, have mercy upon me. I find myſelf placed by thy providence on a ſpeck of the univerſe, where I daily ſee many of my own ſpecies who value themſelves upon what they call reaſon, paying ſuch a ſort of worſhip to thee as, in my humble opinion, is altogether unworthy of thee; and I am told by ſome of theſe that I ought to believe ſuch things concerning thee, which I cannot, I dare not, give my aſſent to. If Thou regardeſt the thoughts of men's hearts, Thou ſeeſt, thou knoweſt, O Almighty Being, that the reaſon why I neither dare nor can believe ſuch things as men report of thee is, becauſe moſt of theſe things appear to me nothing elſe but the invention of human pride, and to be utterly unworthy of thy goodneſs, thy wiſdom, and infinite perfection. If I durſt I would thus make my moſt humble petition to Thee, that if any of my actions can either pleaſe or diſpleaſe Thee, Thou wouldeſt vouchſafe to ſhew me clearly what is really and truly thy will. But what am I that I ſhould preſume to make ſuch a requeſt to Thee? How dare I either hope or aſk to be thus highly favoured above the reſt of mankind; I will endeavour to reſt contented in that ſtate of doubts, of darkneſs, and of ignorance, wherein it hath pleaſed Thee to place that ſpecies to which I belong. Since I cannot diſtinguiſh real good from evil, and am even ignorant of what things are moſt proper for me, I dare not preſume to make any particular requeſt to Thee. All I have the confidence to do, is thus to proſtrate myſelf before Thee; to acknowledge thy power, admire thy wiſdom, and moſt cheerfully ſubmit myſelf to thy Almighty will, whatever it be, O Great Jehovah!

An Account of the Eruption of Mount Veſuvius.

*In a Second Letter * from a Gentleman now at Naples, dated July 5.*

"I HARDLY know whether I ought to trouble you with a ſecond letter, as our tremendous neighbour has not, ſince my laſt, exhibited any thing of the violent nature I had to tell you of before; yet, as the whole hiſtory of ſo great an eruption as this has been, is really a matter of curioſity; I am willing to tell you as nearly as I can, all the effects that have been produced by it.

As to lives loſt there have been none, but what I before mentioned; but the whole country round the mountain will ſuffer moſt ſeverely, being as it were buried under aſhes, which, for an extent of ſome miles round, lie upwards of three feet deep on the level. In the town of Somma, about five miles from the ſummit of Veſuvius, many houſes and the roof of the church have fallen in, from the weight.

"From that place and Ottiana all the inhabitants have been obliged to remove, for there is nothing to eat. From a perfect garden the land is reduced to a black waſte.

Without ſeeing this country it is difficult to conceive its fertility, producing the moſt abundant crops of corn, at the ſame time it is covered with fruit trees, that it ſeems a wilderneſs of wood; plumb, peach, apricot, fig, walnut, and almond trees, round every one of which the vine climbs in the greateſt luxuriance, and is led from tree to tree in feſtoons, which renders the upper crop more valuable than the under one. During the ſummer, the people live in a great degree on fruit. This variety of trees were this year moſt profuſely loaded, but both thoſe crops are, for this year at leaſt, totally deſtroyed.

None of the trees will recover under two years, and many are ruined for ever; the fruit is burned up, the leaves fallen off, and the branches as naked as in the middle of winter; beſides, rain having fallen, the aſhes became ſo heavy, that thouſands of trees have been broken down by its weight.

The appearance of the country is horrible and moſt extraordinary; though the aſhes fell here in great abundance, yet as the principal body was directed by the wind to the other ſide, this country has fortunately eſcaped, and, having been well waſhed by the rains, has reſumed its former beauty. The column of ſmoke which produced theſe effects was a grand ſpectacle, iſſuing from the mouth of the mountain, and rolling majeſtically, appeared in a thouſand magnificent forms, to an immenſe height; this has continued gradually decreaſing, and is now become trifling.

We have ſome time ago received accounts from Tarento, of ſome of theſe aſhes having fallen at that place, 200 miles from thence. All the accounts I gave you of the ſize of the lavas, that were poured forth, are rather under than over the truth; that which ran into the ſea was near half a mile broad, and has gone upwards of a hundred yards. Since the year 1630, no lava has reached the ſea till this. I miſinformed you of the diſtance which I ſaid the lava had run: it is, I believe, but five miles.—The principal church of Torre del Greco, a very lofty one, is ſo perfectly buried, that only the top of the tower is viſible; the whole of the city, except a few houſes, has periſhed. Two or three days after that of the eruption, the ſummit of the cone fell in. I have been on the mountain, and along the ſide of the courſe of the lava; it has formed ſeven mouths, from which, during the eruption, it blew forth flames and ſtones, and round each of them a conſiderable hill is raiſed."

NOTE.

* See the firſt letter, page 151.

Anecdotes of Longevity.

[*Concluded from page 246 of our Magazine for April laſt.*]

THE longeſt life muſt have a period, and ſo monſieur le Meſnier, ſchool-maſter in the ſuburbs of Paris, gave way to nature on the 22d of [illegible]

month, in the 129th year of his age, retaining (which is wonderful) the perfect uſe of his reaſon to the laſt.

Political State, March 1708.

Coutance, in the lower Normandy, Nov. 1, 1712.—We have ſeen lately a prodigy in this town, one Nicholas Petours, a ſhoe-maker, an hundred and eighteen years old, born at Granville near the ſea, in the year 1594, came hither on foot in two days from St. Malo, which is twenty-four leagues diſtance, about a law ſuit. He is as nimble as a young man: he has had four wives, the firſt of whom lived with him fifty years, the ſecond twenty months, the third twenty-eight years and two months, and he married the fourth four years ago. He has had children of the three former, and the laſt miſcarried about three years ago. There are now of his poſterity a hundred and ninety-one perſons alive, and the ſeventh generation. His mother lived till the year 1691, and his father having been wounded, died with that accident, aged a hundred and twenty-three years. His uncle and god-father, Nicholas Petours, curate of the pariſh of Baleine, and afterwards Canon and Treaſurer of the cathedral of Coutance, died there, aged above a hundred and thirty ſeven years, having celebrated the maſs five days before his deceaſe. Jaqueline Fauvel, wife to the park-keeper of the biſhop of Coutance, died in the village of St. Nicholas, aged a hundred and twenty-one years, born at Cambernon, anno 1592. She was able to ſpin eight days before her deceaſe, and died with a fright.

Political State, Dec. 1712.

In the year 1733, when Chriſtian IV. king of Denmark, and his royal conſort Sophia Magdalena, viſited their Norwegian dominions, they took up their reſidence in the houſe of lieutenant-colonel Colbiornſon, in Fredrickſhald, who was deſirous of diverting his gueſts with what they call a jubilee wedding. This was performed in a garden, under tents pitched for that purpoſe.

There were four couple married, being country-people invited from the parts adjacent; and out of all theſe, there were none under a hundred years old; ſo that all their ages put together made upwards of eight hundred years. Their names were, Ole Torreſon Sologſtem, who lived eight years afterwards, and his wife Kelje, ten years; Jern Oer, who lived ſix years after, and his wife Iugen who lived ſeven years; Ole Beſſoben, and his wife N—; and Hans Folaſken, who lived ten years after, and brought with him Joran Gallen, who was not his wife, but being a hundred years old, he borrowed her for this ceremony; ſhe alſo lived ten years afterwards.

Theſe eight married people made themſelves extremely merry at this jubilee-wedding; and the women, according to the cuſtom of the country, danced with green wreaths upon their heads, which brides always wear on their wedding-day. They had all a genteel preſent given them to carry home with them.

We are informed from Abbey Laddercoſt, in Cumberland, that a woman called Jane Forreſter, who lives in that pariſh, is now in the 138th year of her age. When Cromwell beſieged the city of Carliſle, 1646, ſhe can remember that a horſe's head ſold for 2s. 6d. before the garriſon ſurrendered. At the martyrdom of king Charles I. ſhe was nineteen years of age. At Brampton, about ſix years ago, ſhe made oath before the commiſſioners in a chancery ſuit, to have known an eſtate, the right of which was then diſputed, to have been enjoyed by the anceſtors of the preſent heir 101 years. She hath an only daughter living, aged 103. And we are further informed, that there are ſix women now living in the ſame pariſh where ſhe reſides, the youngeſt of whom is 99 years of age.

Public Advertiſer, March 9, 1768.

October 1774, died at Siara, in Brazil, aged 124 years, one Andrew Vidal, of Negreiors. He had enjoyed the uſe of his memory and his ſenſes till the day of his death.—In the year 1772 he was chief magiſtrate of the city of Siara, and, notwithſtanding his great age

performed the office of judge to the entire ſatisfaction of every one. He was father of thirty ſons and five daughters, of whom ſprung thirty-three children, fifty-two grand-children, and twenty-ſix deſcendants of theſe laſt, all which formed a poſterity of one hundred and eighty-eight perſons, of whom one hundred and forty-nine were living in 1773.

Amongſt the letters intercepted in the Spaniſh Packet brought into Scotland, is one which comes from Cordova, in the Tucuman, in ſouth America, and mentions that a Negreſs, named Louiſa Truxo, is now living there, aged 175 years. In order to authenticate ſuch an extraordinary circumſtance, the council of that city had judicially examined every information capable of atteſting it. It appears from an interrogatory of that Negreſs, that ſhe remembers perfectly having ſeen the prelate Fernando Truxo, her firſt maſter, who died in the year 1614; and that a year before his death he gave her, together with other property, towards a fund for founding the univerſity. As no regiſters of baptiſm exiſted ſo long ſince, care was taken to collect every proof tending to aſcertain this uncommon fact; one of which proofs was the depoſition of another Negreſs, named Monuela, who is known to be 120 years old; and ſhe declares, that when ſhe was a mere child, ſhe remembers this Louiſa Truxo was an old woman.

St. James's Chronicle, October 3, 1780.

There is ſcarce a hiſtory or deſcription of England, however ſhort, but what takes ſome notice of Thomas Parr, of Drayton, in Shropſhire, who died in 1635, aged 152 years, and of Henry Jenkins, a Yorkſhire fiſherman, who lived to be 169 years old, and died in 1670.

Parr would, in all probability, have lived longer, had he not been ſent for as a curioſity to court, where his diſſolution was haſtened by the change of air and manner of living. Though he for many years held the firſt rank, and for above a century held the ſecond, I muſt now degrade him to the third, as chance has diſcovered to me, what to my aſtoniſhment has hitherto eſcaped the notice of the curious:—It appears by the regiſter of the pariſh of Overton in Flintſhire, that in the year 1648 was buried there one Thomas Damn, aged 154 years, or, as the regiſter expreſſes it, ſeven ſcore and fourteen.

Shrewſbury Chronicle, July 1781.

In the church-yard of Ware, in Hertfordſhire, is the following inſcription:

In memory of
William Mead, M. D.
who departed this life
the 28th of October 1652,
Aged 148 years
and 9 months.

"Our air, it muſt be allowed, is very ſalt, and its influence upon tender, ſqualid, and neglected habits, proportionably fretting and acrimonious; but to the natives in general it cannot be ſaid to be unhealthy, as many inſtances of long life occurring in Cornwall, perhaps, as in any part of Britain. Mr. Carew (who lived in the reign of Elizabeth) obſerves * that eighty and ninety years of age was ordinary in every place; and among other inſtances of longevity, names one Polzew, who died a little while before his writing, aged one hundred and thirty years. Mr. Scawen, a gentleman of no leſs veracity, in his MSS. teels us †, that in the year 1676 died a woman in the pariſh of Gwythien (the narroweſt, and therefore, as to the air, to be reckoned among the ſalteſt parts of this county) one hundred and ſixty-four years old, of good memory, and healthful at that age; and at the Lizherd, where (expoſed as this promontory is to more ſea on the eaſt, weſt, and ſouth, than any part of Britain) the air muſt be as ſalt as any where, there are three late inſtances of people living to a great age:—The firſt is Mr. Cole, late miniſter of Landawidnek (in which pariſh the Lizherd is), who by the pariſh

NOTES.

* P. 61

† Pen. Car. Lyttleton, LL. D. Dean of Exeter.

regiſter,

regiſter, A. D. 1683, appears to have been above 120 years old * when he died†. Michael George, late ſexton of the ſame pariſh, buried the 20th of March, ibid. was more than an hundred years old, and being at the Lizherd with the rev. and worthy Dr. Lyttleton, Dean of Exeter, in the year 1752, we went to ſee a venerable old man, called Collins; he was then one hundred and five years old, of a florid countenance, ſtood near his door, leaning on his ſtaff, talked ſenſibly, was weary of life, he ſaid, and adviſed never to wiſh for old age. He died in the year 1754."

Borlaſe's Natural Hiſtory of Cornwall, p. 292.

"The very age itſelf of ſome of our oldeſt people is no leſs remarkable than thoſe accidents attending old age which are mentioned in the two laſt paragraphs.

"We have ſo many inſtances of men and women of an hundred years of age, or betwixt an hundred and one hundred and ten, that are now alive, or have lived within this laſt century, that it would be tedious as well as needleſs to recount them all.

"In the journals wherein I noted the moſt obſervable things occurring here in my Northamptonſhire travels, I find no more than twenty-three ſuch inſtances ſet down; fifteen of men and eight of women; but I might and ſhould have noted divers others of a like age, had I not obſerved them ſo much ſur-

NOTES.

* Was aged above one hundred and twenty years. Regiſt. ibid.

† Of this Mr. Thomas Cole I find the following memorandum, written in my "Hakewill's Apology," p. 166, ſigned J. M. (viz. James Millet, late vicar of St. Juſt). "Thomas Cole, miniſter of and at the Lizherd, went one morning on foot from the Lizherd to Penryn, which is at leaſt 13 miles, and returned again the ſame day on foot to Lizherd, at which time he was at leaſt 120 years, and was met going and coming by Mr. Richard Eriſey, of Eriſey, as credible authors report.

paſſed by the three following examples.

"The firſt at Braunſton. In the regiſter there I find there was one William Bren, a native of that town, who died at 121 years of age.

"The ſecond at Lutton, where, as the rev. Mr. Bullock, a miniſter in that neighbourhood, informs me, there not long ſince lived one Jeremy Gilbert, a native of Apthorp in this county, who when he died was 132 years old, and a man of ſound health, and of great and ſturdy ſtrength to extreme old age.

"The third is that well-known inſtance at Northampton of Old John Bayle, for ſo he was generally called a great many years before his death. He was born in the pariſh of All-Saints, Northampton, on the 20th Auguſt 1592, as appears by the regiſter there. He died April 4, 1706, in the 114th year of his age*."

Morton's Northamptonſhire, p. 472.

Remarks on Modern Refinement.

THE preſent age has refined us out of half our honeſt feelings, and a great part of our natural taſte; and our pride ſeems to conſiſt in tricking the worn-out frame of ſcience and of genius, with ſuch meretricious arts as ſerve to ſophiſticate the ſhattered relics of female beauty. It is pleaſant to one who has not gone along with the ſtream, to contemplate aloof the ridiculous exceſſes to which the ſpirit of refinement is puſhed in the little concerns of ſocial life, as well as in the duties of morality, and the objects of taſte. In ſocial life, by the habit it has introduced of falſifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the faſhionable world, little more than an image, or or rather a mockery of the ſocial affections: it has in a manner hollowed out the ſubſtance of our pleaſures, and ſuffered nothing but the ſhell to remain; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us; it has paſſed upon us a bauble inſtead of a diamond; in ſhort, to finiſh this train of alluſion, it has carried off our old coat with our purſe in the pocket, and has given us a

NOTE.

* See Dr. Keil's account of his death and diſſection in the Phil. Tranſ. for April 1706, vol. xxv. No. 306.

fine

fine holiday ſuit in its place. For proofs of this we have only to look into the preſent plan of faſhionable intercourſe: what inanity of compliment! what affectation of tranſport! what hollowneſs of profeſſion! what a waſte of margin in every remark! what a length of ſtraw to every grain of ſenſe! what idle induſtry! what manœuvre without plan! mirth without meaning! play without point! pride without pretenſion! love without regard!

On that plain buff principle of old Engliſh hoſpitality, this ſpirit of refinement has certainly made no ſmall intrenchments. Our viſits are now paid with empty carriages; and a very cloſe intimacy can ſubſiſt for a twelvemonth on a diſh of chocolate and a morſel of cake; while friends can eat each other up whenever they meet, who have never broken bread together in their lives. As to love and friendſhip, it may truly be ſaid, that they have loſt their excluſive and engroſſing ſpirit. Inſtead of flying to groves and ſequeſtered walks, they have found their element in noiſe and publicity. Love is ſo unſenſualiſed and ſublimed above paſſion, that it has forgotten its old retreats, and appears with calm confidence in crowds and gay reſorts; and friendſhip is ſo modulated and adjuſted to the rules of etiquette, that it finds the drawing-room a ſcene ſufficiently intereſting for all its wiſhes and exertions, and the card-table an ample medium for the diſplay of all its cordialities and emotions. Thus the tones of feeling and the energies of paſſion, the ſwell of humanity and the ardours of affection, have ſubſided to the common ſurface of life, and ſettled into the ſmooth current of ordinary intercourſe, and the every-day topics of vulgar communication. Thus the very ſinews of ſociety are relaxed; and, in the progreſs of our debilitation, we may expect to ſee the time when thoſe great actions which decorate our hiſtory, ſhall be without a name in our language, or a place in our hearts.

I do not know in what this "ſtrenuous idleneſs," as Young calls it, which ſpreads ſo faſt throughout the character of the times, is better ſhewn, than in the dull completion of our public amuſements, and the vapid inſignificance of common viſiting. One would think, without poſſeſſing this ſpirit of inactivity, that it is having no common mercy to one's ſelf, to force nature into ſo perverſe a track, in obedience to opinion; and a ſavage would certainly be ſoftened to compaſſion, in contemplating the voluntary drudgery of our faſhionable meetings; and would be prompted to enquire into the nature of thoſe crimes to which ſuch puniſhments belonged.

My projecting friend uſed to think, that the genius of that public reſort, which we know by the name of Ranelagh, is moſt particularly in uniſon with this *ſtrenua inertia:* and ſo earneſt was he in the great cauſe, that he was for experimenting upon this hopeleſs quality, and endeavouring to promote his philanthropical object, by extracting poſitive virtue out of ſimple negation, and rivalling that philoſophical adventurer, who conceived the project of drawing the ſun-beams out of cucumbers. His plan went to combine the amuſement of Ranelagh with the purpoſes of a mill, and to make every one in the progreſs of his circuit conduce to its operation. Among ſuch a multitude, this might be done by the ſilent efforts of the *ſtrenua inertia*, without the danger of a ſuſpicion in the breaſt of any one, that he was doing good; and the more effectually to prevent this remorſe from taking place to ruffle the flowing tide of murmuring inſipidity, or to rouſe from his hallowed ſlumbers the negative genius of the place, every thing was to be removed from ſight, which could convey ſuch unharmoniſing ſentiments; the whole proceſs of the machine was to be detached from the ſcene of amuſement; and the ſame ſet of wheels which were grinding our corn at a reſpectful diſtance, ſhould be grinding an organ in our view.

If my friend could turn this growing, or rather gravitating propenſity of my countrymen to any uſeful account, I ſhould certainly allow him credit for very extraordinary management and reſource in the great concerns and intereſts of our condition here below; but this frivolity of refinement is, I fear, a conſtitutional

constitutional malady, which accompanies a worn out frame and exhausted stamina: and the worst of all is, that the complaint is of a flattering kind; and, like the slow victims to consumption, we silently waste and waste, in the fond security of fancied improvement, till nature suddenly succumbs, and the fountains of life refuse to flow. There is a balsam in our minds, like that which enriches our blood, which when once it is destroyed by luxurious habits and baneful indulgences, no restoratives in the compass of moral medicine can renew, no succedaneums can replace, nor all the aromatic virtue of argument and counsel supply to the corrupted system.

A sensible passage presented itself to me the other day in a book but little consulted at this time, which is so much to my present purpose, that I cannot help transcribing it for my readers. "What vice has lost in coarseness of expression, she has gained in a more easy and general admittance. In ancient days, bare and impudent obscenity, like a common woman of the town, was confined to brothels; whereas the *double entendre*, like a modern fine lady, is now admitted into the best company, while her transparent covering of words, like a thin fashionable gauze delicately thrown across, discloses, while it seems to veil, her nakedness of thought." This false feeling of refinement, on which the author I have been quoting animadverts with such justice, has turned the bent of our delicacy from things and realities, to words and images; and it little imports to the chastest mind, what idea is presented, let only the medium be properly sophisticated through which it is viewed. On this principle, a lady who revolts at the study of botany, because of the sexual system, and the shameless libertinism and concubinage of plants, can consistently learn by heart the Eloise to Abelard; and a fair reader, who dares not avow her acquaintance with Tom Jones, may lawfully peruse the memoirs of actresses, and drink in golden goblets the poisonous essence of medicated debauchery.

The Monks and the Robbers. A Tale.

CHAP. I.

HARK! said Manfredi, vaulting into his saddle; hark! the screams are again renewed and in the same direction.

Methinks, added Rudolpho, they now seem nigher than before: and had we but a gleam of moonshine to light our way through these dreary wilds, we should soon reach the distressed object that utters them.

Come light, come darkness, replied Manfredi, let us at all events spur on; and, for the issue, trust to heaven and the goodness of our horses. Who knows but our late miraculous deliverance was the work of Providence, to make us instrumental in punishing ruffian guilt, and rescuing oppressed innocence?

So saying, he spurred on his steed to a full gallop: nor was Rudolpho less eager in the pursuit. Rapid as the lightning's blaze, they rushed on at a venture through brakes and thickets, and fancied they could now plainly distinguish the shrieks of a female in distress —when Manfredi, dashing in full career against the extended arm of a spreading oak, was suddenly struck from his horse, unperceived by Rudolpho, who, from the superior fleetness of his courser, had left his hoary friend far behind; while Manfredi's steed, disencumbered of his burthen, and following the sound of the other's feet, continued his course, regardless of his fallen rider.

The oak, that had caused this disaster, grew on the extreme verge of a yawning precipice, into which Manfredi rolled as he fell; and would have infallibly been dashed to pieces on reaching the bottom, had not the brambles and bushes, that clothed its craggy sides broken and alleviated his fall. He was stunned, however, by the shock, and lay for a while bereft of sense and motion.

Coming at length to himself he called aloud on Rudolpho: but Rudolpho, now far distant heard not the voice of his friend; nor was other answer returned

turned to his cry, than the name of Rudolpho, again and again reverberated in loud echoes from the rocks around.

Perhaps, said he, Rudolpho has met with a similar accident to mine!—perhaps to him it has proved fatal! or,—equally dreadful—perhaps his courage has spurred him on to dare with unequal force a ruffian band too powerful for his youthful arm to quell!—Would to heaven he were here safe with me; or that I were by his side, where'er he be!

At these words he groped about for his shield: but his shield was not to be found. His trusty sword however still clung to his side, and his armour was un-injured by the fall. Inspirited by this fortunate circumstance, and concluding his horse either killed or gone astray, he resolved, on foot, and encumbered as he was by his ponderous mail, to make the best of his way towards that quarter whence the shrieks had assailed his ears, and where he was sure of finding Rudolpho, if yet alive.

He listened eagerly with attentive ear, to catch the sound again: but all around being now silent as death, and not a star twinkling in the dark concave of heaven to direct his steps, he was uncertain what course to steer.

Then Providence be my guide, said he—that Providence which has safely conducted me thus far, and so opportunely exerted its saving power to break my fall!—So saying, he advanced a few paces when he found his progress stopped by opposing rocks that forbid his advances in that quarter. He turned to the right—he turned to the left—he tried in various directions: but, wherever he tried, he found equal impediments; and as far as he could judge in the dark gloom of midnight, he was immured in a pit not more than twenty or thirty paces wide, hemmed in on every side by an impenetrable barrier of almost perpendicular rocks.

Manfredi possessed a soul not easily to be dispirited by obstacles. Difficulty and danger had no other effect on his courage and resolution, than that of raising it to a higher and yet a higher degree. He therefore coolly determined to search for some spot where he might climb the precipice and free himself from his prison. He made repeated attempts in various parts of the surrounding rocks: but his efforts were vain.

Fatigued, exhausted with his unavailing struggles, he sat down, resolved patiently to await the approach of day, which would more clearly shew him the nature of his situation, and enable him to extricate himself from it. His thoughts, meanwhile, were turned to the fate of his friend Rudolpho, whose courage was equal to his own, but not yet tempered by the prudence of age and experience. His imagination represented him rushing furiously to the charge, surrounded by numbers, struck perhaps by some coward from behind—fallen—fallen at the very moment of his arrival in his native country—after their wonderful escape from the galling chains of barbarians, and their late miraculous deliverance from the murderous daggers of banditti.

Fired with the idea, and forgetful of his present situation, Manfredi started up:—he grasped and half unsheathed his ponderous faulchion—when suddenly the thick body of clouds, that darkened the vault of heaven, permitted the moon, as by stealth, to dart a feeble momentary ray o'er the dismal scene.

Transient as was the gleam, it enlivened Manfredi's heart, dispelled his gloomy reflections, and disclosed to his eyes a part of the precipice less difficult of access than any he had before attempted.

The sight new braced his aged nerves with all the vigour of youth: elate with hope, he sprang forward to the spot, where heaven itself seemed to have pointed out the path for his deliverance; his mind strongly impressed with a conviction that Providence, notwithstanding his late disaster, was only conducting him by unforeseen ways to the atchievement of some great and glorious deed. Big with this idea, and determined to exert his every effort in seconding the views of heaven, he firmly grasped the roots and brambles that occasionally shot forth though clefts and crevices of the rock;

and,

and, forgetful of his age he clambered with conſiderable toil and danger, till at length, about midway between the valley below and the brow of the precipice, he reached an eminence, where ſitting down to take breath, and looking around if perchance he could diſcern any object through the dark veil of night,—he ſaw, or fancied he ſaw, a glimmering light twinkle through a crevice in the rock.

Not daring to truſt his eyes, he at firſt imagined it was but one of thoſe fleeting vapours, which imbibing the electric flame from the ſurrounding atmoſphere, and lightly ſporting on the wings of air, oft miſlead benighted travellers, and allure their unwary ſteps to rivers, fens, and pitfalls, where, inſtead of the hoſpitable door, they find an untimely grave yawning to receive them. He looked—he rubbed his eyes—he looked again:—ſtill the light appeared immoveable in the ſame ſpot.

Strange, ſaid Manfredi, that, if ſo near the haunts of men, neither my voice, nor the louder accents of the echoes that inhabit theſe rocks and joined their friendly notes to mine in calling on the name of Rudolpho, ſhould have attracted any notice!—At all events, whether men or infernal fiends inhabit the place, in the name of the bleſſed Trinity, I'll examine whence proceeds this light.

At theſe words,—he devoutly marked his forehead and breaſt with the ſign of the croſs; and brandiſhing his naked ſword, advanced with conſcious courage towards the light, which he ſoon found to iſſue from a conſiderable diſtance within the body of the rock, through a long narrow cleft almoſt choaked up with briars and brambles. He looked forward into the opening, and ſtrained his eyes in eager efforts to diſcover what objects were within: but, from that diſtance, it was impoſſible to explore the myſterious receſſes of the mountain. He reſolved therefore to continue his dangerous route up the ſide of the precipice, and try if, by ſome other avenue, he might not be able to approach the ſpot whence the light proceeded.

Accordingly he prepared to climb to the ſummit: but here he was again diſappointed; the ſpot on which he ſtood being overhung by vaſt maſſes of rock, ſo ſteep and impracticable, as to bid defiance even to the approaches of the mountain goat: and he was convinced that to deſcend again to the bottom, and try another aſcent in a different quarter, even if the attempt were not attended with ſuch imminent danger, would be but a fruitleſs expenditure of time and labour.

Finding the place utterly inacceſſible, under preſent circumſtances, except through the narrow paſſage where he had diſcovered the light, he determined to penetrate it if poſſible; and ſheathing his ſword, which would only have impeded his efforts in a ſtruggle that required the full exertion of both his hands,—with perſevering toil, ſqueezing through the brambles on his hands, and knees, and in ſome places obliged to force himſelf forward on his belly,—he at length approached near enough to have a diſtinct view of an antique brazen lamp depending from the vaulted roof of an extenſive cavern, which nature aided by the art of man, had ſcooped out in the womb of the mountain: and as he approached nearer, he perceived ſwords, ſpears, daggers, and other implements of death, hanging up againſt the ſides of the rock.

At this ſight, he pauſed for a moment: 'twas not the pauſe of fear; for, to fear, the heart of Manfredi was a ſtranger;—of Manfredi, who ſo oft had ſtemmed the tide of battle, and, unappalled, oppoſed his ſingle arm to the united efforts of a hoſt of enemies: he felt for his ſword, unknowing whether it had not been torn from his ſide in his ſtruggle through the narrow difficult paſſage of the rock.

His ſword was ſafe: he laid his hand to the hilt; and from the touch he inſtantly felt, as it were, an electric ſpark diffuſe itſelf through his whole frame, and fire his ſoul with tenfold courage.—At that moment, Manfredi would have ſingly faced a whole army.—Be they few, be they many, ſaid he to himſelf,—be they friends, be they foes—Manfredi fears them not.—So ſaying, he advanced to the mouth of the paſſage,

paſſage, which was at the height of ſeveral feet from the floor beneath, without ſteps, ladder, or any other help to deſcend.

Manfredi, though advanced in years, ſtill poſſeſſed all the vigour and agility of youth; and heſitated not a moment to determine on the dangerous leap. But though his courage was ſuch as would not have ſhrunk from a myriad of armed foes, it was tempered with that vigilant prudence which never fails to ſeek and diſcover the moſt advantageous mode of attack or defence. And that circumſpection, which, in the diverſified ſcenes of war, he had ſo oft and ſo ſucceſsfully employed for the ſafety of thoſe who fought under his banners, now checked his ardour for a moment, till he ſhould look around, and reconnoitre the place into which he was about to venture, alone, without even the protection of his buckler, that he had loſt in his fall.

Beſides the warlike implements he had before deſcried, he now ſaw on every ſide heaps of clothes of different kinds, the dreſſes of various nations—piles of baggage, and bales of merchandize of every deſcription, veſſels of wine, fruits, corn, the carcaſſes of a ſheep, and an ox, with fowl and game in abundance; and at ſome diſtance a table ſpread for ſupper, with large flaggons of wine, and goblets of enormous ſize.

As well as he could diſtinguiſh at the diſtance, he judged, from the ſize of the table and number of the plates and goblets, that the company was to conſiſt of twelve.—'Tis well, ſaid he: I now know the number of my enemies: if enemies they be: if friends, I'll not be one too many.

So ſaying, he was preparing to leap down, when, from an obſcure corner of the cave which his eye had not before explored, a ſigh reached his ear: it was a ſigh of deep diſtreſs and agony; and it penetrated the heart of Manfredi:—for Manfredi, though ſtern as a lion in combat, ſhewed in ſcenes of diſtreſs and woe, a heart of nature's fineſt mould, tempered by the ſoft hand of pity herſelf.—He looked forward towards the ſpot whence the ſigh had iſſued; but at firſt could diſcern nothing. Another, a deeper ſigh was heard, which ſeemed to rend the heart that heaved it. Tremblingly alive to the diſtreſs of the mourner, Manfredi ſtrained his eyes to the utmoſt, and ſcreening them with his hand from the glare of the lamp, at length dimly diſcovered, in a dark receſs, a female figure leaning on a low couch—her cheek reſting on one hand, while with the other ſhe held a handkerchief to her eyes. Another ſigh was now heard, and—Eternal God! ſaid ſhe, in a ſweet but plaintive voice—is it not enough that my Lorenzo has periſhed by the ruffian hand of the aſſaſſin, but I muſt myſelf be detained a priſoner, and——

By heaven, [redacted] not! exclaimed M[redacted] at bound was on the floor below.

His voice, the noiſe of his fall, and the rattling of his armour, terrified the afflicted lady, who ſcreamed aloud with affright, and made the hollow caverns ring with the ſhrill accents of her voice.

Hey day! cried an old ſquallid beldam, hobbling in with a light in her hand,—what ails madam now?—ſome of your old freaks I ſuppoſe.—By the maſs! you ought to think yourſelf happy, that——

Here the gleam of her lamp flaſhing on Manfredi's armour, ſhe ſtarted back in ſilence, and croſſed herſelf again and again, uncertain whether ſhe ſaw a human being or a ghoſt.—Manfredi gave her no time to recover from her ſurpriſe; but ſeizing her by the hair,—Say, wretch (cried he,) what means all this?—nay, ſpeak thyſelf, fair lady; who keeps thee here, and why?—Alas! ſignor, ſaid ſhe, there is now no time for explanations. If thou be a friend, and canſt open yon iron door for my eſcape, there is not a moment to loſe:—they will ſoon be here—ere now they were expected:—and if they return and find thee in this cave—however great thy ſtrength and courage, their numbers will overpower thee.

Manfredi felt no apprehenſions for his own ſafety; but unwilling to expoſe the lady by delay—Open, ſaid he

to the terrified old hag—open quick that door; and at thy peril——

Alas! signor, replied she, I have not the key: they always carry it with them after locking the door on the outside.

Enraged, Manfredi sprang to the iron door, and strove to force it open; but though possessed of Herculean strength, it baffled his utmost efforts.

(To be continued.)

Meanings of the Word Make.

THE word *make* is perhaps used in a greater variety of senses than any other word in the English language. For instance:

"To *make*, *fabricate*, *form*, *render*, *create*, &c." These words though sometimes used indifferently for each other, yet are by no means synonimous.

The taylor, *makes* a coat, the shoemaker a pair of shoes, the carpenter a joint-stool, &c. *ad infinitum*.

Our foreign friends must be upon their guard, however, in their use, or in their interpretation of these words.

We say a man *makes a shift*, but they must not suppose that he *makes use* of his wife's needle, and *makes* her a shift. The words are used figuratively, and only imply, that when he has no shirt, he *makes* a shift without it.

Again, kings *make* war, and children *make* a noise; but it would be absurd to say, that kings *fabricate* a war or that children *fabricate* a noise.

A lady bids her housekeeper *make* or distil some peppermint, or any other *simple* water; or to *make* her some *water-gruel* in her silver saucepan; but it would be rather indelicate simply to bid her *make water* in the saucepan.

We may say, indifferently, either to *make* or to *form* a party at cards, or on the water. And the word *render* may sometimes be substituted for make; as *making* love *makes* or *renders* an old man ridiculous.

I believe the phrase is to *give*, not to *make*, a rout or a ball. And though if a lady loses her thimble she sometimes *makes a rout* about it, yet that, I believe, is rather a *vulgarism*; like making a *fuss* or a *bustle* about trifles.

We say, such a thing *makes* me sick, or *makes* me laugh.

If a man has a *good* wife, he should *make* much of her; if a *bad* one, he should *make* the best of it; or at least *make* himself easy, but not *make* away with her.

To *create* means to *make* something out of nothing. Hence we say, metaphorically, to *create* a dispute, that is, to dispute about nothing.

The upholsterer *makes* or *fabricates* a bed; the maid *makes the bed*, when by any accident it has been *tumbled*.

To *make* a cuckold is grown obsolete, and never used in polite circles; we should rather say, "to intrigue or *make free* with another man's wife." But the law and the gospel, however, still *make* a serious affair of it; by the one it is called "crim. con." and *makes work* for the lawyers; by the other it is termed downright *adultery*; and though the subject may *make* us merry, the parties concerned will have a sad account to *make* of it hereafter.

But it is time to *make an end* of this article.

On the present mode of embellishing Books.

BOOKS of all kinds are now advertised to be printed on a wire-wove paper and hot-pressed, with cuts, down to the Philosophical Transactions, (the uniformity of which work is destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a society) and major RENNELL's learned memoir on Hindostan; as if the intention were, that they should be looked at and not read. As to the fury for prints and cuts, even Blackstone's commentaries are now published in numbers, by a six-penny professor of law, adorned with pretty cuts; and I hear that the professor has promised a fine whole length of a Nisi Prius, and a rich view of a chancery suit in perspective, by Bartolozzi, who will either engrave them himself, or lend his name, which is the same thing, at least the public think so. As to these wire-weavers or

drawers of paper and hot-preſſers, muſt we ſay to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius: "Quouſque fruſtra paſcetis ignigenos iſtos?" Surely this ſoolery muſt ſoon ceaſe.

I wiſh every author who prints and publiſhes his own works, on a wire-wove paper and hot-preſſed, would imitate the honeſty of ſir William Chambers, knight of the polar ſtar, who ſays in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his wonderful book on Oriental Gardening; "It contains (ſays the knight) beſides a great deal of nonſenſe, two very pretty prints by Bartolozzi." While this was printing, I was informed, that COKE UPON LYTTLETON, with Hargrave's notes, is advertiſing to be publiſhed on a wire-wove paper, and hot-preſſed. This folly, by ſuch a proceeding, muſt ſurely ſign its own death warrant. I wiſh, to be ſure, ſome of our ſtatutes at large could be a little wire-drawn and hot-preſſed by a committee of parliamentary printers and compoſitors. I dare ſay, lord Stanhope would correct the preſs with much pleaſure.

Remarks on the Greek Fire. (From Andrews's Hiſtory of Great Britain.)

IN ſpeaking of the ſiege of Acre, A. D. 1191: he ſays

At this celebrated ſiege both parties made uſe of the 'Greek fire;' a diabolical ſpecies of flame, which burnt the fiercer for the application of water. It is thus ſung by a Leonine bard.

Pereat, O, utinam! ignis hujus vena!
Non enim extinguitur aquâ ſed arenâ;
Vixq vinum acidum arctat ejus frænâ,
Et urinâ ſtringitur ejus vix habena.

Ignis hic confiſcitur tantum per Paganos
Ignis hic exterminat tantum Chriſtianos
Incantatus namque eſt per illos prophanos
Ab hoc perpetuo, Chriſtie! libera nos!
Mon: Flor: de Expug: Acconenſi.

Imitated.

May the fiend fly away with this odious Greek fire! [require;
Not water to quench it but ſand we
Then vinegar's acid its power muſt lend us, [defend us.
And lye, in its turn too, muſt help to
The Pagans alone by this peſt are protected,
'Gainſt the Chriſtians alone are it's powers directed.
By the Pagans 'tis arm'd by moſt foul incantation,
Oh ſave us, kind Saviour, from ſuch conflagration!

I. P. A.

The idea which the French knights formed of this deſtructive fire ſeems to have been almoſt unutterable. 'Each man' (ſaid Gauthier de Cariel, an old and experienced warrior) 'ſhould throw himſelf on his elbows and knees when that fire is thrown, and beſeech the Lord (who alone can help him) to avert the dreadful danger.' This counſel was practiſed, and Philip himſelf, as often as he heard the Greek fire diſcharged in the night, raiſed his body from his bed and with uplifted hands prayed 'Lord preſerve my people!' 'Beau fire' &c.

Joinville (a gallant officer who was preſent) thus deſcribes the Greek fire. It was thrown from a "Petrarie." It was as large as a barrel of verjuice, had a flaming tail like a broad ſword, made a report like thunder and appeared like a dragon flying through the air; giving ſuch a light that, in the camp at midnight, one might ſee as well as at noon day.

G. de Vineſauf (a brave and learned French baron) thus expreſſes his horror at this deſtructive peſt. 'This fire has a moſt fœtid ſmell with livid flames, and conſumes even flints and iron. Water quenches it not; ſand checks its force; but vinegar alone can extinguiſh it.'

To complete the ſtory of the Greek fire we will foreſtall the order of time. Philip of France finding a quantity of this odious ammunition ready prepared at Acre, took it with him to Europe and meanly made uſe of it (ſo ſays Pere Daniel) againſt the fleet of England at Dieppe. It was uſed afterwards in France; and one Gaubert of Mant gained

gained the ſecret of making it; but with him it expired. In 1380 the warlike biſhop of Norwich and his army in Flanders ſuffered great annoyance from a compoſition of this inflammatory kind. And it is aſſerted by the moſt diligent of antiquaries, Groſe, that a chymiſt ſtill enjoys an annuity from government on condition of keeping ſecret a compoſition of the ſame deſtructive caſt.

This ſpecies of fire is perhaps very ancient. In his hiſtory of the Goths, Procopius ſpeaks of an infernal mixture, called 'Medea's oil,' which had much the ſame properties. And the Kilan Tartars are ſaid to have introduced it to China in 917, under the name of 'The oil of the cruel fire.'

How to write Novels.

'*Utile Dulci.*'

THE utility of novel-writing being paſt all contradiction, it is neceſſary, before the publication of a tale, to render it ſo palatable to the taſte of the age, and ſo conformable to the ſpirit of the times, that nothing deſpicably natural, or ſtooping ſo low as common ſenſe, ſhould be attributes of theſe elegant productions. We all of us view each ſcene of nature (however beautiful) with the moſt undiſturbed emotion; and why? Becauſe they are perpetually exhibited before our eyes, and ſo continual a ſameneſs palls upon our inquiſitive ſenſes, and renders us diſſatisfied, and reſtleſs. As man ought to be happy, and as his faculties are ever on the ſtretch, ſo it would be unreaſonable to deny ſuch gratifications, eſpecially through the vulgar evaſion of paſſing the bounds of probability and truth. No viſionary and rapturous flights are we to experience, if we are thus checked in our imagination; chivalry, itſelf, muſt with all its reſpectable and gothic allurements, fall to the ground; and no gallant adventurer armed cap-a-pie, will iſſue forth to conquer unknown enemies, in unknown regions, for unknown ladies. Such godlike avocations would then ſink to the depth of mere reaſon, and ſubmit to the moſt inſolent enquiries; while ſimplicity, that moping and melancholy child of ſolitude, would triumph in her ruſticated nakedneſs, diveſted of all the regalia of art, and the decorations of eternal fancy. Ah! let not the inexhauſtible muſe of levity ſuffer ſuch encroachments! Rather, in the frenzy of vengeance, let her cauſe new tranſlations of The One Thouſand and One Nights, to be diſperſed through nations, for the benefit of unborn ſouls. Rather than ſuffer one ſpark of ſentiment to diminiſh from the ever-breathing zephirs of romantic ſenſibility, let the receſſes of the ſeraglio, let Lilliput and Brobdignag be explored, to furniſh new ideas for thoſe who are vacant and exhauſted. In vain will the blandiſhments of muſic, of painting, of *all* the fine arts, of love, of languid attachments, and ſilent eloquence exiſt, if they are not perpetuated, and are ſuffered to decay. Each uſurpation, however petty in its appearance, ſtrikes at the root of ſuch dignified and privileged occupations, and ought to be repreſſed by every coercive meaſure, that can proceed from the inventions of boundleſs genius. It has been ſaid by the taſteleſs part of the world, that the preſs has teemed with ſuch an over-abundance of theſe *captivating* works, that it is quite overburdened, and that they are a nuiſance both to the trade, and to the *ladies* who are *obliged* to read, before they can judge. Such objections as theſe will naturally fall into their own groveling obſcurity, and without trouble ſink into the oblivion they ſo juſtly merit. We have, for our part, the moſt ſerious cauſe for lamentation, to obſerve the ſpirit of novel-writing ſo near its diſſolution. Thoſe exuberant, and heart-melting letters of Fitzoſborne, and Fitzaubin, and Fitzjames, and Fitzjohn, we view with real regret to decline. Indeed, the paſſion for Fitzes ſeems ſo near over, that we deſpair of ever finding ſo happy a ſuccedaneum. Lady Racket to lord Ormond, and lord Racket to lady Ormond, though titles of a very ſeducing caſt, have nevertheleſs had *their* day, and ſeem now to yield the palm to a mere monoſyllable. But whatever titles may do, it is the in-

ternal

ternal matter that intereſts *our* attention, and calls forth every obſerving faculty of the ſoul. With regard to the ever flowing ſtyle, and to pictureſque deſcription, the authoreſs of Udolpho has as far outrivalled Mr. Gilpin, the celebrated competitor to pictureſque fame, as the moon in her glory eclipſes each ſurrounding ſtar. The blaze of artifice may triumph indeed in a few prints, compoſed of *yellow* and *black*, with the endleſs proſpect of earth and ſky; but the minuteneſs of deſcription which this lady has given to the moſt inſignificant ſhrub, enhances its original value, and has cauſed our eyes to be awakened to beauties hitherto dreamt not of. It is true, there has not been a little ſaid of late concerning haunted priories, caſtles, towers, &c. of paſſing-bells, of blue lights, and of death-cold hands. Abſtracting the magnificence of ſuch ſcenes, it is enough for us to conſider the awful impreſſion they leave upon our minds. The horrors of a murdered or diſturbed knight wandering up and down, clad in complete ſteel, with eyes darting fire, viſage lengthened and pale, added to the moſt terrific frowns, which are equalled only by his tremendous and rattling helmet; and to complete the *ne plus ultra* of deſcription, the convulſions of the elements, conſpiring to form the very climax of a 'nameleſs deed.' Such tales, if not *beautiful*, muſt be allowed to be *ſublime*; and he who was a ſceptic hitherto, will be ſo no longer, after the peruſal of publications of ſuch a ghoſtlike tendency. In ſhort, there is no claſs of literature that has been ſo degraded by critics, as novels. Yet I would venture to hold them up to an enlightened age, as models of excellence. In a novel, there is hiſtory, biography, poetry, moral philoſophy, the ſcience of human life, the knowledge of men and things, and what is more, the delineation of the human heart; wherein paſſions are divided into as many different claſſes, as there are ranunculuſes in the Linnæan ſyſtem. It moreover unites phyſiognomy with its many attractions; for the language of the eyes is a ſure prologue to that of the heart, and he who does not dwell upon fine eyes *for a chapter or two* at leaſt, is no noveliſt. Thus may he ſee nature *veluti in ſpeculum*, and thus by blending the inſtructive with the entertaining, we ſhall glide down the current of life, and participate in the pleaſures, and ſympathize with the ſorrows of our friends, till

'Tir'd we ſink,
'And life's poor play is o'er.

Some Account of a New Work, entitled, The Age of Reaſon; being an Inveſtigation of true and fabulous Theology. By Thomas Paine.

EVERY religion is good that teaches man to be good, and I know of no religion that teaches him to be bad, ſaid Thomas Paine in his Rights of Man. On peruſing this paſſage, we did not ſuppoſe Mr. P. to be a believer, but we thought that he was of the opinion of antient ſtateſmen, who regarded all religions as equally uſeful; and therefore we did not expect to ſee him raiſing his pen againſt the theological doctrines of the Chriſtian world. We were miſtaken. It appears, by the preſent publication, that he has long meditated an attack on our religion, and that he is as inimical to *Revelation* as to *Monarchy*. Deiſm is his creed; and his open avowal of it, together with his bold and undiſguiſed attacks on Chriſtianity, will cauſe this pamphlet to be generally reprobated: but, in this *age of reaſon*, neither his invectives againſt Chriſtianity, nor the invectives of Chriſtians againſt him, will avail much. The gauntlet, which this champion of natural religion has thrown down, will be taken up; and, however the advocates for falſe doctrine may tremble, no Chriſtian, who has *a reaſon for the hope that is in him*, will be alarmed for the iſſue. No man can write down truth. Inquiry is to truth what friction is to the diamond: it proves its hardneſs, adds to its luſtre, and excites new admiration. Some of the ableſt defenders of the Chriſtian religion have acknowledged it to have been benefited by the attacks of deiſtical writers, who have provoked ſuch an examination of it as it would not

other-

otherwise have undergone. To them we owe many learned writings on the side of Revelation, and its purification from the chaff, the dust, and the cob-webs, which, during the dark ages, became blended with it. All may not yet be swept away; and Mr. P's *Age of Reason*, though it does not boast of any deep and erudite investigation, being nevertheless the fruit of a mind capable of conceiving objections with force, may lead to a farther examination of the sacred writings,—to such an examination as may assist in separating divine truth from human error. This, among rational Christians, has long been a *desideratum*. Much of our Deism they attribute to the corruptions of christianity; and they are firmly of opinion that, by abridging the scriptures, or taking certain disputed passages out of them, essential service would be done to the Christian religion.—— It is evident, from this pamphlet, that part of Mr. P's religious disgust arose from his having been required to believe too much; and it is not improbable that, had this circumstance never existed, he would now have been a Christian.

Following the example of several of his colleagues and others of his fellow-citizens of France, he makes his voluntary and individual confession of faith; which, he assures his readers, he does 'with all that sincerity and frankness with which the mind of man communicates with itself.' This confession of his faith is *positive* and *negative*:

'I believe in one God, and no more: and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

'I believe the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

'But lest it should be supposed that I believe many other things in addition to these, I shall, in the progress of this work, declare the things I do not believe, and my reasons for not believing them.

'I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church.

'All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit.

'I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise. They have the same right to their belief as I have to mine.'

After an elaborate demonstration of the being of a God against the doctrine of the atheists, he dismisses the inquiry about a future state in this evasive and unsatisfactory manner:

'I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it, in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body: and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have had existence, as I now have, before that existence began.'

This reason is scarcely strong enough to support even a slender hope; and we cannot help suspecting that this article was added to his creed, and this reason advanced in its support, merely to accommodate his faith to that of the French, who have lately thought it proper to exchange their '*eternal sleep*,' for *the immortality of the soul*.

Objecting to the idea of a written *revelation*, and to our calling any book the *word of God*, this writer labours to diminish our reverence for the Jewish and Christian scriptures, which are generally so called, by a pert review of their contents.

On *prophets and prophesying*, he makes the following observations:

'There is not, throughout the whole book, called the bible any word that describes to us what we call a poet, nor any word that describes what we call poetry. The case is, that the word *prophet* to which later times have affixed a new idea, was the bible word for poet, and the word *prophesying* meant the art

of

of making poetry. It alſo meant the art of playing poetry to a tune upon any inſtrument of muſic.

'We read of propheſying with pipes, tabrets, and horns. Of propheſying with harps, with pſalteries, with cymbals and with every other inſtrument of muſic then in faſhion. Were we now to ſpeak of propheſying with a fiddle or with a pipe and tabor, the expreſſion would have no meaning or would appear ridiculous, and to ſome people contepmtuous, becauſe we have changed the meaning of the word.

'We are told of Saul being among the *prophets*, and alſo that he propheſied; but we are not told what *they propheſied*, nor what *he propheſied*. The caſe is, there was nothing to tell; for theſe prophets were a company of muſicians and poets; and Saul joined in the concert; and this was called *propheſying*.

'The account given of this affair in the book called Samuel is, that Saul met a *company* of prophets; a whole company of them! coming down with a pſaltery, a tabret, a pipe, and a harp, and that they propheſied, and that he propheſied with them. But it appears afterwards, that Saul propheſied badly that is, he performed his part badly; for it is ſaid, that "an *evil ſpirit from God** came upon Saul and he propheſied."

'Now were there no other paſſage in the book called the bible than this, to demonſtrate to us that we have loſt the original meaning of the word *propheſy*, and ſubſtituted another meaning in its place, this alone would be ſufficient; for it is impoſſible to uſe and apply the word *propheſy* in the place it is here uſed and applied, if we give to it the ſenſe which later times have affixed to it. The manner in which it is here uſed ſtrips it of all religious meaning, and ſhews that a man might then be a *prophet*, or might *propheſy*, as he may now be a poet, or a muſician, without any regard to the morality or immorality of his character. The word was originally a term of ſcience, promiſcuouſly applied to poetry and to muſic; and not reſtricted to any ſubject upon which poetry and muſic might be exerciſed.'

Having gotten rid, as he ſuppoſes, of what Chriſtians venerate as the word of God, he advances his grand doctrine, for the diſplay of which his pamphlet ſeems to have been principally written:

'But ſome, perhaps, will ſay, are we to have no word of God—no revelation? I anſwer, Yes. There is a word of God; there is a revelation.

'THE WORD OF GOD IS THE CREATION WE BEHOLD.'

Thus he contends for natural, to the rejection of that which is called revealed, religion.

To his faith he ſubjoins an account of himſelf; and after, having farther marſhalled reaſon againſt the ſcriptures, he gives the following ſummary of the contents of his pamphlet:

'Firſt, That the idea or belief of a word of God exiſting in print, or in writing or in ſpeech, is inconſiſtent in itſelf for the reaſons already aſſigned. Theſe reaſons among many others, are the want of an univerſal language; the mutability of language; the errors to which tranſlations are ſubject; the poſſibility of totally ſuppreſſing ſuch a word; the probability of altering it, or of fabricating the whole, and impoſing it upon the world.

'Secondly, That the creation we behold is the real and ever exiſting word of God in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaimeth his power, it demonſtrates his wiſdom, it manifeſts his goodneſs and beneficence.

'Thirdly, that the moral duty of man conſiſts in imitating the moral goodneſs and beneficence of God manifeſted in the creation towards all his creatures. That ſeeing, as we daily do, the goodneſs of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to

NOTE.

'* As thoſe men who call themſelves divines and commentators, are very fond of puzzling one another, I leave them to conteſt the meaning of the firſt part of the phraſe, that of, *an evil ſpirit of God*, I keep to my text, I keep to the meaning of the word propheſy.'

to practiſe the ſame towards each other; and conſequently that every thing of perſecution and revenge between man and man, and every thing of cruelty to animals is a violation of moral duty.'

As far as this pamphlet goes to eſtabliſh religion as founded in nature, it can have no bad effect; ſince it is not unuſual for infidels in revelation to think themſelves juſtified in renouncing all religion, and in regarding themſelves as exempted from its obligations; when it is manifeſt that revelation is but a part of the broad baſis on which religion reſts, and that, though, by taking it away, virtue loſes an able friend, ſhe is not left entirely without an advocate.

General Earl Moira's Addreſs to the Army under his immediate command, with the reaſons for his march from Oſtend to join his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York

(C O P Y.)

LORD Moira is ſo ſolicitous to poſſeſs the profeſſional good opinion of officers whom he has had extraordinary reaſon to eſteem, that he muſt beg leave to explain ſome circumſtances relative to the march of his corps from Oſtend.

The orders with which lord Moira embarked, pointed out the reſtricted object of defending Oſtend.—From the known ſituation of that place, it appeared that the protection of it could not be inſured by any reinforcement of the garriſon, but muſt be effected by meaſures that would probably entail a battle.—That he might ſhare the danger of ſuch a conteſt with troops to whom he is unfeignedly attached, lord Moira reſolved to embark, notwithſtanding he had before told his majeſty's miniſters, "any orders for his ſerving in Flanders muſt occaſion his immediate reſignation."

Oſtend ſeemed ſecured by the debarkation of the troops, and the object of the miſſion was completed, had events been fortunate in other parts: the day, however, after the landing, lord Moira heard ſo much about the ſtate of affairs in the country, that he thought he could not honeſtly confine his attention to the ſervice exactly aſſigned for him; he therefore took it upon himſelf to write to general Clairfayt and to general Walmoden, propoſing a junction of their forces, in order that they might act from Bruges to Thielt, upon the left wing of the French. This meaſure would have covered Oſtend, at the ſame time that the conſequence of it, as to the lightening the preſſure on the duke of York, could not but be very important.

General Clairfayt eagerly adopted the idea, but made it a condition, that lord Moira ſhould ſingly poſſeſs himſelf of the city of Bruges, before he (general Clairfayt) ſhould move. The condition was nice, becauſe lord Moira had not time to get aſhore any heavy cannon, as the movement would be impracticable, were it not made before the French, in that neighbourhood, received a reinforcement, which they hourly expected; ſo that the corps already at Wingham; which had only ſix miles to march to Bruges, whilſt lord Moira had twelve, might, by throwing a thouſand men into the town, defeat the attempt of ſeizing it, and would thereby oblige lord Moira to join the Auſtrians by Sluys and Sas de Gand, or return to Oſtend, and leave the reſt of Flanders to its fate.

The enterprize was, however, undertaken. On the rode to Bruges, lord Moira received, by an expreſs, a letter from the duke of York, which had come round by Sluys, deſiring "that lord Moira would embark his whole army, and join him by way of Antwerp." The other object was too far advanced to leave room for the obedience of this order. Bruges was luckily ſecured: but, at the very gates of it, lord Moira was overtaken by captain Clinton, who came by way of Sluys, Blackenberg, and Oſtend, from the duke of York and general Clairfayt. The meſſage from the duke of York was to know, "whether lord Moira could not undertake to march by Sluys and Sas de Gand," (the other road appearing out of the queſtion to his royal highneſs) "ſo as to join the duke of York's army more rapidly than the paſſage by ſea would allow."

allow?" From general Clairfayt there was a declaration, "that, on account of prince Cobourg's defeat, he could not fulfil any engagement with lord Moira, and that he expected to leave Ghent in a few hours." From general Walmoden there were not any letters of information.

Lord Moira, from the urgent tenor of the duke of York's meſſage, and from apprehenſions of poſſible difficulties to his royal highneſs's army, ſhould General Clairfayt be ordered by Prince Cobourg to retire, reſolved to puſh forward by the route of Ecloo and Ghent, notwitſtanding he had no longer aſſurance of co-operation; and with this intent he paſſed through Bruges to the camp of Malies.

This variation from the original purpoſe overturned all the plans which had been arranged for the ſupport and convenience of the corps; for it had been ſettled with colonel Vize, that the baggage ſhould be forwarded by the canal from Oſtend to Bruges, the latter being deſtined to be made the ſtore and magazine for the army, as long as it ſhould act in the direction intended. The caſe ſeemed to leave no room for heſitation. Under the impending inconveniencies, from privation of baggage, and the obvious danger from the want of reſerved ammunition, the embarraſſments which threatened the army of the duke of York demanded that an immediate junction ſhould be attempted.

The evacuation of Oſtend, and the tranſmiſſion of the baggage to Sas de Gand, were therefore inſtantly determined with colonel Vize. From Malies, lord Moira ſent to general Walmoden, to appriſe him that he ſhould continue his march next day, by way of Ecloo, requeſting ſuch movements on the part of that general as could be made without hazard, to impreſs the enemy with a ſuſpicion of a projected attack, and he took every poſſible means to circulate an exaggerated account of his own force, and to obtain accurate intelligence of the approach of the enemy. The exertions of general Walmoden upon this occaſion cannot be too gratefully remembered, as he was not in any manner pledged to give the aſſiſtance which he furniſhed. The march was undertaken without any confidence of ſuch ſupport, lord Moira was greatly encouraged to run the riſque by the conſideration that ſhould he find himſelf overpowered, Sluys would ſtill be open for him to retire upon when he had once reached Malderghem. The rapidity of the march fortunately expoſed nothing to chance: though lord Moira has ſince been informed that the enemy's general had orders to ſtrike at the corps at all events, and had taken every preliminary meaſure for that purpoſe.

Whether any ſervice was rendered to the army of the duke of York by the movement and expeditious junction, is not now the conſideration; lord Moira's ſole object being to explain the circumſtances and perſuaſion under which he acted, ſo that the fatigue and inconvenience which the corps ſuffered in conſequence of that march may not appear to have been lightly or unneceſſarily impoſed.

Authentic and Intereſting Narrative of the Adventures of the Mutineers, who piratically ſeized his Majeſty's Ship Bounty, under the Command of Captain Bligh, and were purſued by order of Government, by the Pandora Frigate, under the Command of Captain Edwards. Including a particular Detail of their ſingular Projects, and various Diſagreements, Embarraſſments, Eſcapes, Stratagems, &c. in the Iſland of Otaheite.

[*Never before Publiſhed.*]

Collected from the oral Communications of ſome of the Parties who were acquitted on their Trial.

To which is added, a circumſtantial Account of the Characters of the Ringleaders; Eſcape of ſome, Detection and Surrender of others; their Trial, Conviction, Execution, &c. &c.

To the Reader.

AS the public curioſity has never yet been gratified by a *ſatisfactory* account of the adventures of the Bounty mutineers, *after* the commiſſion of their crime, and *before* the arrival of the Pandor-

Pandora frigate, it is presumed that the transactions of those unfortunate people during that critical interim will not only be highly acceptable, but of infinite service to the public. What has been hitherto related is demonstrably the mere produce of *conjecture*, or, what, is worse, of partiality; but the writer of these papers has no motive for deceiving, and flatters himself that the incidents herein detailed will testify a thorough knowledge of the affair, and carry within themselves conviction of their truth.

HIS majesty's ship Bounty, of 215 tons, carrying four carriage guns, six-pounders, and four swivels, and manned with 46 men (officers included), was fitted up for the purpose of visiting the island of Otaheite, and taking on board and conveying the bread-fruit plants, and many other fruits of that country, to the British islands in the West Indies. She was dispatched from England in December 1787, and on the 26th of October 1788, arrived at the island of Otaheite, where she continued in the execution of her business.

Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, a man of respectable family and connections in the North of England, and who had been on two voyages before this with captain Bligh, being accounted a most excellent seaman, became during their stay in Otaheite remarkably attached to the natives, who manifested, upon every occasion, the highest respect for the captain and his people. Add to this, some female connections, which rendered the place still more agreeable, and made Christian believe that he could lead a much happier life here than in England.

Three others, who were midshipmen, Heywood, Young, and Stewart, were equally enamoured with the women at Otaheite, who being possessed of great sensibility and delicacy are exceedingly engaging, and withal remarkably handsome.

Captain Bligh had as great a regard for Heywood as for Christian, being a young man of wonderful abilities, and likewise of a respectable family in the North of England. Both Young and Stewart had been strongly recommended to the captain. Young was not, however, that good seaman which he appeared, but Stewart, who had always maintained a good character, was a most excellent one. His family, who resided in the Orkneys, were likewise respectable

These four had privately imparted to each other their wish of abiding in the island, and accordingly projected the villanous plan of piratically seizing the Bounty whenever a favourable opportunity offered. Christian, to disguise his intention, still behaved to the captain with the greatest respect, but while the captain and his officers were attending a Hæva (or entertainment) which had been prepared by the chiefs of the island in compliment to the English, Christian artfully prevailed upon Charles Churchill, who was master at arms; John Mills, the gunner's mate; and James Morrison, the boatswain's mate, to join him in his intended projects. He represented to them the great happiness they would enjoy among the islanders, and how far preferable it was to be their own masters than continue any longer servants. With these and similar expressions he soon inflamed their minds, and they all united in the base resolution of deceiving and oppressing a worthy commander.

Such, however, was the secrecy with which this mutiny was contrived, that not an item was dropped that might give room for the smallest suspicion, notwithstanding all those who were true friends to the captain were continually living forward among Christian and his associates.

After they had executed the object of their voyage, and procured on board 1015 of the bread-fruit plants and several other articles, in high preservation, the Bounty departed from Otaheite on the 4th of April 1789.

Christian and his gang had been sufficiently on their guard not to discover to any of the natives, even their greatest favourites among the females, their intention to return, for fear the captain might be apprised of it, and frustrate their design. On the contrary they

took leave of thoſe people with the ſame ſeeming regret as did the captain and officers.

Chriſtian had been lately promoted by captain Bligh, and frequently dined and ſupped with the captain by invitation. When they had completed their wooding and watering at Annamooka, one of the Friendly Iſlands, they continued their voyage with uninterrupted ſucceſs till the 28th, on which day Chriſtian and his party put their deſign into execution. The preceding night the captain invited Chriſtian to ſup with him, but, pretending illneſs, he excuſed himſelf, and Captain Bligh was exceedingly concerned for his ſuppoſed indiſpoſition.

This day at ſun-riſe Chriſtian had the morning-watch, and while the captain was aſleep he entered his cabin, with Charles Churchill, maſter at arms, John Mills, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, a ſeaman. Having now ſeized the captain they tied his hands with a cord behind his back, and threatened him in the moſt dreadful manner with inſtant death if he made the leaſt diſturbance. The captain, notwithſtanding their menaces, called out to his officers, but theſe had been already ſecured by Chriſtian's accomplices.

The captain was now dragged out of his bed, and forced upon deck in his ſhirt, while, upon his enquiring the cauſe of ſuch violence, they ſtill repeated their menaces and blaſphemy. Chriſtian had appointed centinels to watch the fore-hatchway, while only the carpenter and boatſwain were allowed to come on deck. Chriſtian gave orders that the launch ſhould be hoiſted out, which done, he commanded two midſhipmen, Hayward* and Hallet, to go into the boat, ſtill threatening the captain to kill him on the ſpot if he made the leaſt murmur. Chriſtian made choice of thoſe people whom he thought the moſt uſeleſs to him, and ordered them all into the boat, while he held the captain faſt by the bandage with which his hands were ſecured, and others of his party ſurrounded him with their piſtols cocked. Some of the mutineers were employed in compelling the officers into the boat, during which the whole party, even Chriſtian their ringleader, betrayed great fear and agitation of mind.

The captain endeavoured to diſſuade them by the moſt gentle means from their purpoſe; but they were too determined to be moved by all that he could utter. After the officers were in the boat Chriſtian forced the captain over the ſide, and as ſoon as he was in, the boat was veered aſtern. The captain requeſted ſome arms to be given him, but they laughed at this; however they threw into the boat four cutlaſſes, ſome pieces of pork, and clothes.

The mutineers who kept poſſeſſion of the Bounty were in all 25, being the moſt able men of the ſhip's company, viz.

Fletcher Chriſtian, the chief ringleader and maſter's mate.
Peter Heywood, midſhipman
Edward Young, ditto
George Stewart, ditto
Charles Churchill, maſter at arms
} ringleaders.
John Mills, gunner's mate
James Morriſon, boatſwain's ditto
Thomas Burkitt, ſeaman
Matthew Quintal, ditto
John Sumner, ditto
John Milward, ditto
William M'Koy, ditto
Henry Kilbrant, ditto
Alexander Smith, ditto
William Muſpret, ditto
Michael Byrne, ditto
Thomas Elliſon, ditto
John Williams, ditto
Iſaac Martin, ditto.

[This man being one of thoſe who by compulſion guarded the captain, diſcovered an inclination to aſſiſt his commander, and even got into the boat to ſhare his fate; but he was afterwards obliged to return to the veſſel, being threatened with inſtant death in caſe of noncompliance.]

Matthew Thompſon, ſeaman
Richard Skinner, ditto

William

NOTE.

* This name has frequently been confounded with *Heywood*, one of the mutineers.

William Brown, gardener,
Joſeph Coleman, armourer,
Charles Norman, carpenter's mate,
Thomas M'Intoſh, ditto.

Theſe three laſt were detained contrary to their inclination. Chriſtian was for ſome time conſidering within himſelf whether he had better detain William Purcell the carpenter, or the carpenter's mate; at laſt he determined upon the latter.

Captain Bligh was now turned adrift, with the maſter, ſurgeon, botaniſts, gunner, boatſwain, carpenter, maſter's mate, two midſhipmen, two quarter-maſters, the ſailmaker, two cooks, quarter-maſter's mate, butcher, clerk, and boy. While the boat was aſtern the unfortunate wretches that were in her were cruelly ridiculed by thoſe vile uſurpers who had thus taken violent poſſeſſion of the Bounty.

Some of Chriſtian's party upon their ſeparation exclaimed, "Huzza for Otaheite!" which gave him much offence, as he dreaded the captain's following him there. In order, therefore, to deceive the boat, they ſteered W. N. W. and as ſoon as the launch was out of ſight made for Otaheite.

There is no doubt that, if Chriſtian had in the leaſt ſuſpected that the captain or any of the officers who were with him would ever have been able to have reached home, he would have added murder to ingratitude. His hopes were, that either they would have periſhed in the attempt, or become reſidents in one of the remote iſlands. It is not probable that he could have enjoyed even a moment's tranquility at Otaheite, had he entertained a ſuſpicion that his baſe conduct was reported in England.

At the time of their ſeparation the captain reminded him of the ſeveral favours he had ſhewn him. This ſtung him to the heart, and he repeatedly exclaimed, "I know it, captain—hold your tongue—ſay no more—I am a villain—I am—but—it can't be helped." Afterwards when his conſcience pierced him, he cried out, "Oh, God—Oh, God—I am in hell—I am in hell." However, for fear of diſheartening his comrades, he endeavoured to conceal his emotions, and in order to keep up their ſpirits ordered each man a dram, this being the ſecond they had taken ſince the mutiny commenced.

Chriſtian became ſomewhat penſive while a few of the others began to laugh and joke about the diſmal ſituation of the captain and his officers. This raillery augmented Chriſtian's agitation, which became ſo great that he wanted power to conceal it. As for Coleman, Marton, Norman, and M'Intoſh, they were ſilent; but their looks plainly teſtified that they were diſpleaſed with their preſent ſituation. Coleman once ventured to give his advice, when Chriſtian propoſed a dram a piece, obſerving the great danger they ſhould be in if any of the men were intoxicated.

Chriſtian remained on deck till the launch was out of ſight, but he never looked at it without ſhowing ſtrong emotions. Afterwards he wiſhed to retire to the cabin, but began to be afraid even of his own party, leſt they might rebel againſt him, be tempted to follow the launch, and deliver him up to the captain. He therefore enjoined Heywood and Churchill to ſtay on deck and be particularly vigilant. He then went down to the cabin and began to examine the ſtores.

The thoughts of what was paſt prevented them from thinking upon what was to come. They were now returning to Otaheite, but never once conſulted among themſelves what they ſhould ſay to the natives. Indeed Churchill hinted ſomething of it to Chriſtian, but he ſeemed quite indifferent about the matter, imagining that any ſtory they thought proper to tell would be credited by the natives.

They were determined not to ſtop at any of the iſlands, but make the utmoſt expedition to reach Otaheite. The weather, however, becoming tempeſtuous, and the wind unfavourable, they were obliged to anchor at an iſland about ſeven leagues from their intended port. They tarried here three days, during which time they ſaw no inhabitants, and the land wore a dreary appearance. Having now a freſh breeze they weighed and proceeded for Otaheite.

While paſſing Annamooka they were viſited

viſited by ſeveral canoes from the neighbouring iſlands. Theſe natives (who knew them) expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at their return, while Chriſtian pretended that ſome very urgent reaſons required their longer ſtay at Otaheite. Nothing material occurred during the remainder of their paſſage.

All the mutineers agreed that Chriſtian ſhould take the command of the veſſel, which at firſt he modeſtly declined, wiſhed to reſign it to Stewart, who expreſſed great ſatisfaction at what they had done. Chriſtian, however, reſerved it, while Stewart acted under him.

On their approaching the iſland, Chriſtian ordered every man to remain under arms, for fear the captain might have contrived to have viſited ſome of the neighbouring diſtricts and communicated his misfortunes to the king, more particularly Tinah, a chief of Otaheite, who was exceedingly partial to him. Chriſtian, of courſe, knew that the natives would be inclined to take his part, and perhaps unite their force to recover the veſſel. Theſe apprehenſions were ſoon removed by Churchill, who remarked the impoſſibility of captain Bligh's reaching Otaheite, or any of the adjoining iſlands, without their obſerving the launch; notwithſtanding, it was deemed adviſable that they ſhould all remain on their guard.

As ſoon as they were in ſight of Otaheite ſeveral of the natives came off in canoes to learn the cauſe of their unexpected return. Chriſtian told them that captain Bligh had, to his great aſtoniſhment, diſcovered that captain Cook was alive and at Whytutakee, and accordingly both he and his officers were determined to remain there with him. The news accordingly ſpread, but the ſtory created much ſurprize.

Notwithſtanding Chriſtian diſplayed ſo much cunning and artifice in the execution of his plan, he was certainly deficient in this reſpect. The ſtory he told had every appearance of a deception, and muſt certainly in the courſe of time be diſcovered. By affirming that captain Cook was alive he naturally excited a curioſity among thoſe people to ſee him; and as they had ſo often heard before that he was dead, undoubtedly he expoſed himſelf to ſuſpicion. Had Chriſtian declared that captain Bligh and his officers had gone in the launch to make ſome diſcovery, and being overſet had periſhed, the ſtory being probable, would certainly have been believed, particularly by people inclined to credulity. But Chriſtian was unwilling to inſinuate that any thing had happened to the captain, knowing how well he was beloved by the chiefs of this iſland, for fear the misfortune might be attributed to him, and his ſuppoſed death reſented. He was likewiſe unwilling to place too much confidence in the natives, for fear they might take any advantage and ſhew an inclination to plunder.

Tinah and Poeeno, two chiefs remarkably attached to captain Bligh, immediately haſtened on board the Bounty. They were ſoon followed by others, who were equally ſurpriſed at meeting with their old friends; but Tinah and Poeeno alternately enquired the meaning that captain Bligh ſent them back; why, alſo, he did not come with them, and bring captain Cook whom they maintained ſo great a regard for? To theſe queſtions Chriſtian made but very ſorry anſwers, and with lame equivocations evaded others.

The chiefs underſtanding that theſe were come to ſettle with them, immediately began, according to cuſtom to chooſe each his friend, which they call a *Tyo*. Their notions of friendſhip are, indeed, very extraordinary. When a perſon becomes a Tyo to any one, it is expected of that perſon that he will cheriſh his friend's wife, the neglect of which will otherwiſe occaſion much coolneſs and indifference. They are, however, exceedingly faithful to their friends, for they would ſhudder at the thoughts of betraying them. They are likewiſe ready to ſupply their wants even to their own injury: and when thoſe who have *Tyo* die without iſſue, their titles and eſtates, agreeable to the law of Tyoſhip, devolve to their choſen friends, with whom, according to cuſtom, they change names at the time their friendſhips are contracted.

The mutineers now landed, while the beſt refreſhments that the place afforded were immediately provided. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the pleaſure which ſome of the females felt upon ſeeing their former gallants; they were particularly aſſiduous in preparing the moſt agreeable food for their reception.

Captain Bligh while he was here had a tent erected for his uſe; Chriſtian accordingly took poſſeſſion of this, and told the chiefs that captain Bligh had appointed him commander in his ſtead and that he was now *captain Chriſtian* during Bligh's abſence. To this all his accomplices agreed, and behaved to him with aſſumed reſpect.

Chriſtian divided his company into two parties, one to remain on board the veſſel and one on ſhore, and to take it by turns.

A ſhort time after they had landed, Churchill, whom Chriſtian had made his moſt conſtant companion, became the Tyo of a great chief in the upper diſtricts, and received an invitation to his houſe. Chriſtian, in order to court the favour of the chiefs, was remarkably profuſe in his preſents; he was likewiſe cunning enough to take the merit of all the donations, which created a degree of jealouſy between him and his confederates.

A grand Hæva was now prepared for the entertainment of Chriſtian and his party on ſhore. A great number of chiefs attended, and Chriſtian, Churchill, Heywood, &c. were received in due form by the king and his levee. The performers conſiſted of two men and two women. A ring being formed, the entertainment commenced with the male performers, who began to wreſtle, then throwing themſelves into frightful and indecent poſitions: after they had diſplayed a number of abominable attitudes and diſtortions they retired, and the two ladies came forward. Their dreſs was fanciful. Theſe began to diſplay attitudes equally diſagreeable and indecent. They performed for near half an hour, during which time they never ceaſed the exerciſe. Among the ladies wreſtling and the like are great accompliſhments; Iddeah, Tinah's wife, was a remarkably fine wreſtler. In ſhort girls will come from the remoteſt places to acquire theſe great accompliſhments, and attain improvement from theſe Hæva entertainments. The girl who can fight, tumble, wreſtle, &c. the beſt, is always the moſt reſpected.

Some ſhort time after this another Hæva was performed. The ladies now, inſtead of wreſtling, danced; after which a preſent of cloth, which the dancers always came in with round their waiſts, was made to Chriſtian.

There was a wreſtling match between a woman and a man, wherein all difference of ſex was loſt ſight of, for the woman was equally if not more violent than the man, and ſhe almoſt broke his leg with a fall. As ſoon as he was down, ſome who were attending haſtened to his relief, raiſed him from the ground, and while ſome held his body, others, with amazing agility put his leg, which was ſprained, to rights. The lady who had thrown him, received univerſal congratulations, and, indeed, ſhe was not a little proud of her triumph.

Tinah regularly viſited Chriſtian every day both on ſhore and on board the veſſel. This chief, however, could not conceal his diſſatisfaction at the abſence of captain Bligh and the other officers, nor could he, indeed, reconcile it to himſelf why the captain would not return and abide in Otaheite in preference to any other iſland. Iddeah, Tinah's wife, who had been remarkably attached to captain Bligh, became exceedingly melancholy at his ſeeming indifference. On this account ſhe entertained an averſion to Chriſtian and his accomplices, and ſeldom or ever accompanied her huſband in his viſits.

During the intervals of ſolitude, Chriſtian was frequently ſeized with remorſe and horror at what he had done. Reflection almoſt ſet him mad and he certainly felt more anguiſh at the commiſſion of the mutiny than any of thoſe who had been his firſt choſen confederates. Whenever Churchill or Stewart were in his company he endeavoured to reſume his vivacity, and ſhake off thoſe gloomy terrors which occaſionally clouded his mind.

Churchill

Churchill was naturally poſſeſt of a ſprightly diſpoſition, his preſence, therefore, in a great meaſure diſpelled his uneaſineſs, and helped to keep up his companion's ſpirits.

Martin likewiſe expreſſed much unhappineſs when alone, but none of the men dared to ſhew the leaſt diſapprobation of what was done, for fear of being immediately deſtroyed; for ſeveral ſuſpected that Chriſtian had given ſecret orders to ſome of his moſt particular friends, to put to inſtant death any who ſhould complain or mutter at their preſent ſituation, leſt the natives might diſcover what had happened, and of courſe revenge their ill treatment to captain Bligh. Whether or not Chriſtian had iſſued ſuch directions is not to be aſcertained; but, conſidering his ſituation, it is by no means unlikely, villains being always jealous of each other.

Some of the natives who viſited the Bounty committed ſeveral depredations. Chriſtian complained to Tinah of his people's theſts and miſbehaviour. This chief, when captain Bligh was in the iſland, was very aſſiduous in recovering whatever was ſtolen, and teſtified great concern whenever ſuch diſhoneſty was practiſed; but now affairs ſeemed to wear a different complexion. Tinah paid little or no attention to Chriſtian's complaints, nor ſeemed to be the leaſt concerned for whatever loſs he ſuſtained. The fact was, the natives thought they were at liberty to do whatever they liked, ſince the captain, whom they looked upon as the chief of thoſe Engliſh, was abſent; and Chriſtian was afraid to aſſume too much authority, for fear he might incur their diſpleaſure, and be conſequently abandoned to ruin and miſery.

Here Chriſtian ſeemed again deficient in prudence; for as he pretended that the captain had appointed him chief in his ſtead, he ſhould certainly have arrogated that conſequence (which he no doubt would had he been *honeſtly* inveſted with the power,) and by occaſionally diſplaying his authority, he would certainly have commanded that reſpect which captain Bligh and his predeceſſors had maintained.

It was obſerved that Chriſtian had, previous to his departure from this iſland with the captain, entertained a *penchant* for ſome of the female natives; to one he was particularly attached. She was young, affectionate, genteel, and, ſetting aſide the *diſfigurements* which the cuſtoms of their country render general, ſhe might well be accounted handſome. Their mutual affection was remarkable, and the ſincerity of their loves indiſputable. In ſhort, they were married according to their faſhion, which is no more than making a bargain for her with her parents, and exchanging mutual promiſes before all their friends, who are on this occaſion invited. Among theſe natives polygamy is allowable; and what is not more wonderful than true, they enjoy domeſtic harmony even with a plurality of wives.

(To be continued.)

A Genuine Letter from a Young Lady on her Death-bed to her Siſter.

Dear Sister,

BEFORE this can poſſibly reach you, the unchanging fiat will paſs, and I ſhall be either happy or miſerable for ever. None about me pretend to flatter me with the hopes of ſeeing another morning.—Short ſpace to accompliſh the mighty work of eternal ſalvation! yet I cannot leave the world without admoniſhing, without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour you are ſure not to eſcape, and know not how ſhortly it may arrive.

We have had the ſame education, have lived in the ſame manner, and, though accounted very much alike, have reſembled each other more in our follies than our faces. Oh, what a waſte of time have we not been guilty of! To dreſs well has been our only ſtudy; parade, equipage, and admiration, our ambition; pleaſure our avocation; and the mode our god.

How often, alas! have I profaned in idle chat that ſacred name by whoſe merits alone I now have hopes to be forgiven! How often, alas! have I ſat and heard his miracles and ſufferings ridiculed,

ridiculed by the false wits of the age, without feeling uneasy motions at the blasphemy! Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of.

One moment methinks I see the blissful seats of Paradise unveiled; I hear ten thousand myriads of celestial existences tuning their golden harps to songs of praise to the unutterable name. The next a scene all black and gloomy spreads itself before me, whence issue nought but sobs, and groans, and horrid shrieks; my fluctuating imagination varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my eternal doom; on one hand beckoning angels smile on me, while on the other the furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting soul.

I dare not hope, nor will my reverend friend suffer me absolutely to despair. He comforts me with promises in holy writ, which, to my shame, I was unacquainted with before, but now I feel them as balm to my tormented conscience.

I must bid you adieu eternally. I have discharged my duty in giving you this warning. Oh! may my death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that weight I wish and pray for: you are the last object of my earthly cares: I have now done with all below, shall retire into myself, and devote the few moments allowed me to that penitence which alone can recommend me to a glorious immortality. I die

Your affectionate sister,

3d *Jan.* 1794. **********.

Letters of Doctors Hildesley, Hales, Leland, and Mr. Samuel Richardson.

(Concluded from p. 199.*)*

LETTER IV.

Dr. Leland to Bishop Hildesley.

My Lord, *Dublin, June* 27, 1764.

I HAVE received your most obliging letter of May 11, together with the three guineas you so generously sent me. The expressions of your esteem and regard are very acceptable to me, as they come from a person of your lordship's real worth and excellent character; though I must confess it humbles me to reflect how much I fall short of what your lordship and others of my friends are apt to conceive of me. I hope, however, I can truly say my intentions were upright; and, if I have been in any degree instrumental to serve the interests of religion, to God be all the glory.

I am informed that a club of Deists have been busily employed in drawing up an answer to some part of my "View of the Deistical Writers." It was designed to be published this last spring; but they have thought proper to defer it. Whatever becomes of any attempts of mine, I am satisfied that our holy religion, as delivered in the scriptures, is established on solid and immovable foundations, which all the malice and subtiilty of its adversaries shall never be able to subvert. But it is a thing I can hardly account for that any persons, who would be thought to have a regard for the interests of virtue, and the good of mankind, should labour, with an indefatigable zeal and industry, as far as in them lies, to banish Christianity out of the world, and to set men loose from the sacred obligations it lays them under.

I wish your lordship all manner of success in the execution of the excellent design you have formed of getting the holy scriptures, or some portions of them, rendered into the vulgar tongue of that people whom Providence has put under your pastoral care. This is the most likely means of leading them into the right knowledge and practice of religion.

That the God of all grace may bless your pious and benevolent intentions and endeavours for the edification of his church, and render you eminently useful in that part of his vineyard in which he has placed you, is the sincere and earnest prayer of, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and obliged humble servant.

JOHN LELAND.

LETTER V.

From Bishop Hildesley to Dr. Scott, his Physician.

Bishop's Court, March 27, 1772.

Dear Sir,

I am now come to ask your advice concerning the present state of my health; though, at the same time, I am doubtful of the propriety of enquiring what is to be done with or for an old man of 73. However, you will permit me to tell my story. You must know then that, about three weeks since, I was seized with a debility of body; I say of *body*, because I had no particular defect in any limb or joint more than a general weakness, so as to be unable to carry myself upright; insomuch as twice to fall from my chair, and once from my bed, but without any paralytical symptoms, or the least disorder in my head.

This was my state for about a fortnight, when I began to mend, so as to be left to walk out by myself, which I could not do for some days.

I hope as the summer rises I shall rise with it; but I really began to think I was upon my last legs. I sleep well, and eat a tolerable meal; I take, &c. &c.; and, notwithstanding this alarming circumstance of bodily infirmity, I have some thoughts, God willing, of visiting my Sherburn demesnes about midsummer,—if nothing extraordinary happens to hinder me.

Some of my friends in England urge me to go to Bath; I suppose on account of my colicky disorder: but I imagine those waters will not suit me. Tunbridge and Scarborough I have found benefit from; Harrowgate I have more fancy to; but those cold springs, at *my* time, some are utterly against; and I am less disposed to them myself, as my old scorbutic complaint is in great measure gone. Scarborough I have but one objection to; and that is, the intolerably steep hill to walk up from the spring. Which of all the abovementioned I should be glad of your direction about.

That I might not disappoint you of the satisfaction of your gratuitous act of voluntary friendship, communicated through Mr. Wilks, I intend the guinea I put into Mr. Dury's hands as a compensation for what I now send for; and which I hope you will accept from, dear sir, your obliged friend, and thankful humble servant,

M. Sodor and Mann.

A Narrative of the Bishop's last Illness, and Death.

It is remarkable that, for a fortnight before he died, he was apparently in better health and spirits than he had been for some months before. This is what they here call a lightening before death; for, on the very day before he was taken ill, Sunday, the 29th of November, 1772, he performed the whole duty of the day in his chapel, seemingly with much ease and pleasure to himself as well as to the great satisfaction of all his hearers; went through his domestic duties of devotion in the same manner; and, as usual, spoke for an hour in the evening to his servants and the family on religious duties and subjects; which was his constant custom.

The next day, Nov. 30, being a holiday (St. Andrew's), he read the service of the day in his chapel equally well and clear as the day before; but, it being a wet stormy day, instead of his usual morning's walk, he took several turns the length of his hall and parlour for above an hour, talking to his sister of various matters, and about his intended journey to Sherburn and London next summer: and, on her observing to him, that he would require a judicious servant to attend him, on account of his but indifferent state of health at times, he said, "any servant would do for him: and that he should have been well enough, had he not been plied with too much laudanum in his former illness at Ballamore."

As he walked to and fro he sometimes took up a Spectator that his sister had been reading, and cast his eye over it for a few minutes, and so

continued

continued his walk; then took it up again, till he had read it through*.

He this day had a neighbouring clergyman to dine with him. Dined with a tolerably good appetite; sat conversing with him till between three and four o'clock; rose from his chair without much effort; saw his guest to the hall; and returned to the parlour, but with a tottering hasty kind of gait, which sometimes took him since his former illness. On this his sister begged him to sit down, but he did not; asked if Mr. Corbet was gone, for that there were two letters which might be sent by him, and took them out of his case. Mr. Corbet was called, and came in with his lordship's sister, and found him in the chair. He took no notice of them, but seemed intent on reading, or looking for something; on which the gentleman went away without the letters. In less than two minutes his sister returned, and found he had fallen off his chair, but had fast hold of a moulding under the window-seat, which he had pulled off in attempting to rise. On his sister's approach he turned round, and looking up in her face, said with a smile, "Hetty, I cannot rise." How she got him up and seated him in his chair she knows not, for they were alone, and she much frightened. He had still the two letters in his hand, which his sister took, and sent them after Mr. Corbet to the stables; still imagining this would go off like something of the same kind that had alarmed them about a fortnight before. On one of the servants coming in with a petition relative to a suit in the bishop's court, his sister found that he had lost his speech, and the use of one hand, indeed of one side, entirely. But, thinking this might rouse his attention, she put the petition into his hand, which he read through; and it plainly appeared that he understood it, as he repeatedly afterwards mentioned, though with much difficulty, the petitioner's place of abode. He then had the sheet turned, and seemed still to read where nothing was written; made some sign, by pointing, as if he wanted an almanack, which his sister opened to him in *December*; and he ran his finger forward upon it till about the *seventh* or *eighth* day.

A letter coming in from Ramsay was read to him; but he took no notice of it, and seemed quite insensible of any thing; and in this condition he was carried to his bed, when Mr. Wilks arrived about five the same evening, and Dr. Scott, being sent for from Douglas, got to Bishop's Court the same night. Before the doctor came, the bishop had got some warm claret and currant jelly, and would have his sister take a cup of the same. In the mean time, his stupor and insensibility increasing, all that could be done in the medicinal way proved ineffectual. He seemed to make some attempts to speak at times, but hardly any thing intelligible. And thus he continued till the Sunday night following, December 6, and expired quietly about one in the morning of the 7th, much and greatly lamented by his whole diocese, who have lost in him a most affectionate and faithful pastor, ever attentive to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people committed to his care.

His zeal and piety in getting the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, together with the Book of Common Prayer, printed and published in the *Mank's* tongue for the use of his diocese, is, above all others, the strongest and most lasting proof that can be given of his ardent love and concern for the good of his spiritual charge. And these he carried with him *to* the grave, and even *into* the grave, as he had by his will directed, that the funeral office and sermon should be all in *Manks*, which was performed accordingly.

Dr. Hildesley left a donative of corn to the amount of some four, some five pounds a piece to every parish and town in the isle; three hundred pounds to the society for promoting Christian Knowledge towards a future edition of

NOTE.

* It is a striking circumstance, that the passage read was in Saturday's paper for July 26, in vol. VI. written by Addison; and most peculiarly applicable to the prelate's character and present state.

the Mank's Bible, &c. together with ſome handſome legacies to his relations and particular friends; who, excluſive of this tender evidence of his eſteem, will have reaſon to remember him with that gratitude and reſpect which were moſt juſtly due to ſo revered and reſpectable a character.

The Matrimonial Fracas.

"Behold the ills of matrimonial life."
POPE.

THE line I have choſen for the motto to this ſpeculation will not, I hope, carry my reader's thoughts to the ſprightly old bard to whoſe tale of The Wife of Bath it is part of the exordium; as the matrimonial fracas which I have to relate had its foundation in facts, and the tranſactions which are the baſis of it happened much nearer our time than the reign of Richard the firſt.

Lord B***** joined to all the graces of youth and elegance of faſhion an underſtanding of the firſt claſs, improved by a ſtrict attention to thoſe that ſuperintended his education, and poliſhed by an intercourſe with the polite and learned in the courts and cities of different parts of Europe, which four years ſpent in travelling had given him an opportunity of enjoying. Friendly, brave, generous, and compaſſionate, but at the ſame time poſſeſſing a warmth and ſenſibility of temper, which rendered it impoſſible for him to be a moderate lover. But where is the man that could have been a moderate lover who had ſeen lady Emilia D****? When his lordſhip left England, he thought her the moſt enchanting girl of fifteen he had ever beheld. Her idea dwelt in his mind during his travels, and inſtead of recurring to the Grecian Venus as the ſtandard of female perfection, when he was ſtruck by the graces of any foreign beauty, his thoughts involuntarily turned upon lady Emilia. Need I ſay his fair countrywoman triumphed in the compariſon.—On his arrival in England he flew to her father's ſeat, and however he might have admired the growing beauties of the lovely girl, he now found that he loved, that he adored the finiſhed and elegant lady to whom he was introduced.

The pencil ſhould deſcribe her charms; every effort of the pen muſt prove weak and unſatisfactory, therefore I ſhall leave it unattempted. With a mind the moſt cultivated, and every female accompliſhment that could adorn, lady Emilia, alas! poſſeſſed a vivacity of temper that ſometimes carried her to the very edge of prudence, and a ſenſibility that ſometimes was rather too eaſily offended.—Was his lordſhip blind to theſe imperfections? No; he ſaw, but conſidered them as ſmall ſpecks upon the ſun of that beauty to which he paid his adorations. Nor were his adorations paid in vain: the lady, ſenſible of his lordſhip's merit, in a ſhort time conſented, the families on both ſides approved, and their nuptials were ſolemnized with every auſpicious proſpect that youth, beauty, riches, and rank, could ſpread before them.

I ſhall paſs over the firſt twelve months of rapture, eight of which were ſpent at his lordſhip's ſeat in Hampſhire, and four in the amuſements of this gay metropolis, and carry my readers with this young couple to their country retirement, the ſecond ſummer after their marriage. Here they received a viſit from Mrs. N****, a relation of lady B*****'s, and his lordſhip availed himſelf of this opportunity to join a party of his friends in a pleaſurable excurſion to the Iſle of Wight. He limited the time of his abſence to ſix days, which a ſeries of agreeable viſits, romantic ſcenery, and delightful weather, induced him to extend to twelve. In the interim the lady (who had with ſome little impatience waited till the day on which he had propoſed to return was elapſed) expreſſed to Mrs. N. her wonder at what inducement he could have to ſtay, and her apprehenſions leſt ſome accident ſhould be the cauſe of it.

Her impatience and anxiety were conſiderably augmented by the ſhrugs, doubts, and half-ſentences of her friend: ſhe did not like to interfere—his lordſhip had certainly a right to chooſe his companions; yet, however agreeable they might be, ſhe could not think him

him (especially in such early days) quite justifiable in preferring any society to her ladyship's.—Sir Charles is certainly a most elegant and entertaining man (in a morning), but his best friends had too often occasion to lament his unfortunate attachment to his bottle! The neglect of a lovely and amiable wife is one of the fatal consequences of his inebriety; another, the —— but why should I mention what it is now too late to amend?—Lord H. is the soul of wit, or rather of whim; polite, gay, fashionable: but then his fondness for ladies of easy virtue (of whom he has a large collection for the use of himself and friends) is notorious; and though formerly a great traveller, his journies now are chiefly from one of his seraglios to another. But how Mr. G**** could spare time from the gaming-table for the present ramble, is certainly a matter of wonder! and the more so, as he has often expressed an aversion to water-parties, from being once in danger in the very Straight they are now to cross!—and detested lying at inns, his father having lost the use of his limbs from the inattention of a chambermaid.—Such was a small part of the comfort administered to poor lady B. during the last six days of her husband's absence; while she was listening with eager attention to the rustling of the leaves (thinking in every sound she heard the wheels of a carriage), starting every time the bell rang, and watching the wind with the most tremulous anxiety. In this irritable state of mind, the ladies, the gaming-table, and the bottle, had preyed upon her spirits to such a degree, that when his lordship, on his return, flew with the utmost good-humour to embrace her, it is little to be wondered she drew back with a look of coldness and disdain, and he observed, with surprize and concern, the first frown that had clouded her features since their union. Piqued at his reception, he could not help expressing his disgust to sir Charles (who had accompanied him home upon an invitation to spend a few days). The baronet immediately attributed it to the true cause, the insinuations of Mrs. N. and entertained his lordship with a number of anecdotes respecting that lady's talents for slander and mischief; charitably observing, that several recent divorces were the fruits of her innocent amusement in that way; and concluding with a remark, that though she had been an active instrument in the separation of lord and lady Restless, yet, when that event took place, she thoroughly repaired the mischief she had done, by introducing to the lady the gentleman with whom she is now making the tour of Europe.

This discourse did not add much to the satisfaction of his lordship, and his chagrin was considerably augmented by a message from his lady, stating that illness prevented her from doing the honours of the table that day at dinner, but that Mrs. N. would take her place on the occasion. Thrice did his lordship advance to the staircase, with an intention to expostulate with the lady; but upon sir Charles' observing, that he thought him perfectly right to make proper concessions, and pin himself to the knee of the haughty beauty, he retreated, and ordered the carriage, in which they directly set out for London; where the uneasiness and anxiety of his mind hurried him to the gaming-table and the haunts of dissipation, and in a short time realized all those evils which had heretofore been only ideal. While matters were in this situation in town, lady B. shocked at his lordship's flight and neglect, was brooding over her resentment in the country; which was greatly increased by the officiousness of some friends, who kept her passions alive by accounts of her husband's misconduct. Her spirits continued in a state of agitation and irritation. One hour love had the ascendant, and she determined to follow his lordship, intreat his forgiveness, rely upon his good nature, and trust to her future conduct for a renewal of those halcyon days she now never thought of but with regret: the next, her mind, a prey to the cruellest fears and suspicions, resolved to banish his idea from it for ever: then her tenderness returns; and, after a flood of tears, her former resolution would probably have been executed, had not a letter

been

been received by Mrs. N. from authority not to be doubted, which informed lady B. that his lordſhip kept a miſtreſs. This fatal billet fired all the combuſtible matter which had for a long time been collecting in her boſom. She determined no longer to keep any terms with a man that could offer ſuch an inſult to her beauty. In an evil hour ſhe flew to her father, and gave a deſcription of his lordſhip's conduct in ſuch glowing and animated language, that it rendered the old earl nearly as warm and irritable as herſelf. In the moment of paſſion he wrote to his ſon-in-law a letter, for which paſſion was hardly an excuſe. His lordſhip, by this time ſatiated with pleaſures and diſſipation which his inclination had never led him into, and chagrined at ſome conſiderable loſſes to ſir Charles and his worthy aſſociates, had determined to abandon his anger and vicious purſuits, and again ſeek for that happineſs which he was now convinced reſided only in the peaceful ſhades of B*****, in the ſmiles of his beloved Emilia, and in the calm and tranquil pleaſures of benevolence, rational ſociety, and conjugal affection. He was actually making preparations for his return when he received the earl's epiſtle.—The indelicacy of an appeal from his wife to her father, the haughty and peremptory ſtile in which it was written, and the accuſation it contained, ſhocked and inflamed him with a paſſion little ſhort of phrenzy. In the firſt tranſport of his rage he vowed, till the proud beauty made conceſſions, and the officious peer apologized for the liberty he had taken, he would never ſee her face again. As the lady had ſought her father's protection, he purſued his journey to B. without any other motive than what aroſe from the uneaſineſs of his mind in its preſent ſituation.—The relations on both ſides hear of his arrival. Treaties are attempted; and while they are pending, diſadvantageous reports are circulated, and meet with ſomething like a facility of reception from either party. The negotiation fails, as might have been expected between two perſons ready to take, and not abſolutely backward to give offence.—The buſy whiſpers of officious friends and humble confidants are liſtened to by the lady, and not totally rejected by the gentleman; while the earl, aſſuming the character of a champion rather than that of a mediator, inſiſts upon ſatisfaction for the injuries his daughter had received. In ſhort, from the pride of one party, commanding inſtead of conciliating, the obſtinacy of another, and the reſentment of a third, for ſlights that they were originally the cauſe of, aided by the impertinence and wickedneſs of thoſe that ſhould not have interfered, the ſuperſtructure of a ſeparation was raiſed upon the aerial and trifling foundation I have recited; and two young perſons who had the ſtrongeſt paſſion for each other, whoſe virtues and even whoſe warmth of temper (had it been uninfluenced by domeſtic ſcorpions) might have been a bleſſing to all around them, were thus rendered completely miſerable. His lordſhip broke up houſekeeping, and endeavoured to ſhorten life by every faſhionable exceſs and diſſipation which the gay and riotous ſcenes he frequented afforded. The lady is ſettled in London, and engages in all the frivolous purſuits which this frivolous age delights in: while each (in their moments of reflection) pant for a reconciliation, and often ſigh to think that they have ſacrificed their paſſion for each other, the eſteem of the world, and the happineſs of their lives, to caprice.

Account of the Roman Portraits, A Poem, in Heroic Verſe, with Hiſtorical Remarks and Illuſtrations. By Robert Jephſon, Eſq.

THERE is, as has often been obſerved, an affinity that runs throughout the whole of the arts, but particularly between thoſe of the poet and the painter. What is marvellous or pathetic, what is fitted in an eminent degree to excite emotion and paſſion, is the grand field in which the hiſtoric painter delights to expatiate; and the impreſſions which he aims to make by lines and colours, the poet endeavours to produce by propriety and elevation of ſentiment, purity of diction, and a bold, lofty, and figurative manner of

expreſſion: fertility of invention, vigour of imagination, ſolidity of judgment (the application of which to the formation of a deſign, and the arrangement of particular facts and circumſtances is commonly called taſte), are qualities eſſentially requiſite in both.

It is a very natural cuſtom, therefore, to accompany hiſtorical paintings, and alſo the portraits of eminent, but eſpecially thoſe of public and political characters, with the harmony of verſe and the flights of poetical fancy, conveyed in calm, meaſured, and what Horace calls pedeſtrian, or walking numbers.

The characters that have engaged the attention and called forth the powers of Mr. Jephſon, already known and reſpected as a fine dramatic poet, are the moſt diſtinguiſhed among the Romans; the greateſt people undoubtedly, if ſucceſsful ambition may be ſuppoſed to conſtitute natural grandeur, that ever figured on the theatre of the world; Numa Pompilius, Lucius Junius Brutus, Coriolanus; Tribunes, Decemvirs, Gladiators: Roman ſoldiers at Veii fighting for mere plunder, and haſtening home with their ſhare of the ſpoil to cultivate their little fields; plebeians admitted to the conſulſhip; Roman Legion; Hannibal; Scipio Africanus the elder; change of Roman manners after the deſtruction of Carthage; Caius Marius; Lucius C. Sylla; Mithridates king of Pontus; Catiline, Cicero, Pompey; battle of Pharſalia; M. Cato the younger; C. Julius Cæſar; prodigies after the death of Cæſar; ſtate of Rome after Cæſar's death; M. Lepidus, Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia, Auguſtus; Virgil, Tibullus, Horace, Ovid, Mæcenas.

Of ſome of theſe, ſculpture has not handed down to this age any traces. Of the following we have, in the preſent elegant volume, handſomely printed on fine paper, beautiful engravings, which make a very vivid impreſſion; 1. A Votive Shield, commemorating the continence of P. C. Scipio Africanus the elder, in reſtoring a beautiful female captive to ALLUCIUS, a prince of Celtiberia, to whom ſhe was bethrothed, found by ſome fiſhermen in the Rhone, near Avignon, in the year 1656, and not long ſince in the cabinet of the late king of France, but now probably battered to pieces by his murderers, engraved by Bartolozzi. 2. Two buſts found in the tomb of the Scipio family, diſcovered at Rome near Porta Capena (now the gate of St. Sebaſtian), in 1780, ſuppoſed to be the buſts of Scipio Africanus the elder, and Quintus Ennius; engraved by E. Harding, jun. from a drawing by Carlo Labruzzi. 3. Caius Marius, from an antient baſſo relievo, engraved by W. Evans. 4. L. C. Sylla, from an antient baſſo relievo, engraved by W. Evans. 5. Cicero, from a painting by Rubens, done at Rome from an antient ſtatue in 1638, engraved by E. Harding jun. 6. Pompey, from Roſſi's Antient ſtatues, engraved by E. Harding, jun. 7. Julius Cæſar, from a painting by Rubens, done at Rome from an antient ſtatue, in 1638, engraved by E. Harding jun. 8. Marcus Brutus, from a coin in Dr. Hunter's muſeum, engraved by R. Clamp. 9. M. A. Lepidus, from a coin in Dr. Hunter's muſeum, engraved by R. Clamp. 10. M. Antony, from an antient gem, engraved by R. Clamp. 11. Cleòpatra: the face from an antient gem; the headdreſs, &c. from a coin in Dr. Hunter's muſeum, engraved by E. Harding jun. 12. Octavia, from Muſeum Florentinum, engraved by E. Harding jun. 13. Auguſtus, from a coin in Dr. Hunter's muſeum, engraved by R. Clamp. 14. M. Agrippa, from Muſeum Florentinum, engraved by E. Harding jun. 15. Virgil, from Muſeum Capitolinum, engraved by E. Harding jun. 16. Horace, from a Veterum Poetarum, &c. Imagines à J. P. Bellorio, engraved by E. Harding jun. 17. Ovid, from the ſame work, engraved by R. Clamp. 18. Auguſtus, attended by his courtiers, and giving a crown to ſome perſon whoſe figure is wanting, from an antient painting in freſco, of the ſame ſize, found in 1737, among the ruins of Auguſtus's palace, on the Palatine Mount (now Orti Farneſiani), and formerly in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Mead, engraved by R. Clamp, from a drawing by Camillo Paderni. 19. Mecænas, from a gem in the collection of Philip

Baron

Baron de Stoſch. The portraits of Cato the younger, Tibullus, Catiline, &c. are neceſſarily omitted, no genuine antient repreſentation of thoſe perſons having been hitherto diſcovered.—An elegant engraving of Mr. Jephſon, the author, fronts the title-page.

We ſhould now proceed to give ſome account of the portraits, as drawn in verſe; but let us firſt hear the ſubſtance of what our author ſays, by way of prolegomena, on that ſubject.

"Whatever deficiency," he ſays "may be found in the execution of this poem, ſome ſmall merit may, perhaps, be allowed to the novelty of the deſign, to which he knows nothing ſimilar in our language, unleſs Mr. Hayley's hiſtory of hiſtorians in verſe, may be conſidered in ſome reſpects as its precurſor. The reader will not be diſappointed, ſhould he not find in this book what the author never intended it ſhould contain. It does not come within the province of poetry to attempt deep political diſquiſitions, or the adjuſtment of points which have fruſtrated the conjectures of the critic, and the antiquary's perſevering reſearches. What is to be found here is not intended for the maſter but the ſtudent: it is meant to incite rather than to ſatisfy. His purpoſe will be anſwered, ſhould it awaken in the young mind a laudable deſire of more knowledge, and revive, not unpleaſingly, in the breaſt of more mature ſcholars, the recollection of thoſe admirable writers and illuſtrious characters who claimed their attention in their early ſtudies.—He preſumes it will not be neceſſary to make any apology for opinions expreſſed in ſeveral notes, where modern politics and recent events are aſſimilated with the antient. A ſuperficial ſimilitude between the Roman republic and France in her revolutionary diſorder, occurred ſo frequently, that not to perceive it would have been blindneſs; and not to have ſometimes expatiated upon it puſillanimity."

There will be found, the author obſerves, in his poem, a few rhymes which modern cuſtom, more, perhaps, than reaſon, has brought into a ſort of diſuſe: he means, where the terminating word of one line in a couplet chimes only with the laſt ſound of a polyſyllable in the next; as *are* and *ſimilar*, &c. a practice which, he acquaints us, is not the effect of neceſſity but choice; and which, at conſiderable length, he vindicates, in our judgment, in a very ſatisfactory manner,

The opening of this poem has much of the philoſophical dignity of Lucretius, though the author differs *toto cælo* in his principles from that celebrated writer.

BRIGHT ſource of life, intelligence, and ſong, [along
Rolling unſeen the harmonious worlds
By thy benignant will to man was given [heaven:
To rule his earth, and hope thy future
Unlike the camp born tyrant, who on high [eye,
Hung his vile law to ſnare the ſtraining
Thou by renew'd examples, broad and clear, [pear,
As empires riſe, decline, and diſap-
Shew'ſt to the creatures of thy breath below [form'd to know,
What thou permit'ſt, and they were
And ſince the ſocial ſyſtem was begun,
Whether the many rul'd, the few, or one.
Though mighty names, though many a towering ſtate, [to fate,
Conſpicuous far, at length have bow'd
None yet from time's immeaſurable womb [ſubduing Rome.
Has ſprung more great than all-
Kings, conſuls, tribunes, and dictators paſt,
In abject ſlavery ſhe ſunk at laſt.
Long ere the Goth had ſack'd her ſtrong bas'd towers, [bowers,
And dullneſs rooſted in Auſonian
Wiſdom's griev'd eye foreſaw her empire doom'd, [entomb'd.
When on her walls her ancient worth
Sons of proud Albion, ſtudious mark her courſe; [ſource,
Wind with the gradual deluge to its
See ere the modeſt boundaries were paſs'd, [trac'd,
By virtue reverenc'd, as by judgment
How, by her native ſprings alone ſupplied, [jeſtic tide.
Flow'd through the land her pow'rs ma-
Ere vile Orontes to old Tiber's wave
Convey'd the ſupple paraſite and ſlave,

And

And Ind's and Aſia's reeking ſtreams by turns
Pour'd on th' unebbing ſea their gor- [geous urns,
No ſhore with rank fertility was crown'd, [drown'd.
Unwater'd none, nor by wild torrents
Think not, tho' tawdry ſuperſtition reigns
Where bold idolatry once aw'd the plains;
Though the pale ſemivir's ambiguous throat
Now pipes where Maro rais'd the im- [mortal note;
And heaven's pure light, by bigot monks explor'd, [word;
Shines leſs divine than pagan Tully's
Though all her prouder monuments are gone, [o'erthrown,
Vaniſh'd her triumphs, and her gods
The warning Muſe for unimportant ends
To youth a uſeleſs retroſpect commends.
While the keen eye each latent ſpring detects, [effects,
And ſees like cauſes generate like
In fair array the inſtructive leſſons riſe:
So taught, 'tis eaſy virtue to be wiſe.
In your own ſame Rome's glories you may ſee,
To ſhun her fall, deteſt her luxury.

Of the vigour, elegance and harmony of Mr. Jephſon's numbers, this fine invocation is a ſufficient proof. Of the pictureſque propriety and juſtneſs of his deſcriptions, ſupported, indeed, in every trait, by quotations from antient, and the moſt cotemporary writers, take the following ſpecimen.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BUT not content with half the world's domain,
Cæſar and Antony alone would reign;
The firſt, a ſteady ſceptre born to wield,
Oer all his acts extends the public ſhield;
The laſt, abhorrent from the toils of ſtate,
Rots on the Nile, a hoary profligate:
While ſubtle Cæſar ſapp'd his eaſtern throne, [zone.
He claſp'd his world in Cleopatra's
Not ſhe for whom Dardanian Troy was loſt, [boaſt;
The pride of nature, and her country's
Nor ſhe, who bade the Macedonian's hand
Hurl at Perſepolis the blazing brand,
Nor Phædra, nor Ariadne ſtill more fair,
Could with the Sorcereſs of Nile compare:
In her, not face and ſhape alone could pleaſe [charm'd by theſe),
(Though with unrival'd grace ſhe
But the whole ſtore of Cytherea's wiles,
Sighs, gentleſt blandiſhments, and ambuſh'd ſmiles;
The ready tear, the bluſh of well-feign'd truth, [ſprung youth.
And the ripe woman, freſh as new-
Beneath her roſeate palms the lute compreſs'd, [anxious breaſt;
Chas'd thought and trouble from the
In dulcet bonds the impriſon'd ſoul ſhe held,
While the ſweet chords her warbling voice excell'd
A thouſand forms the Syren could put on,
And ſeem as many miſtreſſes in one;
Serious or ſportive, as the mood requir'd, [lic tir'd;
No whim grew irkſome, and no fro-
Enough of coyneſs to provoke deſire,
Of warmth enough to ſhare the amorous fire,
All, her delighted lovers could receive,
Seem'd but fond earneſts ſhe had more to give;
Nor with poſſeſſion was the promiſe o'er, [boſom bore;
Love's fruit and flower at once her
No languid pauſe of bliſs near her was known, [laughing on.
But with new joys new hours came
By arts like theſe was wiſer Julius won,
And Antony, more fond, was more undone,
His ſoul, enamour'd to the wanton clung, [her tongue;
Glow'd at her eyes, or melted from
Lull'd in the dear Elyſium of her arms,
Nor intereſt moves him, nor ambition warms:
Sometimes, with ſhort remorſe, he look'd within, [ſin:
But kept at once the conſcience and the
In vain he ſaw the yawning ruin nigh;
Content with her, he bade the world go by;
He ſought no covert of the friendly ſhade, [diſplay'd.
'Twas half the zeſt to have his ſhame

He deem'd it ſtill his beſt exchange through life,
A melting miſtreſs for a railing wife.
Perpetual orgies unabaſh'd they keep,
Wine fires their veins, and revels baniſh ſleep;
Timbrels and ſongs, and feaſts of deafning joy, [cloy.
By arts till then unknown, forebore to
See for one banquet a whole kingdom ſink, [drink.
And gems diſſolv'd impearl her luſcious
Pleaſure was hunted through each impious mode; [god.
An Iſis ſhe, and he the vine crown'd
Old Nile, aſtoniſh'd, on his boſom bore
Monſters more ſtrange than e'er deform'd his ſhore;
For what ſo monſtrous ſight beneath the ſkies
As ſelf-created human deities?—
But heaven, for vengeful retribution, means [frantic ſcenes.
The ſword and aſp ſhould cloſe theſe
Spectators mute the ſorrowing captains ſtand, [hand:
While empire moulders from his palſied
But rouſ'd at length, unwilling, to the fight,
His ſtar at Actium ſunk in endleſs night.
With equal pomp, as when down Cydnus' ſtream [ſun's bright beam,
Her burniſh'd prow ſtruck back the
The enchantreſs bade her bloated train prepare
To meeet the horrors of the naval war;
But the firſt ſhouts her trembling ſpirits quail; [ſail:
She flies, and he purſues her ſhameful
His heart-ſtrings to the harlot's rudder tied,
What luſt began, his dotage ratified:
In Alexandria's towers he veil'd his head, [fled.
Where, ſelf-expell'd the vital ſpirit
He tried all vices, and ſurpaſſ'd in all,
Luxurious, cruel, wild, and prodigal;
Laviſh of hours, of character, and gold,
But warlike, hardy, and in dangers bold;
His mind was ſuited to the boſterous times, [crimes.
A ſoldier's virtues, and a tyrant's

The publication before us may be conſidered as an eaſy and elegant introduction to the Roman hiſtory; to what is moſt prominent and ſtriking in the government, manners, and characters of the Roman people; and all this viewed by a philoſopher, a friend to mankind, and particularly to the Britiſh nation and the Britiſh political conſtitution. The preſent horrors of France which ſeem to have made a deep impreſſion on the mind of our author, are recalled to his memory by many paſſages in the Roman hiſtory, and he is anxious to expoſe, and to warn his countrymen, as well as all mankind, againſt the dangers of metaphyſical and bold innovations in matters of government. It was no very eaſy matter to give an air of diſcrimination, as our author has done, to ſo many different characters of men, who, being of the ſame country, living under the ſame laws and cuſtoms, and moſtly educated in the ſame manner, muſt have among them ſome ſtrong and common features of reſemblance. Nor in the production of this variety, has our learned and judicious author departed from the authority of antient hiſtorians and biographers, who are the beſt, if not the only guides on this ſubject. We often find, indeed, as Mr. Jephſon has juſtly obſerved in his preface, "much diſcrepancy of opinion in the accounts given by contemporary writers of great ſtateſmen and generals who lived at the ſame time; but by diſcovering to what party each writer adhered, or what principles he eſpouſed, we generally have ſufficient grounds for abatement of praiſe or cenſure. In this manner we muſt endeavour to reconcile Tully's adulation of Cæſar in the Senate, and the private ſentiments which he expreſſed of him in the cloſet. As Cicero always ſpeaks from reflection, he frequently writes from feeling; ſo that we can ſometimes form a better judgment of the ſtate of his mind at the moment, than of the ſubject on which his familiar pen is employed." This quotation exemplifies our author's talents for criticiſm on hiſtory. Of his talents for criticiſm in poetical compoſition, we have an inſtance in the following note, under the name of the poet Tibullus:

"Th

"The tender ſuavity of Tibullus, and his plaintive ſimplicity, cannot be too much admired; yet it has been ſaid that his pattern was Parthenius, upon the authority, I think, of Macrobius. Of the writings of Parthenius little has been preſerved. Too much indulgence has been given to the humour of preferring works which are loſt to thoſe which remain, and of regretting the want of thoſe originals upon which we are to ſuppoſe the excellent, though inferior poems which we have in our hands, were formed. In this manner we muſt conceive Lucillius to have been ſuperior to Horace, Varus to Virgil, and Parthenius to Tibullus. No better conſequence can reſult from this fruitleſs repining after unknown and periſhed perfection, than to diminiſh the ſatisfaction of our actual enjoyment, by the mixture of another ſentiment not ſo pleaſing. But in our own experience we may find the true conſolation. There is little doubt, that had we now only a few lucky fragmeuts of Chaucer and Donne, ſome of our criticks would prefer them to Dryden and Pope; for Dryden himſelf, in order to recommend his beautiful tale of Palemon and Arcite, modernized from Chaucer, and infinitely improved, ſpends ſeveral pages of the preface to his Fables, to raiſe the rugged old Engliſh bard to a competition with Ovid; nay, in his dedicatory verſes to the ducheſs of Ormond, he boldly ſets him above Homer and Virgil:

He match'd their branches where they
moſt excel,
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.

So ſings Dryden: but poetry without harmony, is to my ſenſe no better than a violin without ſtrings, or a cracked trumpet:

"The *only antient* prodigy of England is Shakſpeare; his numbers are often not leſs ſweet, than his conceptions are ſublime and original. Had only a few of his beſt ſcenes and dramas deſcended to us, well might the modern exclaim, that the loſs of the reſt was irreparable. Yet even in this mighty genius ſomething is to be forgiven, and ſomething to be rejected. Where he poſſeſſes his true inſpiration, he never was, nor ever will be equalled. "Nature," (as Pope ſays) ſpeaks through him."

"In Tibullus, the charms of elegy may be found in genuine perfection. He has been well imitated, and better tranſlated, by the Engliſh Hammond. Lord Cheſterfield, in a ſhort preface to the "Love Elegies," ſeems aware that his friend may be conſidered only in the character of a tranſlator; and ſays artfully enough, that "he choſe Tibullus, rather than Ovid, for his model." It is ſomewhat extraordinary, that Dr. Johnſon, in his account of the Engliſh poet, when he very juſtly condemns him for introducing Roman imagery and Heathen mythology into verſes ſuppoſed to be the effuſion of amorous paſſion, does not ſeem to recollect, that in all theſe paſſages, and many more, Hammond is only the literal tranſlator of Tibullus. Had this circumſtance been fairly acknowledged by himſelf to his noble editor, he would have eſcaped the ſeverity of Johnſon's cenſure. To the beſt of my recollection, there are ſcarcely one hundred original lines in Hammond's Love Elegies."

Mr. Jephſon, who ſeems to be a very patriotic Iriſhman, has embraced every opportunity, in notes to his work, of bringing forward, by quotation and liberal praiſe, ſuch of his countrymen as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by works of genius, or the cultivation of letters. Well would it be, if a ſpirit of this kind were more prevalent among us.—The gentlemen of Ireland are jealous of the national honour, and abundantly ready, at the hazard of their lives, to aſſert it. For ſuch a purpoſe, the pen is a better weapon than the ſword or the piſtol. One book of merit would produce more deference from the neighbouring nations than twenty combats. That Scotland ſhould have to boaſt of at leaſt ten eminent writers for one who appears among us, muſt be aſcribed to the truly patriotic attention with which the gentlemen of North Britain cherith and expand every bud of genius that puts

forth its promiſe in their region. This local partiality may be, and ſometimes is, carried too far, but the principle generates a great increaſe of excellent publications, much improvement in ſcience, and freſh incitement to thoſe diſtinguiſhed authors, whoſe works, while they reflect honour on their country, contribute to the entertainment and inſtruction of mankind.

At the end of this work are ſix diſſertations, containing many ingenious and judicious obſervations. 1. On the character of Cicero. 2. On the character of J. Cæſar. 3. On the prodigies. 4. On Roman cruelty. 5. On the democracy of Athens. 6. Contains a general ſurvey of the Roman conſtitution.

On the whole, the publication of which we have thus given a brief account, leaves on the mind an impreſſion, that the author muſt be a man of ſenſibility and poetical fancy, reſtrained and regulated by a regard to truth, nature, and propriety; an excellent citizen (though he hates the civiſm of France), a liberal gentleman, and an accompliſhed ſcholar.

Hiſtory of the Gwedir Family.

THE attachment to each other of foſter-brethren in Wales, during the fifteenth century, is remarkable. In one of thoſe domeſtic feuds which were then ſo frequent in that country, Howell-ap-Rhys hired a butcher to be one of his attendants, in order that he might put to death in a ſudden affray, he his kinſman Jevan-ap-Robert. But he cautioned the butcher to beware of Robin-ap-Inko, Jevan's foſter-brother; who, ſays he, be the encounter never ſo hot, has his eye ſtill upon his friend. —An attack accordingly was preconcerted and made accompanied with a ſingular act of barbarity. Howell in his way met his ſiſter, who was Jevan's wife, and ſhe ſuſpecting what they were about, firſt caught hold of his horſe by the bridle, and afterwards by the tail; ſtill hanging and intreating, till he cut her arm with his ſword. When the parties met, the butcher, forgetting his directions made a blow at Jevan without guarding againſt Robin-ap-Inko who preſently knocked him down and killed him. As ſoon as Howell ap Rhys perceived this, he called out to his people, "Let us away and begone; nothing more can be done at preſent; I had charged that Robin-ap-Inko ſhould have been better looked unto."

In the ſame hiſtory we are told that Jevan-ap-Robert came to Chirk-land from Caernarvon to revenge the murder of a perſon who had foſtered one of his children. He abode there many days in ſecret and unſeen, ſleeping in the day and watching all the night. At laſt by the help of his friends, he ſeized on the two murderers; whoſe execution however he could not procure by due courſe of law, it being allowable for the offenders' friends whoever they were, to bring five pounds for each offender, as damages, into court, which would procure their acquittal. Jevan was therefore conſtrained to behead them himſelf. On his return from Chirk-Land, his eyes were much diſordered and inflamed by long watching; and Lowry, daugher of Howell, his kinſwoman, waſhed them with white wine. Such and ſo violent is both the friendſhip and the enmity of barbarous nations. What citizen of modern Europe would wiſh to have lived in Wales at this frightful period, unleſs he be perhaps a citizen of France?

Life of Earl Camden.

(*Continued from Page* 257.)

IN the two former numbers we have taken a brief review of the conduct of this illuſtrious nobleman, from his firſt ſetting out in public life, to his attainment of the higheſt honour he could arrive at. We have ſeen him exerciſing the duties of a barriſter with patience, firmneſs, and reſignation to his fortunes. We have ſeen him iſſuing from this privacy to the more open and buſtling parts of his profeſſion;—from thence to the rank of attorney-general;—from that to the chief juſticeſhip of the common pleas; and finally to the firſt legal honours of the ſtate: in all of which he

he was active, honourable, and appropriate; and only loſt his laſt high ſituation, becauſe he would not ſacrifice a a part of the conſtitution which he felt it his duty to ſupport *.

Out of office, he continued the ſame uniform oppoſer of all unconſtitutional doctrines; not by captivating the vulgar

N O T E.

* If the above fact wanted ary other corroboration, we have lord Chatham's direct aſſertion of it, in a ſpeech which he delivered in the houſe of lords, on the 16th of March 1770, on a motion "to appoint a committee to enquire into the ſtate and expenditure of the civil liſt." His words are as follow:

"I have been told I have a penſion, and that I recommended others to penſions;—it is true, and here is a liſt of them. You will find there the names of general Amherſt, Sir Edward Hawke, and ſeveral others of the ſame nature. They were given as rewards for real ſervices, and as encouragements to other gallant heroes. They were honourably earned in a different ſort of campaigns than thoſe at Weſtminſter; they were gained by actions full of dangers to themſelves, of benefaction to this nation; not by corrupt votes of baſeneſs and deſtruction to their country.

"You will find no ſecret ſervices there; and you will find that when the warrior was recompenſed, the member of parliament was left free. You will likewiſe find a penſion of 1500l. a year to lord Camden. I recommended his lordſhip to be chancellor; his public and private virtues were acknowledged by all—they made his ſtation more precarious. I could not reaſonably expect from him, that he would quit the chief juſticeſhip of the common pleas, which he held for life, and put himſelf in the power of thoſe who were not to be truſted, to be diſmiſſed from the chancery perhaps the day after his appointment. The public have not been deceived by his conduct—my ſuſpicions have been juſtified—his integrity has once more made him a poor and a private man.—*He was diſmiſſed for the vote he gave in favour of the right of election in the people.*"

heart with ſpecious ſounds of liberty—not with a deſign of retaliating his diſappointments on miniſtry—or with the views of putting them in the wrong to advance the intereſts of his own party. Theſe he ſcorned and deſpiſed, as unbecoming his feelings and character:—he acted upon higher ground, as the advocate of the people's rights, and the public repaid him with their unlimited confidence. Hence he took an active part only on conſtitutional queſtions, ſuch as the Middleſex election, the law of libels, the royal marriage act, &c. till ſome time previous to the breaking out of the American war. Here he found a wider ſcene for his zeal and activity, foreſeeing by the ſteps which the then miniſtry were taking, that they were about to involve their country in a war which portended the moſt dreadful evils to both empires.

His friend the earl of Chatham, after a long abſence occaſioned by his illneſs, appeared in the houſe of lords on this occaſion. He ſaw the ſtorm about to burſt, and early in the year 1775 he came down to the houſe, to expreſs his utmoſt diſſent and diſapprobation to all the whole ſyſtem of American meaſures; and when the American papers were laid upon the table, his lordſhip moved an addreſs for recalling the troops from Boſton, in which he was ably ſupported by lord Camden.

They repreſented this meaſure as a matter of immediate neceſſity;—that an hour loſt in allaying the ferments in America, might produce years of calamity;—that the preſent ſituation of the troops rendered them and the Americans continually liable to events which would cut off the probability of a reconciliation;—that this conciliating meaſure, thus well-timed—this mark of affection and good will on our ſide, would remove all jealouſy and apprehenſion on the other, and inſtantaneouſly produce the happieſt effects to both.

It is not our buſineſs here to enter into all the debates relative to the American war in which lord Camden took an active and conſtitutional part; it is living in the memory of many, and too freſh in the page of hiſtory

to

to need a recital. Beſides, it would be exceeding the line we preſcribed ourſelves, which was to exhibit a ſketch, and not a hiſtory, of this great man. To thoſe more intimate in their views of him, poſſeſſed of more ample materials, and more congenial talents, we cheerfully ſubmit this more durable monument of his character. To thoſe who for the preſent would wiſh to know a detail of his conduct in parliament during the Amerian War, we refer them to the parliamentary debates of thoſe days, where they will find the names of Chatham and Camden in the illuſtrious ranks of patriots giving up the whole of their great talents, and ſacrificing eaſe and health to ward off and heal the diviſions of the two countries.

The honourable union between thoſe great men continued uninterruptedly and unbroken till the death of lord Chatham, which happened on the morning of the 11th of May 1778. The evening was pretty far advanced before this melancholy event was announced in the houſe of commons by Col. Barré, who, with the ſtrongeſt marks of the moſt profound grief, mixed with an eloquence proportioned to ſuch feelings, ſpoke to the general character of this illuſtrious ſtateſman, and moved, "That the remains of William Pitt, earl of Chatham, be interred at the public expence in Weſtminſter abbey." This motion was followed up by another, made by Mr. Townſhend (the preſent lord Sydney) "That an humble addreſs be preſented to his majeſty, that he would be graciouſly pleaſed to make ſuch a laſting proviſion for the family of the late William Pitt, earl of Chatham, as his majeſty in his wiſdom and liberality ſhould think fit, as a mark of the ſenſe which the nation entertains of the ſervices done to the kingdom by that able ſtateſman; and to aſſure his majeſtty that the houſe would make good the ſame.'

His majeſty graciouſly acceded to this addreſs, by which an annuity of four thouſand pounds a year, payable out of the civil liſt revenue, is for ever ſettled on thoſe heirs of the late earl to whom the earldom of Chatham may deſcend; to which the commons generouſly added the ſum of twenty thouſand pounds towards diſcharging the debts of the ſaid earl.

All this buſineſs was conducted with a liberality which did the higheſt honour to the houſe. The miniſter entered cordially into the buſineſs, and not a ſingle diſſenting voice appeared againſt any of the propoſitions.

The caſe was otherwiſe in the houſe of lords.—On the ſecond reading of the bill which ſettled the annuity on the heirs of the earl of Chatham, the late duke of Chandos particularly objected to the perpetuity, and to the miſchievous precedent it would ſet; thereby opening a door for ſimilar applications of the ſame nature from men in high ſtations.

He was ſeconded by the lord chancellor (lord Bathurſt,) who in the courſe of his ſpeech brought in the precedent of the great duke of Marlborough, who, though he ſettled and negotiated the grand alliance which broke the power of France, and ſet limits to the ambition of Louis XIV. had the *perpetuity* of his grant of 5000l. a year refuſed him by the commons; till after four years repeated victories, and rendering his name a terror to France, as well as celebrated throughout Europe, the parliament thought proper to comply.

Lord Camden felt all thoſe objections to the bill with an emotion viſible to every perſon in the houſe for the honour of his deceaſed friend; and riſing up in ſupport of the bill, with an energy that ſeemed to grow out of the occaſion, delivered himſelf in ſubſtance as follows:

"He was ſorry to hear any compariſons made between the ſervices of the noble earl and thoſe of any other eminent characters, either living or dead. The noble duke who ſpoke firſt; and the noble and learned lord on the woolſack, had both held forth in the higheſt ſtrains of panegyric on the memory of the great duke of Marlborough; and in his opinion very deſervedly. They had dwelt on the ſcenes of his victories, and in their zeal ſeemed to forget thoſe of the deceaſed earl; but if they wanted to be reminded of them,

them, he could tell their lordſhips: from the extremeſt eaſt where the ſun roſe, to the ſetting of that glorious luminary in the weſtern horizon; in every quarter of the globe to the earth's remoteſt bounds, where the arms of Britain were borne triumphant; whoſe operations by ſea and by land were invariably accompanied by conqueſt, by reputation, extenſion of commerce, and all the advantages and glories united which have at former periods been ſeparately the effects of ſucceſsful war, or of the enjoyments of the bleſſings of peace; the eaſt Indies, Africa, the Weſt Indies, north America, the coaſts and territories of our enemies in Europe, all bear teſtimony to the ſervices of the noble earl whoſe merit has been endeavoured this day to be thrown ſo much in the ſhade."

His lordſhip was proceeding with great energy, when he was interrupted from the woolſack; the lord chancellor moving to have the commons' journals of December 1702 and 1706 read in proof of his aſſertions reſpecting the conduct of parliament towards the duke of Marlborough confirmed. This interruption was looked upon as diſorderly by the houſe, and the noble lord was deſired to proceed in his ſpeech.

His lordſhip then obſerved, "That according to what had been thrown out by the noble duke who ſpoke firſt, the alteration propoſed by his grace would operate as an entail, and could go no further than the ſon of the preſent noble earl. He wiſhed therefore to know from his grace, whether that was what he meant?" (*told it was*) his lordſhip then went on—

"On the firſt ground, that of inability, he ſaid the annuity was made chargeable on the aggregate fund, which could continue no longer than this country remained in a ſtate of proſperity, it being the reſidue of the produce of all the taxes after the intereſt was paid to the public creditors. While, therefore, that fund, which depended on the ſources of wealth and commerce which the noble earl had been ſo ſucceſsful in promoting and extending, continued to have a reſidue after diſcharging the prior demands on it, the inability of paying the annuity could not exiſt. If ever the fatal period ſhould arrive when the fund was unequal, then, moſt certainly, the proviſion muſt ceaſe, and the deſcendants of the noble earl ſuffer in the general wreck and ruin of their country.

"The noble lord who ſpoke laſt has dwelt, may laid the chief ſtreſs of his argument upon the noble earl's being fully rewarded for his ſervices, and the impropriety of doing that at the end of ſixteen years which ſhould have been done in his life-time; and preſuming on that ground, that his ſovereign as well as the nation, looked upon it that he had made a proviſion for the deceaſed earl fully adequate to his ſervices, I will tell the noble and learned lord what came within my own knowledge, which will be a complete anſwer to every ſuggeſtion of this kind. When I had the honour of occupying a very high poſt in the ſame adminiſtration with the deceaſed earl, his ſtate of health was indifferent, and his life was thought to be in danger. Soon after his recovery, I had the honour of an interview with his majeſty, and the converſation turning on the illneſs of the earl of Chatham, (I will never forget the words, nor the gracious manner in which they were delivered) "If he had died, (ſaid his majeſty) I ſhould have looked upon myſelf bound to make a proviſion for his family."

His lordſhip ſpoke for a conſiderable time in ſupport of the bill, and made uſe of very ſtrong reaſons to ſhew, that the affair of the duke of Marlborough was very diſſimilar in a variety of reſpects, and that no one particular properly applied as to the two caſes, but the acknowledged merits of the noble duke and the deceaſed earl. He obſerved "That much had been ſaid on the danger of eſtabliſhing precedents: —there were but two, ſhould the preſent bill paſs, ſince the conqueſt. He wiſhed there were more; and he was ſure there never was a fitter time when encouragements ought to be held out to ſtimulate men to great and glorious actions than the preſent.

"He would beſide wiſh their lordſhips

ſhips to recollect that the deceaſed earl received his *death blow* in the ſervice of his country:—he received it in that houſe whilſt he was endeavouring to aſſiſt in warding off the danger which threatened Great Britain. He was ſorry to behold the preſent oppoſition, becauſe it betrayed ſymptoms which portended no good, and looked as if the ſeeds of envy were not exterminated.—He was in hopes envy would have died with the noble earl, and have ſlept with him in his grave.

"The noble and learned lord ſaid, that the bill originated at midnight, and that the king could not avoid, or was in ſome meaſure obliged to comply with the requeſt in the addreſs voted by the other houſe. He had it in his power to ſet the noble lord right, and to contradict the aſſertion. The bill was not brought in on a ſudden, nor was the houſe taken by anything like ſurprize. On the contrary, ſome days elapſed, and notice was previouſly given, not by an addreſs at midnight, but in open day, that ſuch a bill was intended to be brought in, and the motion for both was carried *nem. con.* at each time, both in reſpect of the vote for paying the noble earl's debts, and for ſettling an annuity on his family. As to the real ſentiments of his majeſty, he had already given an indiſputable proof what they were, though alluſions of a contrary tendency had been thrown out by the noble duke who oppoſed the bill, and the noble and learned lord who ſpoke laſt; a declaration within his own poſitive knowledge, and which endeared his majeſty to him more than ever. It made him love and admire him as a benevolent prince, as really the king and father of his people, and every way worthy of a dominion over their affections as well as their perſons.

"Admiral Hawke and prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick had been alluded to by the learned lord, as having eſſentially ſerved this country.—Moſt certainly they had, and undoubtedly their merit as profeſſional men was unqueſtionable; but to whom ought it ultimately to be aſcribed?—To THE EARL OF CHATHAM!—The one was his admiral, the other his general. The battles they fought were the battles of his planning; and ſo far from their individual merits leſſening that of the deceaſed earl, or diminiſhing the value of his ſervices, they went directly to increaſe and enhance both.

"The noble duke who roſe firſt pointed out the neceſſity of introducing œconomy into the ſtate. The noble duke's argument was unanſwerable in point of principle, and the ſpirit of it was purſued in the preſent bill. True œconomy, both reſpecting the public and individuals, which required the ſame meaſure, was to ſpare—not to waſte—It conſiſted in a fitneſs of expence, in a proper liberality, guarded by a becoming prudence and frugality. The times called for the exertion of the firſt-rate abilities in the public ſervice: ſuch a mark of national attention as the preſent bill manifeſted, would excite and encourage able men to ſtep forward, and do their utmoſt to merit and gain the applauſe of their country. Narrow notions of intereſt—fear of leaving their families unprovided for—and ſuch ſort of ideas which ſwayed mens' minds, and prevented them from venturing forth, would be done away, in conſequence of parliament's affording a proof, that the nation conſidered itſelf as the guardian of the families of thoſe who had eſſentially ſerved it, when they were no more."

His lordſhip concluded a ſpeech of above an hour with ſuch eulogium on the many public and private virtues of his friend, as drew tears from ſome of his audience, and ſighs of ſympathy from all but thoſe in oppoſition to the bill. He ſpoke particularly of his noble contempt for money, in all ſituations where he thought it would in the leaſt narrow his mind, or infringe upon thoſe refinements which he had preſcribed to his great character. His family had ſuffered by it materially; and latterly, he ſaid, "the earl had in conſequence of that contempt been almoſt left without a ſervant to attend his perſon.—And ſo far was his penſion from being an ample proviſion (as

(as the learned lord upon the woolsack declared) it was little better than a clear 2000l. a year. Would the learned lord say that was sufficient for his services? He had too high an opinion of the learned lord's candour." His lordship then went more at large into the affair of the earl of Chatham's refusal of the office-perquisites upon the subsidy, and declared that when the earl, in Mr. Charles Townshend's chancellorship of the exchequer, nobly refused to take this money, which was above twenty thousand pounds, he was scarcely master of *one thousand!*"

We have entered into the detail of this speech, as it comes more immediately home to shew the full view of this illustrious nobleman's character. Men much acquainted with the world too experimentally knew the texture of modern friendship, (particularly those of a political nature) that it is but too often formed to uphold the confederacy of party, or the reciprocities of mutual interest and if it should continue to the death of one of the parties, the grave is supposed to set bounds to its further continuity: but here we find that pure, unadulterated friendship, which is first kindled by the congeniality of great minds, and is coeval and co-existent with virtue itself. The two noble lords valued each other as much for their private as public virtues. They knew the purity and independency of each other's motives;—their public services went hand in hand together;—and as

Virtus post funera vivit,

the noble survivor not only paid this just eulogium to the eminent merits of his deceased friend, but stepped forward as the zealous advocate for his posterity;—at once nobly displaying the feelings of a man, discharging the duties of a friend, and supporting the honour, gratitude, and the interests of his country. *(To be continued.)*

Anecdotes and Intrigues of the Court of France.

[*Continued from page* 243.]

THE court, the parliament, and the judicature, of France, partook alike of national levity, of frivolity, and extravagance.

In January 1769, an important cause was brought forward in the highest court of judicature. This cause was of a most extraordinary nature, and the prevailing topic of conversation. It was bought with great avidity, and was at once to be found on the dusky desks of the lawyers, and the brilliant toilettes of the ladies. It was entitled, "For the *coeffeurs de dames* of Paris, against the corporation of master-barbers, hair-dressers, and bagnio-keepers." It is proper to observe, that the bagnio-keepers generally dressed the ladies' hair after bathing.

Those hair-dressers, who presumed to dress both sexes, in this case, maintained that it was their exclusive privilege to dress the ladies; and indeed they had several of their adversaries imprisoned or fined, &c. These, in their turn, defended themselves, and pretended that the exclusive privilege was in their favour; because, first, the art, of dressing ladies' hair is a liberal art and foreign to the profession of the *maitres perruquiers*; secondly, that the statute of the *perruquiers* does not give them the pretended exclusive right; and, thirdly, that they have hitherto oppressed them, and are indebted to them in considerable damages and interests.

It is probable that some able pleader amused himself in drawing up this memoir. This frivolous case is conducted with art and elegance, and every where discovers the playful hand of a master, who perhaps thus unbended himself in the midst of more painful vocations. It will gratify the reader's curiosity to extract some of these brilliant passages.

In his first division, the orator, who makes his clients speak in their own persons, maintains that the art of dressing the ladies' hair is a liberal art; and compares it to those of the poet, the painter, and the statuary. "By those talents," say they, "which are peculiar to ourselves, we give new graces to the beauty who is sung by the poet; it is when she comes from under our hands that the painter and the statuary represent her; and, if the locks

of Berenice have been placed among the ſtars, who will deny that to attain this ſuperior glory ſhe was firſt in want of our aid?

"A forehead more or leſs open, a face more or leſs oval, require very different modes; every where we muſt embelliſh nature, or correct its deficiencies. It is alſo neceſſary to conciliate with the colour of the fleſh that of the dreſs which is to beautify it. This is the art of the painter; we muſt ſeize with taſte the variegated ſhades; we muſt employ the *chiar' oſcuro*, and the diſtribution of the ſhadows, to give more ſpirit to the complexion, and more expreſſion to the graces. Sometimes the whiteneſs of the ſkin, will be heightened by the auburn tint of the locks, and the too lively ſplendour of the fair one's eyes will be ſoftened by the greyiſh caſt with which we tinge the treſſes."

In another place, to prove that their art has claims to genius, the *coeffeurs de dames* add, "If the arrangement of hair, and the various colours we give the locks, do not anſwer our intention, we have under our hands the brilliant treaſures of Golconda. To us, belongs the happy diſpoſition of the diamond; the placing the pearl pins, and the ſuſpending of the feathers. The general of an army knows what reliance he can make on a half moon (a term of the then faſhionable dreſs) placed in front; and we, with a ſparkling croſs advantageouſly placed, know how difficult it is for an enemy not to yield. It is we, indeed who ſtrengthen and extend the empire of beauty."

Several legal diſcuſſions now follow, the aridity of which do not permit our gay pleader to take his happy flights. But he appears with all his felicity of imagination in the peroration.

After having informed us that there exiſt above twelve hundred *coeffeurs de dames* at Paris, he thus cloſes his oration:

"Some rigid cenſors will perhaps ſay, that they would do very well without us, and that, if there were leſs art and ornaments at the toilettes of the ladies, things would be all for the better. It is not for us to judge if the manners of Sparta were preferable to thoſe of Athens; and if the ſhepherdeſs who gazes on herſelf in the glaſſy fountain, interweaves ſome flowers in her treſſes, and adorns herſelf with natural graces, merits a greater homage than thoſe brilliant citizens, who ſkilfully employ the refinements of a faſhionable dreſs. We muſt take the age in the ſtate we find it. We feel a congenial diſpoſition to the living manners to which we owe our exiſtence; and, while they ſubſiſt, we muſt ſubſiſt with them."

Shortly afterwards, the caſe in favour of the *coeffeurs*, was ordered to be ſuppreſſed, as unworthy of the majeſty of the tribunal to which the ſuit was brought. The *coeffeurs*, however, gained their cauſe againſt the perruquiers, and the graces triumphed over the monſter of chicanery. The ladies had taken a warm intereſt in their favour, and formed for them moſt powerful ſolicitations. This important trial was crowded by a moſt brilliant aſſemblage; and, when the grave deciſions of the court were finally made, it was approved by a ſudden clapping of hands from the anxious beauties of Paris, who conſidered the affair of their *coeffeurs* as of the moſt national conſequence.

If theſe anecdotes forcibly characteriſe the levity of the nation, the following one, perhaps, can only find its parallel in the annals of the effeminate city of Sybaris.

In September 1769, there was formed an eſtabliſhment, which had obtained an excluſive privilege to have ſilken umbrellas, for the purpoſe of furniſhing thoſe who felt themſelves incommoded by the heat of the ſun, during their walk over the Pont Neuf! Offices were erected at the extremities of this bridge, where the voluptuous *petit maitres*, who were fearful of ſpoiling their complexions, provided themſelves with this light and uſeful machine, and left them at the office on the oppoſite ſide, for which they paid two liards. It will be acknowledged, that the ſpeculator was profound and ſublime in his national views; and ſurely the government was not inferior when they granted him their letters patent for thoſe umbrellas! It diſplays, however, the induſtrious ingenuity of a needy Frenchman, when his wit is even greater than his wants.

At an entertainment given by the duke of Aiguillon, a ſweetmeat, repreſenting the various parts of Europe over which his miniſtry extended, was placed in the centre of the deſert. The duke offered ſome of it to the viſcounteſs de Fleury, to take her choice. This lady, after the uſual careleſsneſs of a pretty woman, when ſhe has to chooſe a ſweetmeat, ſaid, Then, my lord duke, give me France; I can devour it as well as another.

Sometimes theſe frivolities were checked by the ſolemn voice of a philoſopher; when at the tables of the great, a philoſopher did not loſe his voice. Diderot, it is well known, was honoured by the favours of the empreſs of Ruſſia, and was conſidered as her literary agent at Paris. Diderot had long worn mourning; which modeſt dreſs he conſidered as not ill adapted for the character he aſſumed, as a man of letters. The count de Broglio, a petit maitre, and a poor wit, attempted to ridicule him for the black coat which he affected to prefer for his dreſs. He aſked him, if he was in mourning for the Ruſſians? Sir, replied the philoſopher, if I had to wear mourning for a nation, I ſhould not go far to ſeek for one.

We ſhall for a moment diſplay, the bizarre faſhions, which were continually changing at Paris; the reſidence of every ſpecies of faſhionable folly.

It will not be improper to preface theſe anecdotes by the following deſcription of the Pariſians, which was written in 1715, by the great Monteſquieu. From which it will appear that the French nation has long been characteriſed for its volatility of taſte in dreſs. They have only ſhewn conſtancy in the inconſtancy of their character.

"I find, (ſays Rica, in the Perſian Letters,) that the caprice of faſhion with the French is aſtoniſhing. They have forgot how they were dreſſed this ſummer; they are ſtill more ignorant how they ſhall be dreſſed next winter; of what uſe were it to ſend you an exact deſcription of their clothes, and their dreſs. A novel faſhion would come and deſtroy my work, as that of their workmen; and before you would receive my letter, all would be changed.

"A lady who quits Paris for a ſix months retirement, returns as ancient as if ſhe had been out of the world for thirty years.

"Sometimes the head-dreſs mounts gradually, till a ſudden revolution flattens it. There was a time when their immenſe height placed the face of a woman in the midſt of herſelf. At another, it was the feet which occupied this place, for the high heels was a kind of pedeſtals, which kept them in the air. Builders have been often obliged to raiſe, lower, and widen, the doors, according as the ladies dreſſes, required."

We ſhall now communicate to the reader a few anecdotes, which, among many, we ſelect as no unamuſing ſpecimens of a national levity, unknown to any part of Europe, but the French nation, before their revolution.

Among the curioſa extravaganza of France, was the ſingular faſhion, of wearing ſquare hats, or hats with four points. It prevailed in 1776: This groteſque covering was uſed by the petit maitres for their morning diſhabille. Shortly afterwards, ſome innovators introduced a novelty of hats, with two points; this did not proſper. The Engliſh flouched hats, at length prevailed above the reſt. All theſe faſhions exiſted in the courſe of one year. The duke de Richelieu diſmiſſed his valet, becauſe he gave him a hat with four points inſtead of two.

Dreſs was often carried to ſuch an exceſſive extravagance, that the frivolous themſelves could not help ſometimes expreſſing their aſtoniſhment. Thus, in the year 1781, when the Thuilleries formed the ſpot of faſhionable reſort, it exhibited a theatre of ſuch bizarre ſcenes, that a Hogarth might have been taught new leſſons, and have given us the genius of the nation from his repreſentation of the ridiculous with which they abounded. The metropolis was crouded by two many idlers, not to have ſome ſingular and extravagant ones. Among ſeveral of theſe extravaganzas, I ſhall give one of either ſex. A young man appeared in a coat, waiſtcoat, breeches, and ſtockings, of the colour of *merde d'oie*;

d'oie; (a dark bottle green;) his ſhoes, and his hat-ſtrings, were alſo of the ſame colour; and, to reach the ſummit of extravagance, his hair was powdered with *merde d'oie*. This original, ſoon attracted a crowd; and the Swiſs was obliged to deſire our little ſop of the *merde d'oie* to retreat.

Not long after, a lady, elegantly dreſſed, appeared at the ſame place in a riding habit, and with a man's hat, holding it in her hand or taking it off at pleaſure. No lady before this, it appears, wore an habit, for this female ſingularity attracted admirers; but, like her male predeceſſor the ſop, ſhe was civilly deſired to wear another hat, or not walk in the Thuilleries.

It is not only by the eternal mutation of faſhion, but by its extravagance, that the Pariſians of thoſe days are to be diſtinguiſhed. No ſooner a mode appeared, but the futility, levity, and fury of the petit maitres, made it degenerate into the moſt whimſical extravagance. In 1786, reigned the mania of buttons; they not only wore them of an enormous ſize, as large as crown-pieces, but they painted on them minatures, and other pictures; ſo that a ſet of buttons was often valued at an incredible price. Some of theſe petit maitres wore the modeſt medals of the twelve Ceſars; others, antique ſtatues; and others, the metamorphoſes of Ovid. At the Palais Royal, a cynic was ſeen, who impudently wore on his buttons, above thirty figures from Aretin, ſo that every modeſt woman (if there was a modeſt woman in Paris) muſt have been obliged to turn away from this eccentric libertine. The young men imitated the romantic fancy of the ancient knights of chivalry, and wore on their buttons the cypher of their miſtreſs; and the Pariſian wits exerciſed their puny talents by forming, with the letters of the alphabet, inſipid rebuſſes. In a word, the manufacture of buttons was a work of imagination; which wonderfully diſplayed the genius of the artiſt and the purchaſer, and which offered an inexhauſtible ſource for converſation.

To this faſhionable extravagance ſucceeded, in the ſame year, that of the waiſtcoats. Theſe became a capital object of luxury in dreſs. They had them by dozens, and by hundreds; as they had ſhirts. They exhibited the fancy of the wearer, by their fine paintings, and they were enriched by the moſt coſtly ornaments. Among the variety of ſubjects they offered to the eye, a number of amorous and comic ſcenes were drawn; vine-gatherers, hunters, &c. ornamented the cheſts of the elegans; and over the belly of an effeminate triſler was ſeen a regiment of cavalry. One of theſe amateurs, delighted with finer fancies, had a dozen of theſe waiſtcoats painted, to repreſent the fineſt ſcenes in Richard Cœur de Lion, and the reigning operas of the day; that his wardrobe might become a learned repoſitory of the drama, and perpetuate its happieſt ſcenes!

Theſe anecdotes exhibit a repreſentation of ſuch extreme levity, and frivolous refinement, that in a true Briton, who has never travelled out of his own neighbourhood, they muſt excite not leſs ſurpriſe than contempt.

In 1774, a head-dreſs was brought in vogue by ſome adulative courtiers, which was called "the caps of the preſent time." But they had more of agreeable fancy than hiſtoric truth. They conſiſted of two horns of abundance, richly loaded with golden ears of corn, hung not ungracefully down the ſides. This dreſs, which, as may be imagined, was invented at Verſailles, was little reliſhed at Paris, when flour was daily riſing in price; and, while the unhappy people gazed on the beautiful ornaments of golden wheat-ears, they were wanting bread.

The ſellers of ſnuff-boxes, to excite the taſte of the amateurs, who inceſſantly were calling for novelties, ingeniouſly invented flat boxes, which they therefore called their Platitudes. The drolineſs of their title ſoon gave them a great run. The ducheſs of Bourbon, one day, went to one of the moſt faſhionable ſhops, and aſked for Turgotines; the maſter appeared ſurprized, and ignorant of the article ſhe wiſhed to have. Boxes, like theſe, replied the ducheſs, pointing to thoſe of the new conſtruction. Madame, thoſe are Platitudes,

titudes, he anſwered; "yes! yes! it is all the ſame thing," ſaid the ducheſs. What was the conſequence of this impertinence of the ducheſs of Bourbon? It afforded a new topic for the circles of Paris; the name of Turgot remained to theſe flat boxes; and every body haſtened to buy his Turgotine, or his Platitude.

A play on words was often an extreme favourite. One of theſe was Les Tout; under this quirk or joke, four auguſt perſonages were well enough characteriſed. It was thus: "On dit que le roi épargne tout; que la reine depenſe tout; que monſieur achete tout; et que le comte d'Artois ſe moque de tout." The king ſaves all; the queen ſpends all; monſieur buys all; and the count d'Artois laughs at all.

In January 1763, the faſhionable topic of Paris was a handſome Dutch lady, whoſe name was Mrs. Pater. She was the wife of a Dutch merchant; ſhe formed the converſation of every polite circle, and the ſubject of innumerable epigrams and madrigals. The following one is among the tolerable ones; the French, it ſeems, did not ſpare their moſt ſacred topics on the moſt frivolous matters.

Pater eſt dans notre cité;
Spiritus je voudrois bien être;
Et, pour former la *Trinité*,
Filius on en verroit naitre.

The nobility walked to her houſe in proceſſion, obſerves a ſatirical wit of the day. The honeſt Duchman, her huſband, fatigued with theſe honourable viſits, ſaid one day to the courtiers, in accompanying them to the door: "gentlemen, I am very ſenſible of the honour you do me in viſiting me; but I think you will find here little amuſement: I ſpend the whole day with Mrs. Pater, and we ſleep together at night!"—Mrs. Pater however found means at laſt to prove unfaithful.

The funeral oration of the queen of Louis XV. was made by the biſhop of Puy, at Saint Denis. It was a very cold compoſition. When ſomebody preſent complained of the great heat before the abbé de Voiſenon, this abbé replied, notwithſtanding he was an abbé, and the oration was a ceremony of religion, at the moment the corpſe of the queen was in the church. This is aſtoniſhing, you have the cold breezes of Puy; a country as temperate as the biſhop himſelf.—This poor pun, expoſed our biſhop for above two years to the ſeverity of the frivolous circles of Paris. He was obliged to bury himſelf in his dioceſe; and, becauſe of this pun, hardly ever ventured to appear in public.

The late duc d'Orleans, and the duc de Lauzun, wiſhing to ſee the height to which French ſagacity would ſoar, once laid a very conſiderable bet, whether, if a perſon were placed on the Pont Neuf with a baſket full of French crowns, he could diſpoſe of them at half price, or even at any price, to the cautious paſſengers. A man was accordingly ſtationed there. The people flocked to his baſket—they carefully inſpected the money, and threw it down again exclaiming, *Ils ſont très bien fait, ma foi, et ils ſont très jolies pieces de poches.* "They are exceedingly well made, and would make pretty pocket-pieces." The only purchaſer was a ſilverſmith, and he inſiſted on having three for ſix-pence.

The levity of the French was not confined to the Pariſians; it ſpread far and wide, and was not leſs obſervable in the remote provinces. When the ducheſs of Chartres came to her provincial city, on her firſt arrival, ſhe only appeared in a kind of bonnet, unadorned with that magnificence and multiplicity of feathers, which the ladies, in imitation of thoſe of Paris, wore. The ladies of Chartres conſidered it as a due compliment to their ducheſs to imitate her dreſs; and for this purpoſe, it appeared neceſſary to quit their beloved feathers. Matters remained in this ſtate for a week; when the ducheſs having recovered from a violent cold (which had been the only reaſon of her modeſt head-dreſs,) appeared at the theatre with a tree of feathers on her head. The next day, the ſhops were emptied

emptied of their feathers!—This trifling anecdotes is very proper, to ſhew the genius of ſuch a nation of triflers.

Eſſay on the Comparative Morality of the Ancients and Moderns.

ALL will concur with me in opinion, that the complaint of our degeneracy is unfounded and weak.

If we look to the vices of former times, they will appear, as I take it, more enormous, if not more general, than the vices of theſe latter days.

I ſhall not go back to the infancy of the world for a view of large and populous cities, where ſcarcely any righteous perſons were to be found: I ſhall not mark them abandoned to the moſt unnatural crimes, and drawing down deſtruction from on high. Were we only to glance over the hiſtory of the Jews, a race ſelected from the nations as God's peculiar people, we ſhould be ſufficiently ſhocked by every ſpecies of barbarity and profligacy. Though under the immediate direction of God they were incredulous, obſtinate, and cruel. They were repeatedly guilty of inceſt, of fratricide, of parricide: and in their puniſhments (ſuch as ſawing men aſunder) they betrayed a moſt brutal diſpoſition.

The cruelties of the Jews are hardly equalled by the inhumanity of the thirty Athenian tyrants, who, having ſlain a vaſt number of citizens, obliged the daughters of the murdered to dance in the blood of their parents.

Nor are the Jewiſh people exceeded by the moderns in extravagance. It is well known, that the Iſraelitiſh ladies were accuſtomed to powder their hair with gold duſt.

We find many of the Romans committing the moſt ſavage outrages. Even to revenge a trivial jeſt, Antoninus Caracalla put all the citizens of Alexandria to the ſword, and razed the city to the ground.

The Romans, in many inſtances, combined the deepeſt treachery with all the wantonneſs of cruelty. The *punica fides* might well be retorted on themſelves. The perfidy of Servius Galba, who aſſembling together the inhabitants of three cities in Spain, under the pretence of conſulting their common ſafety, cut off ſeven thouſand at a ſtroke; or of Licinus Lucullus, who, in violation of expreſs articles, maſſacred twenty thouſand of the Caucæi, can ſcarce be paralleled in modern times. The mild Auguſtus himſelf was guilty of the greateſt enormities. It is well known, that on taking the city of Peruſium, he offered up as a ſacrifice to the manes of his uncle Julius, three hundred of the principal citizens. Have we ever had occaſion to execrate ſuch living characters, as thoſe of Nero or Domitian? Are not the ten perſecutions ſo pregnant with barbarity, that the hiſtory of them ſeems incredible to the moderns?

If ſuch then were the cruelties of the Greeks and Romans, muſt not imagination recoil from the inhumanity of the nations around them? How can we form an adequate idea of thoſe, whom the Greeks and Romans ſtiled barbarians!—On a general view of their morality, the barbarians were not more barbarous. The beſtiality of the German women, in throwing their infants at the faces of the Roman ſoldiers to damp the ardor of ambition and of victory, by the moſt terrifying ſpectacles inhumanity could exhibit, is even more defenſible than the outrages I have already mentioned.

As to other vices, that characteriſed theſe two politer people, the licentious communication of the ſexes, we know, was pretty generally countenanced.

An exceſs of drinking was ſo *pergræcari* implied the frenzy of drunkenneſs. We are told (though it is hardly to be credited) that Cyrus, preparing to attack his brother Artaxerxes, publiſhed a manifeſto, in which he aſſerted his ſuperior claim to the throne of Perſia, becauſe he could ſwallow the moſt wine. Is it poſſible, that ſo ſhameleſs a manifeſto could be publiſhed by a modern prince?

For theſe vices, the Roman people, alſo, were notorious—*ad diurnam ſtellam matutinam potantes*, from Plautus to Seneca; the latter of whom affirmed, that the women even exceeded the men.

With reſpect to the prodigality and luxury

luxury of the ancients, we have numerous inſtances unequalled by our wildeſt exceſſes—our moſt delicate refinements in voluptuouſneſs. We are told by Plutarch, that Alexander ſpent twelve millions of talents upon the funeral of Hephæſtion. And, for the extravagance of the emperor Heliogabalus, what prince on earth can now pretend to rival him?—Hiſtorians inform us, that, while his fiſh-ponds were filled with roſe-water, his lamps furniſhed with the baiſam that diſtills from the Arabian groves—his dining room ſtrewed with ſaffron, and his porticoes with gold duſt, he had every day new veſtments of the richeſt ſilk, or woven gold!

If it be ſaid, that though not ſo extravagant, we are yet more voluptuous than the ancients, I would only look to the Roman luxuries at Baiæ to obviate ſo frivolous an objection. There are ſome, who may pretend, that I have been all this while collecting a few vices, as they are thinly ſcattered over the face of the ancient world; that I have been unfairly bringing into view the more prominent irregularities of men, to the degradation of the ſpecies, and to the confuſion of hiſtorical truth. But this I deny. I have brought forward the vices that have characteriſed whole ages and nations. The beſt ages of Greece and Rome will ſhrink from a compariſon with modern times.

In Greece, the common people were ſubjected to ſuch a legiſlation and ſuch a religion, that their brighteſt morals were ſtained with impurities. The applauded virtues of the Spartan commonwealth are blended with glaring imperfection. The laws of Lycurgus, ſo repeatedly the theme of oratorical panegyrick, are little elſe than a maſs of corruption. They are founded in falſe and vicious principles. They hold forth abſurdities, which would ſhock the good ſenſe of a modern legiſlator. Among a variety of other barbarities, they directed the expoſure, and conſequently, the deſtruction of ſuch children as were born too delicate or weak, for the military functions of a Spartan. The Spartans in fact were ſoldiers, not men. Their law-giver ſeems to have viewed the one as contradiſtinguiſhed from the other; ſince in the warlike character, which conſiſted in triumphing over the tenderneſs of nature, and confronting death with ſavage reſolution, he hath ſunk all the virtues and affections of humanity. From the cultivation of the gentler paſſions he was ſo utterly averſe, that he baniſhed all the humanizing arts; leſt they ſhould ſoften the boſom into benevolence, or excite the ſocial ſympathies, or kindle thoſe charities of father, ſon, and brother, which he diligently laboured to extinguiſh. Hoſtile indeed, to every ſpecies of mental improvement, he ſuffered no form of literature to exiſt among his ſubjects. To render the body robuſt and active, to the extinction almoſt of the mind, was the ſole object of the Spartan legiſlator.

The boys, therefore, were taken away at a very early age, from their parents; and inured, under the care of the ſtate to hardſhips, difficulties, and dangers. They were taught to bear the ſevereſt extremities of heat and cold, hunger and thirſt, with patience and tranquility. And, merely with a view of exerciſing or hardening their bodies, were often beat in ſo mercileſs a manner, that they expired under the whip: And (what wonderfully proves the force of habit) they have been known, in ſuch ſituations, to expire without a groan.

Thus then, all natural affection between parents and children was deſtroyed or precluded; and the direſt ferocity planted in its place. It ſeems indeed, that parents felt ſome intereſt in the fate of their offſpring! For Spartan mothers have been applauded for their firmneſs and magnanimity whilſt they rejoiced over their children ſlain in battle, and pointed with triumph to the mangled bodies. To teach them the cunning and artifice which they might have occaſion to practiſe againſt the enemy, the Spartans were countenanced by the legiſlature in thievery. The beſt thieves were the beſt ſubjects. The Spartan, indeed, is only to be contemplated in the camp. Eſtranged from all the virtues and comforts of domeſtic life, he could ſcarcely boaſt the

fidelity

fidelity or attachment of a female, to ſoften his military cares! The women of Lacædemon had neither gentleneſs nor modeſty, nor ſenſe of ſhame. Such, then, was Sparta: cruelty and cunning were her cardinal virtues. Yet the claſſic ſcholar looks back on Sparta with admiration.

The other celebrated city of Greece hath a higher claim to our notice. The virtues of Athens were not ſo ambiguous or ſo revolting. But the Athenians ſeem to have been as ſtrangely addicted to ſuperſtition as the Spartans were to war. They devoted half their time to the worſhip of the gods: And the homage that ſo occupied their attention, was moſt abſurd and ridiculous. This, however, is the leaſt exceptionable part of a religion, which, by holding forth the moſt flagrant examples of immorality in the perſon of the gods, by exacting a vaſt variety of ſhocking and indecent ceremonies, and by forcing the practice of obſcenities under the cover of myſtery, muſt have tinctured with impure notions the beſt-diſpoſed minds, and have depraved the moral conduct in almoſt every ſituation; where a popular religion enjoins the practice of vice, the vulgar muſt be neceſſarily vicious. And, for the philoſophers, could they diſſipate from their boſoms the early and familiar prejudices of the only religion which they knew? No ſchoolboy, I ſuppoſe, needs be informed, that the wiſe and virtuous Socrates (for ſuch hath he been called) was weak enough to ſacrifice a cock to Æſculapius.

The influence of polite literature on the morals, is certainly viſible in every community. And the ſages and poets of Athens were generally her beſt moral men. Theſe, however, were comparatively few. The great body of the people was a contaminated maſs.

Poliſhed as Athens is ſaid to have been, ſhe was very deficient in that pure refinement which includes chaſtity and delicacy. There is one circumſtance ſufficiently proves it. Her courtezans were her only women of education. They were abſolutely the only women who were eaſily approachable by the other ſex who appeared at public places, who adorned and enlivened ſociety by their polite addreſs, and ſparkling converſation, who preſided over the faſhions and influenced the manners. With ſuch our Socrates himſelf converſed. With ſuch only he could relax the ſtern features of philoſophy. He had his ſweet Xantippe indeed, at home; but, affable as ſhe was, I am rather inclined to think that he had no great diſreliſh to an evening lounge with Thais, though the converſation of the latter might be diſadvantageouſly oppoſed to that of his ſoft inſinuating conſort!—The virtuous women of Athens, in truth, were ſo miſerably degraded, that they were rendered incapable of the ſweet communion of ſoul with ſoul. Uneducated, groſsly ignorant, ſhut up from ſociety, they were treated as ſlaves, and expected to perform the meaneſt offices. They had no room to exert their native ſenſibility. They had no ideas to communicate: and, if they had, there was no congenial boſom near, to cheriſh or enliven ſentiment, by friendly approbation, and ſympathetic affection!

From this ſituation of the Athenian women, we can form no very exalted idea of Athens itſelf. 'Tis an undoubted fact, that the domeſtic circle, in which the feminine virtues diffuſe their ſweetneſs, is the fineſt nurſery of national morality.

Peter Pennyleſs.

A Fragment.

THE world, ſaid I, is full of ingratitude!—Aye, replied Peter Pennyleſs—ſo the world ſays: But I maintain it that one half of the world when they talk of ingratitude, do not underſtand the meaning of the expreſſion.—Impoſſible, ſaid I:—ſure every ſchoolboy.—Hold, added Peter:—theſe grey hairs came not without experience: and experience has taught me, that ingratitude, in the true ſenſe of the word, is not ſo common as you ſeem to think.—Prove me that, my friend Peter; and I'll burn Rochefoucault's maxims and become enamoured with mankind.

—I

To prove it, replied Peter, would perhaps be difficult: but I'll relate a few facts, and they are ſuch as occur every day.

I applied to my friend Preſto for a favour.—Preſto conſidered for about half a minute; and then, with a look of ſympathetic friendſhip, declared he was very ſorry that it was not in his power to oblige me.—I felt a degree of pain—not on my own account but on his. My mortification at the diſappointment was entirely ſwallowed up by the uneaſineſs I felt for having reduced him to the neceſſity of refuſing a friend; and this ſenſation, if it did not increaſe my friendſhip for him, at leaſt did not diminiſh it.—I knew Preſto would have ſerved me, had it been in his power.

I next applied to Allegro.—"Yes, my friend! I am happy to oblige you."—And my requeſt was immediately granted.—For this favour—and it was a trifling one, but well timed—I felt a degree of gratitude, which I cannot expreſs.—I would requite Allegro a thouſand-fold.

On another occaſion, I requeſted a favour of Penſeroſo:—and Penſeroſo could have immediately gratified me, had he been ſo inclined. But—"he could not give me an immediate anſwer:—he would think on't."—A conſiderable time elapſed, and—no anſwer.—I applied a ſecond time, and obtained my requeſt. I obſerved however a cloud on his brow, which plainly indicated that he was far from taking a pleaſure in what he did.—I am not naturally ungrateful:—but, on this occaſion, I felt very little gratitude.

To Severus I made known ſome difficulties in which I was involved; and requeſted his aſſiſtance to extricate me. Severus ſtarted at the requeſt—looked very ſerious—and required time to deliberate.—After a reaſonable interval I renewed my application.—His countenance now wore an appearance of reſerve and diſguſt; and—"he had not as yet determined."—I again waited a conſiderable time for an anſwer; but in vain.—I applied a third time.—Severus now looked—but I'll not attempt to deſcribe his looks:—ſuffice it to ſay, that every glance of his eye was a dagger to my ſoul.—Had my exigencies been leſs preſſing, or had I known where elſe to apply for aſſiſtance, I would have turned from him with ſcorn and indignation, nor have waited for his anſwer. But as I had advanced ſo far, I was under a ſort of neceſſity to proceed.—The deſired aſſiſtance, indeed, I obtained; though with ſome difficulty, and attended with ſome remarks, admonitions, and ſomething even bordering upon reproof, that hurt my feelings to the laſt degree.—On this occaſion, ſo far from feeling the ſmalleſt emotion of gratitude, I carried home a ſecret diſpleaſure, and even ſomething like reſentment, againſt Severus.—

How will you account for the different ſenſations I experienced on theſe ſeveral occaſions?—Was I ungrateful in the two laſt inſtances?—Penſeroſo, Severus, and others of their ſtamp, may perhaps think me ſo: but I truſt that I ſhall be acquitted of the charge, by every man of feeling and ſenſibility:—and to ſuch only would I appeal:—for, as to thoſe who are themſelves unacquainted with the finer and more delicate ſenſations of the human breaſt, and can therefore make no allowance for their operations in others,—I ſhould be as unwilling to appeal to them on the ſubject of ſenſibility or gratitude as to a blind man on the ſubject of colours.

Let us then take a review of thoſe different tranſactions; and examine, what ſenſations they might naturally be expected to produce in the boſom of any man not quite callous to all the finer feelings of human nature.

By Preſto's immediate refuſal, I was at once relieved from the pain and anxiety of ſuſpenſe.—Even this I conſidered as a favour, eſpecially as the refuſal was accompanied with expreſſions of friendſhip, whoſe ſincerity I had no reaſon to call in queſtion. And beſides, my wiſh was inſtantly gratified, on making application to Allegro; ſo that, in fact, Preſto benefited me more eſſentially by refuſing me on the ſpot, than he could have done by granting me the favour after a week's delay.

Allegro, by ſerving me at once, gave me

me a full opportunity of deriving every poſſible advantage from the favour he conferred; and thus enhanced its value. And then, his manner!—he appeared to conſider the favour as a mere triſle, and to wiſh that I ſhould conſider it in the ſame light. Nay, he ſeemed to think that it was I who conferred an obligation on him, by giving him an opportunity of ſhewing his friendſhip.—Thus he at once ſmothered in their birth, all thoſe painful and humiliating reflections, which naturally ariſe in every feeling boſom, on ſoliciting a favour; and left my heart open to the impreſſions of joy, friendſhip, and gratitude. I felt them, in their fulleſt force:—I feel them ſtill; and will ever be proud to acknowledge an obligation to Allegro.

Penſeroſo, on the other hand, thought—and thought—and thought!—Perhaps, in fact, he never once, in my abſence, beſtowed a ſingle thought on me or my concerns.—In the interval of delay, to ſay nothing of the anxiety and uneaſineſs of expectation,—I ſuffered inconveniencies, to which I ſhould not have been expoſed if he had granted me the favour at once; and from which, the favour, when at length it was conferred, did not fully extricate me.—Had he refuſed me at once, I ſhould have immediately turned my eye upon ſome other perſon, who, like Allegro, would perhaps have obliged me without heſitation or delay.—As he had not refuſed me, I had ſtill hopes of obtaining my wiſh. Fear conſtantly attends hope; and anxiety ever walks hand in hand with fear.—My mind alternately agitated with hope, fear, and anxiety, I determined to wait his anſwer.—No anſwer given;—what's to be done?—Reveal my neceſſities to another?—Mortifying!—Renew my application to Penſeroſo?—equally ſo!

On the whole, however, as Penſeroſo was already made acquainted with my ſituation, I thought it better to ſubmit to the mortification of applying to him a ſecond time, than to reveal my diſtreſſes to a third perſon.—With reluctance I prevailed on myſelf to renew my ſolicitation.—My requeſt indeed was complied with:—but obſerve—the favour granted me was exactly of ſuch a nature and conſequence, that the pleaſure reſulting from it was but barely ſufficient to counterbalance the pain and uneaſineſs I had felt from the delay, and the mortification which attended the renewal of my requeſt.—What room here for gratitude?

Had Penſeroſo, when at length he did grant my requeſt, apologized for the delay;—had the accents of friendſhip burſt forth from his lips,—had benevolence beamed from his eye,—they would have reached my heart, and there produced their natural effect, gratitude. For in every heart, whether of human or of ſavage mould, has the hand of nature ſown the ſeeds of gratitude: and if they there lie dormant and decay, 'tis but for want of the ſunſhine of benevolence, to warm and animate the ſoil, to call them forth into birth, and make them bloſſom to maturity.—Nothing of this kind attended the interview with Penſeroſo:—quite the contrary.—I retired therefore with the reſolution of—diſcharging the debt as ſoon as in my power.—When that duty was performed, I looked upon myſelf as exonerated from all further claim on his part, and obligation on mine.

The ſervice, indeed, which Severus rendered me, was of ſuch magnitude, that the delight and ſatisfaction ariſing from it would have been more than ſufficient to counterbalance the uneaſineſs and chagrin, which I had unavoidably experienced during the interval of ſuſpenſe, and the pain attendant on a ſecond and even a third application. But unfortunately Severus would not ſuffer me to incur a debt of gratitude.—In the very act of conferring the favour, he threw ſo much additional mortification into the one ſcale which was already but too heavily charged, as to make it out outweigh all the pleaſure and ſatisfaction that were in the other. Having therefore fairly ſummed up the account in my own mind, I found there remained, in his favour, a balance of—pain and diſguſt. This pain and diſguſt he had, if not wantonly, at leaſt unneceſſarily ſubjected me to:—I therefore credited the balance to his account.

Thus

Thus it has happened that Severus, in rendering me a conſiderable ſervice, diminiſhed my eſteem and affection for him, whereas Allegro, by a trifling obligation, took immovable poſſeſſion of my heart:—and Penſeroſo, although he conferred a favour, did not make greater advances in my friendſhip, than Preſto, in refuſing one.

On the whole—from the obſervations I have made through life, I am thoroughly convinced that real ingratitude is not ſo common among mankind, as ſuperficial obſervers are apt to imagine. And I think that any perſon who is at all acquainted with the ſecret ſprings of human actions, and has carefully noticed the conduct of thoſe around him, muſt acknowledge, that, for one man who is ungrateful through want of principle, twenty will be found, who—though otherwiſe of grateful diſpoſitions,—feel their gratitude frozen by the cold unfriendly manner in which favours are conferred,—or ſuffered to periſh, through the delays, reluctance, and heſitation of thoſe who confer them.

Almoſt every man knows from experience, that the delay of an anſwer to a requeſt, or of the performance of a promiſe, keeps the expectant in ſuſpenſe. Suſpenſe is attended with anxiety and pain: and the tranſition, from the feeling of pain to the feeling of reſentment againſt the perſon who cauſes it, is ſo eaſy and imperceptible, that when by unneceſſary delays and procraſtination, the pain and anxiety is continued,—we need not be ſurpriſed if a degree of—I'll not venture to ſay "reſentment," but at leaſt coldneſs, proportioned to the degree of pain, ſhould ſometimes happen to ſpring up in the boſom along with it.

The heart of man is a fertile, luxuriant ſoil.—Let any paſſion once take root there,—it ſoon flouriſhes and gathers ſtrength. And unhappily the evil paſſions, like noxious weeds of every kind, are but too apt to flouriſh without the labour of cultivation. This coolneſs therefore,—or, if you pleaſe, reſentment,—the longer it is nurtured by heſitation and delay, ſtrikes the deeper root, and branches out the farther. And when at length the expected favour is conferred, what effect does it produce?—If conferred in a delicate and friendly manner, it may perhaps calm the uneaſy ſenſations which took their riſe during their interval of delay: but as to gratitude, it cannot be expected to produce much of that, unleſs it be a favour of very great conſequence indeed. But if, on the contrary, the long-expected favour, however great its value and conſequence, be conferred in a harſh, indelicate, degrading manner;—though the neceſſities of the receiver may force him to accept it,—yet, in the acceptance, he muſt feel an additional mortification, which, added to his former diſagreeable ſenſations, cannot but ſtifle and ſmother all ideas of gratitude that might, for the moment, attempt to force themſelves into his breaſt; and can leave nought behind but diſguſt and reſentment. In a word, he will be no more obliged to the perſon who renders him ſuch a ſervice and in ſuch a manner, than a hungry beggar would be to the man, who, on being aſked for food, ſhould in a paſſion fling a hard cruſt in his face, and knock out his teeth with it.

Here Peter ended.—I was going to reply:—but he would not ſtay. His friend Allegro had met with an accident, which prevented him from ſuperintending his harveſt. Peter had juſt heard this; and was, when I met him, haſtening, unaſked, and on foot, to Allegro's farm at the diſtance of ten miles, to aſſiſt his friend, in return for the favour he had received from him forty years before.

A Journey through part of the Province of Munſter. In a Letter to a Friend in Milford.

Waterford, 6th Auguſt, 1794.

Dear Sir,

WHEN I laſt had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in Milford, you requeſted me to write to you conſtantly, and give you ſome account of the different places I viſited during my ſtay in Ireland. This I have endeavoured to do in as conciſe a manner as lay in my power. My paſſage from Milford to Ireland in one of the Waterford pac-

quet-boats, was the quickeſt ever remembered by the captain, being accompliſhed in eight hours and a half. I was a little ſea-ſick, but on my landing was ſoon quite recovered. The landing-place for all paſſengers coming in the pacquets from England, is at Bolton, formerly called Cheek-point, where Cornelius Bolton, Eſq. has eſtabliſhed a large cotton manufactory. There is alſo a very large and commodious inn, for the conveniency of paſſengers coming or going in the pacquets, kept by a very blunt Welſh woman. From the hill over this town there is a moſt delightful proſpect; and I believe a more beautiful harbour than that of Waterford, is not to be found in Ireland. The fort of Duncannon at the county Wexford ſide of the harbour, protects it by batteries of heavy cannon; the deep part of the channel running cloſe to the rock on which the fort is built. Having refreſhed myſelf in Bolton, I ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe for the city of Waterford, and arrived there time enough to procure myſelf a comfortable lodging in a private family.

The city of Waterford is finely ſituated on the ſouth ſide of the beautiful river Suir, which is embanked by a very noble quay, extending the whole length of the city. I do ſuppoſe ſuch a quay as that in Waterford, is not to be found in any part of Great Britain, particularly that part called the parade. Veſſels of great burthen can come up to this quay, but the largeſt ſhips generally lie at Cheek-point. A very elegant wooden bridge of a ſingular and excellent conſtruction was erected laſt year over this river. The following inſcription is cut on a plate of copper, and faſtened on the entrance.

In 1793,
A year rendered ſacred to National Proſperity,
By the extinction of Religious Diviſions,
The foundation of this Bridge was laid,
At the expence of aſſociated Individuals,
Unaided by Parliamentary Grant,
By Sir John Newport, Bart. Chairman of their Committee.

Mr. Lemuel Cox, a Native of Boſton, *Architect.*

Mr. Cox has built another bridge over the river Foyle at Londonderry, and he is now employed in erecting another over the river Slaney at Wexford.

Waterford is the ſee of a biſhop united to that of Liſmore in this county ſince the year 1536. The cathedral, commonly called Chriſt church, is a moſt ſuperb pile, much more ſo than any church I have ever ſeen in Dublin. There are ſeveral antient monuments in and about the church, as well as modern ones, among the latter is one erected by the Fitz Gerald's, a branch of the duke of Leinſter's family, and another very lately erected to the memory of captain M'Cleverly, who ſailed round the world with lord Anſon. Near the cathedral ſtands the biſhop's palace, a very handſome ſtone building with two fronts, one to the ſide of the church, and the other to an elegant ſtreet called the Mall. Oppoſite the grand entrance to the cathedral, is a large brick building, in which twelve widows of poor clergymen are lodged, and ſupported. Saint Olave's church is alſo ſituated near the cathedral; this building was repaired in the year 1743, quite plain without, but very neat within. Saint Patrick's church is at the weſt end of the city, ſituated on a riſing ground, and quite plain. The barracks were formerly ſituated near Saint Patrick's church, but being in a ruinous ſtate it was thought adviſable to take them down, on the ſcite of which, an elegant court-houſe and priſon, has been lately erected, on a plan recommended by the late John Howard, Eſq. There never was a barrack in this city ſince the old one was taken down; the army, except thoſe which are doing duty in Waterford, are lodged at New Geneva, an elegant village regularly built, which was erected by government a few years ago, for the reception of the expatriated citizens of Geneva; but they having relinquiſhed the deſign of ſettling in Ireland, this place remained uninhabited, 'till about three years ago, when it was fitted up in a very comfortable manner for a barrack. The buildings

buildings are all two ſtory high forming a ſquare, having a green of ten acres, within the houſes, and the whole encloſed by a very high wall.——The Roman Catholic chapel, before it was taken down to be rebuilt, was perhaps the moſt elegant and beſt finiſhed of the ſort in Great Britain. They are now building a new chapel on the old ſcite in a ſtyle of elegance and grandeur. Beſides the places of worſhip already mentioned, there are, one French church, one Preſbyterian, one Quaker, and one Anabaptiſt meeting-houſes, and three Roman Catholic chapels. The exchange is charmingly ſituated on the quay, and adjoining it is the cuſtom-houſe and the collector's dwelling-houſe. The houſe of induſtry ſtands near the bridge, and is a good building of ſtone; as is alſo the Leper Hoſpital, not long built. The public aſſembly rooms are ſituated on the Mall, and are in my opinion, the moſt elegant ſuite of rooms in the kingdom. Under the ſame roof with them is a very neat theatre. The private buildings are in general modern, and ſome of them very elegant, particularly the Adelphi terrace, and Ramſey's buildings.

The exports of this city are very conſiderable, and chiefly conſiſt of beef, butter, bacon, pork, corn, &c. to which the extenſive inland navigation it has by means of the rivers Barrow, Nore, and Suir, greatly contributes. The trade it carries on with Newfoundland, and of which it enjoys a principal ſhare, is of the utmoſt importance, as upwards of 70 ſail of veſſels are employed in ſupplying that place with proviſions, &c. and return from thence with fiſh and oil, and rum, ſugar and cotton from the Weſt India Iſlands. There is a very extenſive glaſs manufactory carried on here by Meſſrs. Penroſe's; the glaſs they make is equal if not ſuperior to that made in England. The beautiful glaſs luſtre preſented to his preſent majeſty by the corporation of Waterford when he was at Cheltenham ſpa, was manufactured here.

In the year 1171, Strongbow earl of Pembroke, got poſſeſſion of this city, when it was conſiderably enlarged, a new wall and ſome towers were added to the former. Of theſe only one at preſent remain, ſituated on the quay, and is called Reginald's or the Ring-tower, from its circular form. This tower was made uſe of by Strongbow as a priſon for the chiefs of the Iriſh and Danes; and is now in poſſeſſion of the ſtore keeper of Duncannon fort, and uſed as a magazine.

The inhabitants of this city are generally of a ſprightly and agreeable behaviour: though deſcended from an Engliſh colony, their mixture in marriage, &c. with the native Iriſh, give them that agreeable vivacity remarkable in the inhabitants of Ireland; and Iriſh hoſpitality is here conſpicuous. The native and acquired ſurlineſs and booriſhneſs of the Engliſh is entirely worn out here, and the moſt agreeable affability and good humour are apparent. Their private thoughts are employed in conſidering how to get money, and in a company of the beſt people in the city, their whole diſcourſe is about trade, the markets, &c.

Having remained in Waterford about three weeks, I ſet out on a jaunt to ſee the city of Cork, and paſſing near ſome handſome ſeats, I arrived at Curraghmore, the magnificent and delightful ſeat of the moſt noble the marquis of Waterford. The houſe is very large, and is ſituated upon a riſing ground, ſurrounded by very bold hills, which riſe in a variety of forms, and offer to the eye in riding through the demeſne very noble and ſtriking ſcenes. This is without doubt as fine a ſeat as ever I ſaw, and the noble profeſſor of it reſides at leaſt nine months annually, conſtantly employing a number of labourers, and thereby ſetting a laudable example to the neighbouring gentlemen. How different would the appearance of this kingdom be, if every man of eſtate, imitated the real patriotiſm of the marquis of Waterford! From this I rode to Carrick, or Carrick-on-ſuir, ſo called to diſtinguiſh it from a town of the ſame name in the county of Roſcommon, in the province of Connaught. This town is ſituated on the boundaries of the county of Tipperary, being joined to the county of Waterford by a handſome ſtone

bridge

bridge over the river Suir, by which there is a communication with the city of Waterford by water, for large sloops. Its situation is very pleasant, and it has been a place of great strength, as appears by its walls and castles now in ruins. The woollen manufacture is carried on in and about this town in a very extensive manner, both of broad-cloth, and a particular kind of cloth, called Ratteen, which is something like the cloth made in England, called Bath-rugg, but of a much coarser texture. In this town I remained one night and the following morning set out to Clonmel, the assizes-town of the county of Tipperary. Though very inconveniently situated for the assizes, at the extremity of so large a county, it is admirably so for trade on the northern bank of the river Suir, which is so far navigable for large boats, the tide flowing a little distance above the town. Clonmel is a large, regular, well built town, consisting principally of four wide streets, at the junction of which stands the county court house, adorned with a clock and cupola, which forms an handsome termination to the main street. There is some trade carried on here in the woollen branch, particularly by the Quakers, who appear to be very numerous, and the most active persons in trade here. There are also several bolting mills in the neighbourhood. This town is very antient, having been built before the invasion of the Danes, and was formerly defended by a strong wall: Oliver Cromwell met with greater resistance here than in any other part of the kingdom: he demolished the castles and fortifications, of which now only the ruins remain. It was in this town that the celebrated Rev. Lawrence Sterne, author of Tristram Shandy, Sentimental Journey, &c. was born on the 24th November 1713, an author well known, of original genius, and great sensibility of heart. My stay in Clonmell was two days.

My next visit was to Cahir, another town in the county of Tipperary This is a handsome little town pleasantly situated on both sides of the river Suir, mostly built by the present lord Cahir to whom it belongs. I must acknowledge as I passed through this county, my mind was filled with melancholy reflections, on contemplating the situation of those poor creatures who drag on a miserable existence. The manner in which the poor live, I cannot help calling beastly: for upon the same floor, and frequently without any partition, are lodged the husband and wife, a numerous family of children all huddled together upon straw, though oftener on rushes or dry heath, with the cow, calf, pig, and the horse if they are rich enough to have one. Their houses are of several sorts, but the most common is the sod-wall as they call it. Some build their houses of mud, others use stone without mortar, for two or three feet from the ground, and sod or mud for two or three feet on the top of that; their side walls being seldom above five or six feet high. Sometimes you may see an ingenious builder avail himself of the side of a ditch, which serves as a side wall, and parallel thereto, he rears a wall in one or other of the modes I have described, as his own fancy, the facility of the method, or abundance of materials may lead him. The mode of roofing is not less ingenious. They take the branches of the tree, the largest of which they use, as principals and purlins, and the remainder they lay parallel to the principals, for support of a thin paring of the grassy surface of meadow ground, like the sods, only much broader, tougher, and thinner. With these they cover the small branches or wattles, and over them they fasten a coat of straw, or in default of straw, they cover with rushes, or the haum of their beans and potatoes, and in mountainous tracts with heath. Except the small garden adjoining each hut for potatoes, there is scarce any cultivation to be seen; the whole country being almost appropriated to feeding cattle, and human beings are banished the soil to make room for sheep and oxen!

(To be continued.)

Ludicrous Incongruity of Names given to Ships in the Royal Navy.

IT seems extraordinary, that a more attention is not given to

naming of the ships of our royal navy, particularly as they are by usage esteemed of the feminine gender, and spoken of by the sexual distinction *she*. Nothing can be more absurd than to hear a sailor praising the vessel to which he belongs, suppose the Jupiter or the Cato, by saying, *she* is a *fine man* of war: would it not be better to give such names as would not subject them to the like improprieties? Besides the ridiculous circumstance above-mentioned, there are others not less striking; I have read in a newspaper, that the *Queen* gave the *Monsieur* a compleat broadside, who was thereupon glad to sheer off; might not this, out of Portsmouth, be taken literally, and seem as if her gracious majesty had been engaged in a scolding match with the dauphin, and had sent him away, as the vulgar saying is, with a flea in his ear.

A little contrivance would obviate these awkward circumstances: ships ought to be named from the different counties, as Kent, Suffex, Surrey, or from certain properties or qualities, as the Thunderer, the Terrible, or the Spitfire; names—as many married men can testify—that accord but too well with the feminine gender.

There is also another consideration to be had; which is, to give vessels such names as may run easily through the mouths of common sailors, without being corrupted into low or indecent words, or liable to ludicrous equivoques, as is the present case respecting several ships now in commission. The Boreas and Pegase admit of most indelicate ideas: and the *Eolus* is constantly degraded to an *Alehouse*; the *Belliqueux* into the *Belly Cloks*; the *Agamemnon* to *Eggs and Bacon*; and the *Bienfaisant* metamorphosed into the *Bonny Pheasant*.

Ships being considered as of the feminine gender, might not prevent their bearing the names of many of our admirals; who may, without much impropriety, be spoken of as *old women*.

Besides the *slip-sloppery* here instanced, the names of the following vessels are thus corrupted: the *Fougeux* becomes the *Fogey*, the *Princess Louisa* the *Princess Lousy*, and the *Mars* affords the seamen too obvious an allusion to the *after* part of their persons. Nor, considering the uncertainty of all marine operations, would I recommend adopting the boastful names of the Victory, Dreadnought, Conqueror, Invincible, or Inflexible; as an unfortunate day may engage the gazette-writer in an aukward combination of words, by being obliged to inform the public that the *Victory* was beaten off, the *Invincible* overpowered, the *Inflexible* forced to yield, and that the *Dreadnought* escaped by crouding all the sail she could carry.

The Land of Ninevah. A Fragment.

We cannot too strongly recommend the following Apologue, said to have been written by the president of the board of Agriculture, to the attention of our Readers.

AND there lived a king in the land of Ninevah, who ruled the country in peace, and he distributed his favours among his people, giving to some great authority, and to others situations of emolument; but no man was oppressed thereby, for he gave but his own, and what the laws of the land permitted.

And his nobles confederated together, and said "Why suffer ye this thing? This man placeth over us whom he listeth, and giveth away what he pleaseth to others, and pays no proper respect to our claims: let us endure it no longer: let us displace him: let us divide his possessions and authority amongst us, and we shall be happy." And they did so, and the king fled, and lived in another country, and the nobles returned triumphing, each to his own home.

And the husbandmen of the country heard this, and they assembled together, and said, "Behold the king that reigned over us has fled, and his nobles have seized every thing he had, and they claim the inheritance of the land. What giveth them a right to do so? What mattereth their wax or their parchments? The land is ours, for we till it, and we will pay them their heavy exactions no more." And the nobles

nobles were few in number, and no man could truſt another, and they fled, and the huſbandmen took each man the land he poſſeſſed, and he kept it as his own, and he lived in his own houſe rejoicing.

And theſe huſbandmen had many ſervants, who were employed in tilling the land; and the ſervants ſaid unto one another, "Whence cometh this? The king that reigned over us has fled, and his nobles are driven from their eſtates, and the huſbandmen poſſeſs the ſoil, and they claim the whole land as their own: but what right have they to do ſo? Where are their deeds or parchments? Are their titles better than ours? Surely not. Let us then join together, let us drive theſe wicked men from our bounds, and let us divide the land among us." And they did ſo, and the huſbandmen fled every where, and none of them retained a ſpot of the land they had formerly poſſeſſed; and the ſervants ſaid, "There is none now to contend with us, we ſhall ſoon become rich and happy; we formerly tilled the land of others, we ſhall now cultivate our own."

And behold in the cities of that country there dwelt perſons profeſſing different occupations; and theſe perſons met together, and ſaid, "What is this that we hear? The king that reigned over us has fled, and his nobles are baniſhed from the land, and the huſbandmen are driven from amongſt us, and their ſervants are now poſſeſſors of the ſoil. Why ſhould this be ſuffered? We live in crowded cities; we breathe unwholeſome air; we toil for others more than for ourſelves; we can procure but a bare ſubſiſtence. Let us join and act together. Our enemies are ſcattered over the face of the land. We will ſoon drive them before us, and enjoy their poſſeſſions in peace." And they aſſembled together, and took arms, and went againſt the ſervants of the huſbandmen, and drove them out of the country, and thoſe who reſiſted they put to death.

And the men of occupation now poſſeſſed the whole land, and they ſaid, "Let us divide it equally amongſt us, that none may have more than his neighbour, and that all may ſhare alike." And they quarrelled about the diviſion, and no man was ſatisfied with what he got, and they had no means of cultivating the ſoil, and they had no ſkill to do it, and famine ſpread over the land, and they wept bitterly, and ſaid, "When we had no land, we got what it produced in abundance, and now we have land, it yieldeth us nothing," and they cried, "Give us ſome bread to eat."

And the Lord ſaw what the people had ſuffered, and how much they had repented of their tranſgreſſions, and he had compaſſion upon them, and he ſent a prophet to announce to them the way in which they ſhould walk; and the prophet ſaid unto them, "Let the men of occupation return to their profeſſions, by the exerciſe of which they obtain their ſhare of the produce of the ſoil. Let the ſervants labour for their maſters, that the earth may be duly cultivated. Let the huſbandmen hire their land from thoſe who lawfully inherit it, for no man muſt poſſeſs the territory of another without his conſent. Let the nobles be reſtored to their property, and they will watch over the intereſts of the ſtate. Let the king be reeſtabliſhed on his throne, that he may protect his people from injury. And let property be held ſacred, the ſure baſis of the proſperity of a ſtate, and all ſhall be well." And it was ſo; and the people bleſſed the lord, and ſaid, "Now we ſee what is good for us, and how alone a multitude of people can dwell together." And they lived happily, and increaſed in numbers, and all the neighbouring nations rejoiced with them.

Anecdote.

A SHORT time ago, an attorney was ſent for, to make the laſt will and teſtament of a yeoman, aged ſeventy-two or ſeventy-three years. The buſineſs was done; but a few days afterwards, the attorney was waited on at his office, by the teſtator, who, he ſaid, wiſhed to have his will altered: "he had forgotten to tie up his wife from marrying again!"—"What age is your wife?" ſaid the attorney, "She is about my own age, replied the man "but there is no knowing what *coaxing* may do with a woman!"

The Political History of Europe, for the Year 1790.

CHAP. VII.

(Continued from our last.)

THUS from the habit of giving a loose and unbounded scope to haughty, contemptuous, and arrogant language, of turning all matters, however serious, to ridicule, which did not entirely correspond with their own ideas, or directly suit their liking, and by a dictatorial and peremptory mode of proceeding, in all points corresponding with the language and manner, were the seeds of a severe, bitter, and extensive war, capable of events and consequences far beyond all calculation, most industriously sown by the national assembly in that wide and powerful empire. Whereas, if a due attention had been at first paid to propriety of language and conduct, if the semblance of justice and equity had been observed, by duly examining and considering the rights of the princes and the obligations of treaties, and if the result of this enquiry had been, the proposal of a fair compensation to the former for the surrender of their feudal rights, there is not the smallest room for doubting, that this troublesome business would have been easily accommodated; and if the princes had even in some degree overrated their demands, political prudence would have shewn, that it was more eligible to submit to some small present pecuniary extortion, and thereby get quit of a claim which could never be renewed, than to suffer, particularly in so critical a season as the present, such a bone of endless discord to continue constantly in view.

When it was too late, the assembly seemed in some degree to become sensible of its error, or at least to be alarmed at the effect which it was already producing, and several months after the abolition of the feudal rights, it carelessly voted an indemnification to the German princes. But the season for conciliatory accommodation was now past; the resentment of the injured had risen to its utmost pitch; they perceived that the indignation of their friends, neighbours, and co-estates in general, was equally excited with their own; they had been forced to appeal to another source for redress, which they knew would sooner or later be obtained, and that probably accompanied with a pleasing gratification of their vengeance. Under these circumstances, and in this temper, they refused to sell or to barter their birthrights. The assembly shewed a stoical indifference, which they seemed to think consonant with the stern and inflexible dignity of republicans, upon this refusal. They, however, ordered the offer of indemnification to be repeated, and left the matter after to take its ordinary course.

Nor was the national assembly more fortunate with respect to the government of the French colonies in the West Indies, than it was in its transactions with foreigners; and these great, and apparently inexhaustible sources of the commerce, wealth, power, and naval force of France, have in the issue been totally ruined, by a series of precipitate measures, of rash and untried schemes, adopted without due consideration, or competent knowledge of the subject, and founded upon the same order of abstract notions, and metaphysical dreams, which had involved the parent country in its present unparalleled situation. It had been early and well observed in the assembly by M. Barnave, an able and eminent leader in the accomplishment of the revolution, and who went all lengths with the ruling party, "that, unfortunately, their rights of men could not apply to the West Indies; that if they endeavoured to make the application, they would lose their colonies, impoverish their trading and manufacturing towns, until the common people, grown desperate by the disappointment of their hopes, would be ready to sell themselves to the enemies of the revolution." Indeed there can be no question, but that considered merely as a subject of state policy, without any reference to philosophy, or to the milder feelings of humanity, that the general declaration of the rights of man, without any distinction of country or colour, by a nation possessing great and extensive colonies cultivated by slaves, and still determined to retain these colonies, under a full intention of reaping all the customary advantages from them, without providing any substitutes for the slaves, or any indemnification for their owners, must ever be deemed a rash, as well as a hasty and improvident measure; but neither these considerations, nor the eloquence nor warnings of Barnave, were at all capable of resisting, that democratical rage for liberty and equality which now prevailed.

A society had for some time subsisted in France under the title of *L'ami de Noir*, or the friends of the negroes, which owed its origin to the societies formed in England upon the same principle; and like them issued several publications in favour of the oppressed Africans, which being industriously circulated in the West India islands, and well suited to the capacities as well as to the likings of that people, produced such an effect, that they are supposed to have contributed much to the dreadful enormities which afterwards took place in these colonies. Although this society was not much distinguished by the rank, abilities, or even number of its members, nor indeed by any thing, but the humanity of its object, and the private virtues of several of the individuals of which it was composed, yet this being the age of sentiment, as well as of innovation, and the doctrines it held out according with those favourite ones of universal liberty and general equality, they became so fashionable, that some names of considerable eminence were rendered odious, and their possessors marked out, not only as enemies to humanity, but to the new philosophy and the system formed on it in all their parts, for having ventured, on motives of policy, of general safety, and of justice to the planters, to expose, what appeared to them, their fallacy, impropriety, and danger.

The planters had made a complaint to the king, long before the commencement of his troubles, of the dangers to which they were already exposed, and of the greater to which they

were liable, through the proceedings of this ſociety; but they were grievouſly diſappointed upon receiving for anſwer, "That he was glad to hear there was ſuch a ſociety, and that ſome of his ſubjects had humanity enough to concern themſelves about the fate of the poor negroes." An anſwer which ſufficiently teſtifies the natural tenderneſs and goodneſs which poſſeſſed the heart of the ſovereign; whatever impreſſion it may make with reſpect to his political wiſdom or knowledge. His miniſters, however, held very different ſentiments from the king upon this ſubject. Calonne had decreed conſiderable bounties to encourage and increaſe the ſlave trade; and Neckar, the avowed child of ſentiment, philanthropy, and morality, not only continued theſe bounties, but in a treatiſe, abounding otherwiſe with precepts and ſentiments of the greateſt humanity, laid it down as an incontrovertible axiom, "that the nation which ſets the example of aboliſhing the ſlave trade, will become the dupe of its own generoſity."

The exertions of the friends of the negroes, whether at home or abroad, ſeemed, however, to have loſt all conſideration and even remembrance, as ſoon as an account of the revolution at home reached the iſlands, and that the doctrines of univerſal liberty and equality were promulgated among the coloniſts. The beautiful iſland of St. Domingo, the fineſt parts of which were covered with a number of the moſt flouriſhing, rich, and happy colonies perhaps in the world, was the firſt, the greateſt, the moſt laſting, and the moſt deplorable victim to the enſuing calamities. Though a contempt of all government and ſubordination ſoon became general among all orders and degrees of men, yet the troops ſeem to have been among the firſt who afforded a practical example of the enjoyment of their new liberty. This was diſplayed by the regiment of Port-au-Prince, in the murder of their colonel, a brave and diſtinguiſhed officer; who, in open day, was ſlaughtered at the head of his regiment. Single enormities, however ſtriking in themſelves, were ſoon loſt in the general glare of the greater which were to ſucceed. The coloniſts, like the people in France, were divided into two great parties, the royaliſts and the republicans, each of which appeared at different times to predominate; but the preſſure of domeſtic troubles and dangers excited by the new ſtate of things too immediately affected the planters, to admit of their yet cutting each others throats about the politics of Europe.

For the preſent occaſion drew forth and brought into a ſtate of great notoriety a new race of men, who had hitherto been little known or heard of, at leaſt on this ſide the Atlantic. Theſe were the mulattoes, a numerous, bold, hardy, daring, and profligate race; who being derived from the promiſcuous intercourſe between white men and negroe women, were, by a ſtrange perverſion of language, diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of people of colour. The much greater part of theſe were by birth in the condition of free men, with reſpect to perſon and property, but were ſecluded by law from any ſhare in the civil government, and conſequently from giving their votes in the election of magiſtrates or deputies. Theſe now inſiſted upon a full participation of all the rights and privileges of free citizens, without any regard to the diſtinctions of birth or colour, which, they ſaid, had been formed in the days of deſpotiſm, darkneſs, and ignorance; and being much more numerous, as well as far exceeding in bodily ſtrength and courage the luxurious and enervated whites, they ſupported their claims, not only with an apparent ſenſe of their ſuperiority, but with all that prompt intemperance and arrogance, which ſeems to be peculiarly characteriſtic of that race.

Both parties ſent deputies to the national aſſembly; jarring, contradictory, and inexplicit decrees were ſent out: ſome of which were ſaid not to be underſtood, ſome impracticable, and others would not be obeyed. The colonial aſſembly was ſuſpected by the national of aiming at independency; and it was ſaid that the planters talked publicly of calling in the Engliſh and ſurrendering the iſland to them. Some of the decrees were underſtood by the mulattoes to confer rights on them, which the whites would not allow them to poſſeſs, and which the others prepared to wreſt from them by force; and until this attempt was made, the animoſity, and mutual abhorrence of the parties, was encreaſed to a degree ſeldom equalled. In proceſs of time, commiſſioners were repeatedly ſent from France; but theſe carrying out with them the violent political prejudices which they had imbibed at home, and being generally men devoid of principle, if not of abilities, inſtead of attempting to heal differences, they, upon their arrival, depending upon the chances which length of time, diſtance, and the uncertain ſtate of government in the mother country, might produce in their favour, looked only to procure immediate power and conſequence, by placing themſelves at the head of ſome of the contending factions; and thus ruſhing at once as principals, into all the rage and fury of civil diſcord, increaſed to its utmoſt pitch, that confuſion and miſchief which they were intended to remedy.

It would fill a volume of no inconſiderable ſize to give only a brief narrative of the troubles which enſued in the French iſlands; of the continual diſputes which aroſe, and the ſhort intermiſſions of ſeeming conciliation which took place between the whites and the mulattoes, the maſters and their ſlaves, the governors and the colonial aſſemblies, and between the national aſſembly at home, and the two laſt: without taking into the account the political factions which raged, and increaſed the general confuſion and fury; while every arrival from France was pregnant with new ſources of diſcord. In St. Domingo alone, three different colonial aſſemblies were choſen in three different parts of the iſland, who all ſitting at the ſame time, were only diſtinguiſhed by their endleſs contention.

A curious obſervation, which may not, perhaps, be entirely unworthy the contemplation of philoſophy, ariſes from a curſory conſideration of this ſubject; which is, that mankind are ſcarcely more ſlow in the progreſs of moral improvement, than

than they are in totally shaking off all ideas, natural or acquired, of order and justice. We see in the present instance, misrule and disorder producing a jumble of all the passions, of almost all orders, parties, colours, and degrees of men, which are thrown into a state of the most violent fermentation; and yet we see, that it required some considerable course of practice in the commission of crimes, and no small extent of time, before this chaos of anarchy and confusion could produce its ultimate effect, and plunge, even the most depraved, or most ignorant of mankind, into the last possible degree of atrocity and guilt.

As the series of calamity and ruin which fell upon the French colonies are still scarcely closed, it must suffice for us at present to observe, that the mulattoes were the first, in St. Domingo, who had recourse to arms; that numbers of negroes were by degrees armed and drawn in as auxiliaries; that after dreadful scenes of devastation, slaughter, and horror, the slaves being trained to lose all respect for, and dread of their masters, rose upon their own account in rebellion, to the number of one hundred thousand or more, with a view of totally exterminating the whites. And that thus, though by slow degrees, the aid of artillery, and the benefit of fortifications long preserving some degree of balance, the final ruin of that fine island was preceded and accompanied by such horrid scenes of cruelty, murder, massacre, conflagration, and general desolation, as have seldom disgraced the page of history, or equally wrung the hearts of mankind in the recital.

While the colonies were thus commencing, or already in the course of their disastrous career, that plots, conspiracies, and insurrections, were the constant subjects of discourse and apprehension at home, and that the smothering seeds of foreign war were ill covered in Germany, the state of the army, which had in a great measure thrown off all subordination and discipline, was a source of much uneasiness to the national assembly. The troops had been guilty of great outrages in different parts of the kingdom; but tumult and outrage were things now so common, that these might have passed without much notice, if it had not been for the uncertainty from what spirit they proceeded, and of the political sentiments which operated on the soldiers. Proper means were used to sound the principles both of officers and private men, and the result of the enquiry was said to be, that the former were very generally aristocrates, and were supposed to have been already corrupted by that party; but that the soldiers were as generally well disposed to the revolution, and might without much difficulty be firmly secured to it. This object being accordingly easily attained, the army became, like the nation, divided into two great parties. But the means thus used for gaining or securing the soldiers, however necessary it might have been on the present occasion, had the ill effect of destroying all remains of subordination and discipline in the army; the soldiers, swelling with the importance which they found they possessed, and thereby secure of support and protection in all cases, now added contempt and party animosity to that dislike, arising only from an aversion to command, which they had before entertained for their officers. Such an army was little calculated for public defence, or contention with a foreign enemy, however it might, through the very excess of its faultiness, exceed all others in the peculiar service of overawing and controlling the disaffected at home; especially in a state of things, where the end was generally allowed to justify the means; and acts of violence and outrage were seldom enquired into, if they were committed on the right side of the question, or under the influence, as it was termed, of true patriotism.

A change which now took place, or which had rather been gradually growing in the disposition and sentiments of the people since the commencement of the revolution, however dangerous or fatal it might prove in its future operation or consequences, afforded, for the present, the greatest strength and security to the new system, which it could possibly obtain. This was the violent passion for sovereignty, which easily superseded the weaker desire of liberty, whose possession appeared as nothing, when placed in comparison with the charms of that seducing enchantress. This passion was not confined to any particular order or class of men, but spread like a contagion through all ranks of the populace in every part of the kingdom, and rendered them as zealous patriots, in the common acceptation of that term at the time, that is, as anxious and as violent supporters of the present system, as the national assembly themselves.

It may be easily remembered, that from the beginning of the troubles this supreme authority had been continually exercised without scruple or ceremony, not only by those smaller or greater communities who carried the appearance of acting in a public capacity, but very generally by mere individuals, or by any accidental collection of them, whether brought together in the pursuit of particular revenge, or prompted by the general desire of plunder. In a word, the exercise of this uncontrouled authority, was held to be not only the criterion but the essence of freedom; and by degrees, its continual practice, led not only the larger districts, but even smaller communities, in a great measure to consider themselves and to act, without any formal assumption of the name, as distinct republics, though connected by some sort of federal union, the nature of which they took no trouble to enquire into. They, however, considered the national assembly as a necessary legislative and executive head, for the purposes of preventing discord among the numberless parts, of conducting the public business, including the management of the revenue, and of concentrating and directing the common force; while with all these high powers, they held that body to be ultimately subject to their general and supreme controul. Upon the same principle, and under the same impression, every active citizen, if not every one at large, now stood high in his own estimation, as being one of the five or six millions of joint sovereigns who ruled a great empire.

This general passion for rule in the people, and opinion of its being a right, so subversive of

all government, and not less incompatible with the principles of a republic than a monarchy, having been brought into being and act by circumstance and occasion, was nourished and fostered, not only by the new doctrines promulgated by the national assembly, but, perhaps, still more, by the new and strange language which it became fashionable to use in that body; the majesty of the people, their supreme authority, their uncontrollable power, to which all things must bend, and even the principles of law, justice, and right give way, being the usual flowers of speech which adorned every harangue, that pretended to any merit, or that hoped for any praise. The effect of such language continually resounding in the ears of a people already maddened by the very doctrines which it conveyed and confirmed, may be much more easily imagined than expressed. In fact, popularity being the idol to which all the writers and orators, not only in the assembly, but throughout the kingdom, paid their constant and most fervent devotion, all their writings and all their speeches, were directed to flatter the populace, and consequently tended to cherish and increase this dangerous phrenzy.

As the desire of rule and sovereignty is inherent in the human breast, and among the strongest of all the passions that infest it, it cannot be wondered at, that the petty but numerous possessors of new and unexpected power, should determine, at all events, to preserve so invaluable a treasure, and should tremble at every apprehension of its loss. This coalesced the apparent bulk of the nation, or at least the acting part of it, to a man, in one common interest, and bond of union, which, however fragile all other ties might prove, carried in its nature the appearance of indissolubility, as the causes which produced it could never cease to operate. The most uninformed of those, who were thus suddenly curst, or as they deemed it blest with the possession of power, could scarcely avoid perceiving, that no other system of government upon earth, than the present, could or would have endued them with such an authority; and every man accordingly found himself immediately bound, by the most captivating and irresistible motives, to support and defend at all risques, and in defiance of all perils, that state of things which procured him such unspeakable happiness.

The real or pretended plots and conspiracies, as well as the foreign dangers which were unceasingly held out, along with the real vague and futile industry of the restless and ruined royalists, who were eagerly grasping at every shadow, which seemed to indicate in the weakest degree, the most delusive hopes of recovering their rights, excited the greatest possible alarm among those people, who were now in possession of all the smaller divisions of power and authority, and who were determined to maintain what they possessed. The province of Bretagne was the first that set the example of associating, arming, and forming large bodies of men in military array, with an assumption of the government and appearance of armies, for the defence of the new constitution against all its enemies foreign or domestic. This example was speedily followed by its neighbours, particularly the provinces on the southern side, and in a little time became general throughout the kingdom.

Thus was produced that extraordinary display of the might and greatness of France, the glories of which, even the eloquent historian of the revolution, seems at some loss to find words sufficiently splendid to describe; although he informs us, "that the earth seemed to bring forth armies." That, "nothing was to be seen any where but battalions of citizens, who, assembled in thousands, were swearing to live free, or to perish. The clang of arms, the military music, the banners floating in the wind, the delightful sentiments of brotherhood, which bound so great a multitude to one and the same cause, all awakened in their hearts the enthusiasm of liberty." And that "France beheld four millions of men in arms upon her plains; millions conscious of their strength, and well acquainted with their rights."

And yet, notwithstanding this terrific muster-roll, which seemed to hold out defiance to the united force of mankind, there is every reason to believe that the number of the disaffected throughout the kingdom, was at least equal to that of the supporters of the new system; so that the supposed four millions of men in arms must have been a gross exaggeration, as the general population must otherwise have far exceeded any rational estimate that ever was or could be made of it; without observing, what has since evidently appeared, that the kingdom did not possess arms sufficient for one fourth of the assigned number. For besides the two great bodies of the nobility and clergy, whose discontent was avowed, and their enmity scarcely denied, even so far as prudence and safety required, all the late parliaments and magistrates throughout the kingdom, with all the retainers and harbingers of law and of justice, in all their various degrees, (whose numbers in France were so prodigious, that a true estimate of them, if it could be made, would appear incredible) were to a man, excepting something between one and two hundred village attornies who sat in the national assembly, totally adverse and hostile to the new government. This body was deemed so formidable, that Rabaut seems to consider, the men of the law, the appellation by which he classed them in the gross, among the most dangerous enemies of the new constitution. To these were to be added the working manufacturers throughout the kingdom, whose number was beyond count, and whose distresses were now great and general; nor was perhaps the number of laborious poor in the provinces much less, whose families could scarcely have existed in any manner, but for the fostering benevolence and bounty of their lords, who were now either ruined or absent, and of the clergy, who were still in a worse state. To all these might be added an immense number of others, under various descriptions, whose losses or disappointments had rendered them unhappy, and consequently dissatisfied with the present state of affairs.

The disorders, tumults, assassinations, and massacres, which were continually taking place in different

different parts of the kingdom, particularly in the great cities, being in many instances attributed to the bad conduct of the municipalities, and to contentions, between themselves, the assembly passed a decree that all municipalities should be answerable for any damage done by rioters in their respective districts. A law which might have produced an excellent effect if it had been properly enforced, but from that being neglected answered little or no purpose.

The assembly annexed the island of Corsica inseparably to France, by constituting it a member of the kingdom, and thus, in the language of Rabaut, attaching it by the delightful chains of liberty and equality. That body likewise, looking forward to the future greatness and glory of France, as well as to fan and increase to its utmost height the glowing flame of liberty, in the true spirit of ancient republicanism, decreed mural crowns to be publicly presented to the conquerors of the Bastile.

The unexpected dispute between Spain and England, which was a matter of surprise, as well from its suddenness as the insignificance of the cause, to all Europe, interrupted, in some degree, the proceedings of the national assembly in the regulation of domestic affairs and government. The court of Madrid having upon this occasion claimed the assistance which France was bound by the family compact to afford, in case of a war, the king sent a message to the

May 13th, 1790. assembly, informing them of the dispute, the claim, and of the great naval preparations made by the English; at the same time requiring their assistance, for the equipment of a fleet of 14 sail of the line, to be in readiness to assist in fulfilling the mutual engagements subsisting between the nations. Though the answer to this message was civil enough, but guarded against at all entering into the subject, it immediately brought up a very interesting debate upon a most important subject; this was the grand question, in whose hands the power of making peace and war, should at the present and in future be lodged? The most violent of the democratic party insisted, that this great authority could be safely lodged in no other hands but those of the assembly; and in supporting this opinion, repeated with great energy all those common-place topics of abuse, and railing accusations, which it was now so fashionable to bring forward, against kings, tyrants, and conquerors; as if no republics had ever entered into wars, and as if some of their factious demagogues, to answer their private purposes or ambition, had ever unjustly and impolitically caused them.

One of the deputies on the other side gave a great turn to the debate by telling the assembly, "that if they took this power to themselves, a battle would soon be fought in the middle of their hall between Spanish piastres and English guineas." This stroke had great effect, and contributed to a sort of compromise between the parties, which at length produced a decree, the main purport of which with respect to the question was, that war should not be made, but by a decree of the national assembly, after the king's formal notification of his opinion of the necessity of war; and that the king should be obliged to make peace if the assembly require it.

In this decree was included that celebrated clause, which was for a time the subject of much panegyric, and which, in the name of the French nation, renounced for ever, all conquests, and consequently all wars leading to that object. If this excellent resolution had been adhered to, it would have produced a most happy effect, through the favourable impression which it would have made upon the sentiments of mankind, and particularly on the neighbouring states, with respect to the wisdom, moderation, justice, and peaceable disposition which predominated in the new government; which all Europe would then find itself interested in supporting, and which the most remote nations could not avoid regarding with respect and admiration.

But this message from the king threw the city of Paris into a state of the most violent agitation, and led the populace nearly to the point of renewing all the outrages which they had ever before exhibited; for this ever restless and turbulent people thought fit to conceive, that the whole business was the effect of a connected plot, formed by the king and the aristocrates, in order to find a pretence for uniting the naval and military forces of both nations, and thereby accomplishing a counter-revolution. Upon this occasion Mirabeau, who had the fortune of being so often alternately, the idol, or the aversion of the mob, became the object of their utmost execration and rage. For having given it as his opinion in the assembly, "that in the present situation of affairs, the power of peace and war must be left to the king;" although he had introduced this opinion by a long prelude aiming at popularity, but which was, however, rather too sublime to be easily understood, it was immediately reported, either by the democratic party in the assembly, or by those in the galleries, that he had been bribed by the court: and this charge being speedily conveyed to the populace, a pamphlet was within a few hours cried and hawked about the streets, entitled, "*The great Treachery of the Count Mirabeau.*" In this dangerous predicament he shewed great stoutness, and braved the democrates; but found means soon after, as usual, to reconcile matters.

The assembly immediately published their decree, which, with other explanations on the subject, and means used to assuage the fever of the people, restored things to a state of quiet. They then appointed a committee to examine into and report upon, all treaties of alliance existing between France and other countries. This enquiry was founded upon a new doctrine at this time held by many of the most violent republicans, that all treaties concluded by kings were in their nature illegal, therefore null, and consequently should not be binding on the nation.

We shall pursue this subject with respect to Spain to its conclusion, though a lapse of several weeks took place before it was again brought forward. It appears from the event, that however other treaties were considered, it was determined

mined to ſupport the connection and alliance with Spain, even at the hazard of a war; a conſequence which, in the preſent convulſed and diſjointed ſtate of the nation, muſt have been attended with the utmoſt danger. During this interval, the diſpoſition of the people, with reſpect to England, had undergone a ſudden and total change. Violent ſpeeches had been made both in the aſſembly and popular clubs, and violent pamphlets publiſhed, all calculated to agitate and inflame the public mind, by expatiating upon the ambitious views and dangerous deſigns attributed to England. Commercial jealouſy was rouzed and brought into play to further this change in the national diſpoſition. The merchants of the ſouthern provinces, a great, powerful, and numerous order of men, were alarmed by the apprehenſion, that if Spain ſhould be deſerted in this emergency, ſhe would find herſelf under a neceſſity of concluding a treaty with England, which, in its conſequences, might prove highly prejudicial to the intereſts of France. The remonſtrances and influence of the merchants were ſeconded and confirmed by the report of the committee of alliances, which was highly favourable to Spain, and conſequently adverſe to England.

Things were in this train, when M. de Montmorin, in the beginning of Auguſt, laid before the national aſſembly, a recent application from the court of Spain for the expected aſſiſtance. The fitting out of a powerful fleet, and a defenſive alliance with Spain, were immediately determined upon; the aſſembly at the ſame time deprecating any alliance for offenſive purpoſes; a reſerve which could operate only in words as the aſſiſtance muſt from its nature prove offenſive. A fleet of above thirty ſail was fitted out at Breſt with the utmoſt poſſible expedition; but the French naval force had by this time ſhaken off all ſubordination and diſcipline, with the ſame contempt that the army had done, and the ſeamen were become in all reſpects as diſorderly and licentious as the ſoldiers. They had already gone to ſuch a length as to refuſe to ſerve under any officers but ſuch as they liked; had inſtituted committees to report upon the naval qualifications, and the political principles, of their commanders; and had, in ſome inſtances, caſhiered their captains, and choſen new ones; a meaſure deducible from, and fully warranted by, that part of the new doctrines, which held, that kings were liable to be caſhiered for miſbehaviour like footmen. Theſe mutineers had likewiſe been guilty of great diſorders and exceſſes in the port and town of Breſt; and, it was ſaid, were encouraged and ſupported in all their enormities by the municipality of that place.

M. Albert de Rioms was firſt admiral, and commander in chief of this mutinous fleet, a man of good character, deemed an able officer, and fully competent to diſcharge the duties of his command in all ſituations of ſervice that could occur. It was ſaid, and is believed, that whatever the admiral's other qualifications might be, he was ſuſpected of not being ſo thoroughly democratic in his principles as the violent party in the aſſembly wiſhed. It was likewiſe ſuppoſed, that they wanted to make the diſorders at Breſt a pretence, for turning both that admiral and the preſent miniſters out of their offices together; at the latter of whom, we have already ſeen, they had been long carping, without their being able to bring any one direct charge to the proof againſt them. Some new penal marine law or code, which had been haſtily voted by the aſſembly, gave ſuch offence to the ſailors, that a more violent mutiny than any which had yet taken place, ſuddenly broke out at Breſt.

As every thing was now done by committees, one was immediately appointed, to enquire into and report upon the cauſes of theſe diſorders. M. Menou, the mouth of the committee, reported, that both the ſailors and the municipality were deſerving not only of cenſure but puniſhment; but he at the ſame time repreſented, that the general diſlike to and want of confidence in the miniſtry, was the latent cauſe of all the riots, mutinies, and diſorders in the kingdom. A motion was immediately made for accuſing the miniſters, but through ſome ſtrange chance, not accounted for, it was moſt unexpectedly loſt; a diſappointment which excited the higheſt and moſt viſible degree of rage in the democratic party.

Upon the re-conſideration of the report on the following day, the ſame reporter, who had before acknowledged that both the ſailors and the municipality had been guilty of crimes deſerving of puniſhment, had the effrontery to tell the aſſembly, that ſince they would not puniſh the real authors of miſchief, they ought not to puniſh men, who had only erred through an exceſs of patriotiſm. This ſtrange doctrine was adopted as ſoon as delivered; and, in defiance of all regard to military order, ſubordination, and diſcipline, the mutinous ſailors were only mildly exhorted to return to their duty; ſomething like an apology made to them for the new penal articles, by promiſing to reconſider them; at the ſame time that they were flattered by preſenting them with a new ſtriped flag, which was to ſuperſede the ancient white military enſign of France. The rage of the democratic party at the defeat which they had met with on the preceding day, was ſo exceſſive as to become intolerable; and ſome of the oppoſite ſide having ſtrongly expreſſed their diſapprobation at the meaſure propoſed of changing the national flag, this awakened all the ſuppreſſed fury of Mirabeau, who, with his uſual intemperance and violence, cried out, "The ariſtocrates are grown inſolent from their victory of yeſterday; a fortnight ago they dared not, for their own ſafety, to have objected to this propoſal!" Theſe words being highly reſented, brought forth the immediate reply, "That it was language worthy only of a leader of banditti." Thus was inſtantly produced one of thoſe ſcenes of diſorder, noiſe, clamour, and heat, which have ſo often diſgraced that body.

The ſervants or aſſiſtants of the executive government being now convinced that their official fate was finally determined, did not hold it to be either prudent or wiſe to urge the exertions

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of power to any farther extremity. The marine miniſter, Luzerne, reſigned, and was replaced by Flurieu; but ſome ſuſpicion or diſlike prevailing againſt him, he met with ſo many mortifications from the aſſembly, that he was ſoon after glad to reſign, and was ſucceeded by M. Thevenard. M. Tour du Pin, the war miniſter, was ſucceeded by M. Duportail, who had the fortune to pleaſe the aſſembly, but was loudly reproached by the other ſide, for totally neglecting the diſcipline of the army, and ſuffering the ſoldiers, already too little diſpoſed to ſubmit to any order or controul, to become entirely independent of all command; at the ſame time that they grew to be the common accuſers of their officers, and conſtituted themſelves judges not only of their actions but of their principles. The other miniſters were weeded out one after another; and the admiral, de Rioms, having likewiſe reſigned, he was ſucceeded in the command of the Breſt fleet by Bougainville.

Though the ſailors at Breſt were pacified, and the preparations carried on with ſuch vigour as to be nearly if not quite concluded, the court of Spain received ſuch terrible accounts of the incorrigible ſpirit of diſorder and mutiny which prevailed in the French fleet, that it is ſaid to have been impreſſed with the greateſt dread, of engaging, with ſuch conſorts, in a doubtful war with a moſt formidable enemy; the whole fortune and ſucceſs of which muſt almoſt entirely depend upon the joint and great naval exertions of the united nations. This impreſſion was ſuppoſed and believed to be the principal operative motive with Spain, in inducing her ſuddenly to conclude the convention with England, which ſettled the differences between the two nations. Thus was prevented a war, which might, poſſibly, in its courſe and conſequences, have greatly changed, if not totally altered, the ſtate of internal affairs in France. It is no great preſumption then to ſuppoſe, or even conclude, that neither the king, the court, nor the royaliſts in general, could have been by any means averſe to the war's taking place at this juncture.

During theſe tranſactions the violent republican party found themſelves ſo much increaſed in ſtrength and in number, both within and without the aſſembly, and believing the new ſyſtem to be ſo firmly eſtabliſhed as to bid defiance to all danger, did not deem it neceſſary to ſubmit any longer to the reſtraint of obſerving any terms with the nobility, but thought they might venture boldly to bring forward their grand and long-concerted ſcheme for the total extirpation of that body; and even, ſo far as it was poſſible to be done, to eraſe and obliterate the very name, along with all memorials and remembrance of their paſt exiſtence. We are to obſerve, that many of the moſt eminent of the French nobility, whether with reſpect to family, fortune, character, or influence, (among whom we ſhall only mention as inſtances, the dukes de Rochefoucault and de Liancourt) although they abhorred ſome of the violent acts of the aſſembly, were ſtill zealous adherents to the revolution, ſo far as its originally avowed principles went; for they were no leſs averſe to the ancient deſpotiſm of the crown, than the democrates, but then they deteſted republicaniſm, perhaps even more than deſpotiſm, as the greater evil of the two. Their object was a rational, moderate, limited monarchy, whoſe powers ſhould be preciſely defined, which, with full ſecurity to the perſons and property of the people, with all the liberty that was compatible with good government, ſhould at the ſame time have its own rights as firmly ſecured, and as well guarded, as theirs. It will be eaſily drawn from a recollection of paſt circumſtances, that had it not been for the ſupport and influence of ſuch men as theſe, in different ſeaſons of great difficulty, the buſineſs of the revolution could ſcarcely, if at all, have been accompliſhed. But they were now no longer deemed neceſſary, and they experienced, to their grief and coſt, that from the beginning they had been made inſtruments and tools to the deſigns of that faction, which they abhorred and deteſted beyond all others.

(To be continued.)

Affairs of France, continued from our laſt.

Including a full Account of the late important Revolution.

THE firſt ſymptoms of an approaching revolution in the government of France, was on Wedneſday, June 11, when Bourdon de l'Oiſe obſerved, that by a decree of the preceding day, the convention had entruſted to the committees of public ſafety and general welfare, the right of carrying before the revolutionary tribunal ſuch as they ſhould deem to have incurred the ſeverity of national juſtice. He enquired, therefore, whether this right extended to the members of the convention; and he moved, that the committees ſhould ſtill preſerve the ſalutary right of apprehending, whenever neceſſary, the repreſentatives of the people, but that they ſhould not take them before the revolutionary tribunal, without a previous decree of accuſation framed by the convention. A decree, accordingly, paſſed to this effect; by which, for the firſt time ſince the execution of Danton and his party, ſome check was given to the ſanguinary views and proceedings of Robeſpierre, who appeared to influence all the proceedings of the two committees.

The next day, Couthon, in the name of the committee of public ſafety, made a report on the new organization of the revolutionary tribunal. On this occaſion Bourdon de l'Oiſe and Le Cointre, demanded an adjournment, which Robeſpierre oppoſed. 'I obſerve,' ſaid the latter, 'that the period when liberty triumphs in the moſt determined way, is alſo that when the enemies of the public weal are particularly active to deprive us of the fruits of our labours. We conſent to die, but we wiſh that the country and the convention may be ſaved.'—One principal end of this new organization was to expedite the ſanguinary proceedings of the tribunal, by dividing it into ſmaller tribunals, ſo that a greatet number of criminals might be trying at one time.

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This organization was actually decreed by the convention; and the triumph of Robespierre was, in this instance, complete, although, as it appeared in the sequel, it was of no long duration.

About this time, while the combined armies in Flanders, Brabant, and on the Rhine, were retreating before the more numerous forces of the French, the convention were amused at the same time, with repeated reports of victories obtained, and alarmed with daily accounts of conspiracies in embryo, or actually discovered. Whether there were any truth or not in the accounts of these conspiracies, it is certain, that at this time a serious contest was approaching between two powerful factions. The success of the military operations against the combined powers would, it was thought, have consolidated the credit of the committee of public safety, and have strengthened the authority of its leader. It soon appeared, however, that the principal leader of the ruling faction was tottering upon his revolutionary throne. While Robespierre was successively plotting the destruction of the partizans of Brissot, Hebert, and Danton, he was seldom seen in public. Certain of triumphing, he remained behind the scenes, and left the ruin of his rivals to be promoted by his subalterns. He never appeared himself, but to decide at once the arrest or death of those whom he had proscribed. Now, he w·s scarcely ever absent from the club of the Jacobins, whose tribune he often ascended; and he had not sufficient authority to imprison one of those, whom, in the midst of the convention, he had stigmatized as villains and conspirators.

Of all the chiefs of the different factions which have successively reigned in the volcano of the French revolution, Robespierre was the man whose government promised to be the most durable; because he had the character of being the most incorruptible, and of having shewn the least variation in his conduct. The cause of his overthrow will, no doubt, be accounted for in the number of terrible executions which he ordered, and which brought upon him a host of enemies*.

It was on the 25th of July that this great contest may be said to have commenced. On that day, Barrere having announced that the army of the Sambre and the Meuse were marching to Liege, presented a report in the name of the committees of public safety and general welfare, in which, 'after stating that liberty would annihilate the authors of the new plot, he entered into a reply to those misled citizens, who expressed a desire that a second 31st of May should take place. In this reply, he drew a comparison between the present prosperous situation of France, and the disastrous state in which the different factions had involved the country. His speech was received with loud applause.

On the 26th of July, Robespierre, in a long

NOTE.

* These executions were literally *diurnal*; and forty or fifty unhappy victims, *at one time*, were no uncommon sight. Among the more celebrated, who perished in this way, were the famous baron Trenck, and M. Linguet.

speech concerning the revolutionary government, endeavoured to answer the accusations of those who had reproached him with aspiring to be dictator. These reproaches, he said, had become more violent since the strenuous manner in which he had asserted the existence of a Supreme Being, in opposition to the atheistical successors of Hebert and Danton. In the course of a variety of observations relative to the state of the republic, he denied that he had ever proposed to the committee of public safety to arrest thirty members of the convention.

A debate immediately took place, whether Robespierre's speech should be referred to the committees, previously to its being printed, in order to prevent any errors from creeping into it, or whether it should be printed immediately, for the use of the members, without any such reference. After a tumultuous discussion, the motion for its being referred to the committees, (with some other motions not immediately relative to the subject) was evaded by the order of the day; and the convention decreed the immediate printing of the speech.

This triumph of Robespierre was of short duration. The next day, St. Just, one of his partizans, appeared in the tribune: 'I am of no faction, 'said he;' I hate all factions. Your committees of public safety and general welfare have ordered me to present a report to you on the apparent corruption of the public. opinion—But I will speak only to you, and I will speak only in my own name.'—He was prevented from proceeding by exclamations of indignation against him.

Tallien obtained leave to speak. 'St. Just,' said he, 'has began by informing you that he is of no party—I belong only to the party of truth. Yesterday a member of the government (Robespierre) thought proper to make an insulated report; to-day another member addresses you in his own name, and on his own account. Alas! what citizen can refrain from tears, when he contemplates the miseries of his country!'

'You will shudder,' said Billaud Varennes, 'when you hear that the armed force of Paris is committed to the armed hands of parricides. Henriot, you remember, was denounced by the revolutionary tribunal as the accomplice of Hebert. From the punishment which he deserved he was rescued by the power of one man.—Who is that man? you will ask—Robespierre is the man. —Lavalette, one of the chiefs of the armed force, and the only noble who has been retained in a military capacity, sharpened the poinards that were to massacre the deputies.—Who was his protector? Robespierre was his protector.

Billaud Varennes brought several other charges against Robespierre; among others, that he occasioned several members of the revolutionary committee of the section of Indivisibility, whose patriotism was never suspected, to be thrown into prison. He accused him of having seceded to the committee of public safety during the space of four decades, and at the time when the decree relative to the revolutionary tribunal was in agitation; a decree which originated in him, which was so ill-received, and whose object was to expel

pel from the convention all *impure men*, that is to ſay, all thoſe who were diſagreeable to him. He alſo accuſed Robeſpierre of having ſaved from the ſcaffold a ſecretary who had been convicted of ſtealing 40,000 livres, and of being ſurrounded by men of bad characters, particularly Daubigny. After an energetic ſpeech againſt Robeſpierre, he concluded by denouncing him as a tyrant, and an enemy to his country. The loudeſt applauſes reſounded from every part of the hall.

Robeſpierre attempted to ſpeak; but the members exclaimed; *A bas le Tyran*—Down with the tyrant.

Here Tallien roſe: 'In the houſe of that guilty individual,' ſaid he, 'who now ſtands humbled with the conſciouſneſs of detected guilt, were formed thoſe liſts of proſcription which have ſtained with ſo much blood the altars of riſing liberty. Imitating the example of the deteſtable Sylla, his proſcriptions were intended only to pave the way for his own power and the eſtabliſhment of a perpetual dictatorſhip. Happily, however, his deſigns have been diſcovered before he had time to execute them, or to add to that ſtream of blood which has already deluged France. His long ſucceſs in villainy made him, at laſt, lay aſide his wonted caution. He had advanced with ſuch rapidity in the career of lawleſs ambition, that he already conceived himſelf arrived at the accompliſhment of his wiſhes; and that, like Cæſar, the name of king was only wanting for the full eſtabliſhment of his power. Was it to ſubject ourſelves to ſo degrading, and ſo abject a tyranny, that we brought to the ſcaffold the laſt of the Capets, and laviſhed ſo much blood of French citizens? Was it in order to acknowledge ſo petty a deſpot, that we declared eternal war againſt kings, and ſwore to eſtabliſh liberty at the price of life?—No, the ſpirit of freedom has not ſunk ſo low: the ſenſe of that duty which virtuous men owe to their country is not yet extinguiſhed. I invoke the ſhade of the virtuous Brutus,' he continued, fixing his eye on the buſt of that patriot: 'like him, I have a poniard to rid my country of the tyrant, if the convention do not deliver him up to the ſword of juſtice. The French people, ever juſt, are attached neither to Robeſpierre nor to any other individual. Liberty is alone the object of their affections, and whoever forms any deſigns againſt it, becomes that moment their enemy. That liberty they will ever purſue amid the intrigues of domeſtic traitors, and the oppoſition of foreign deſpots. The republic is to be eſtabliſhed not only by the victories of our armies, but by the vigilance of our councils, and the juſtice of our puniſhments. After the enumeration of facts which you have heard from the laſt ſpeaker, is it neceſſary for me to remind you of the proceedings of that ſitting of the jacobins, where Dumas, preſident of the revolutionary tribunal, the creature and confederate of Robeſpierre, had the audacity to inſult the repreſentatives of the people? Need I recal to you that expreſſion addreſſed to the journaliſts in one of the laſt ſittings of the Jacobins? '*I prohibit you from inſerting my ſpeeches in your papers, till you have previouſly communicated them to me.*' Here already we find the tone of the dictator—the people ſhall know nothing except through my organ, and in the manner in which I ſhall be pleaſed to communicate it to them. Well, indeed, might *he* court the aid of ſilence and deception, whoſe deſigns were too infamous to be revealed, and whoſe conduct required to be gloſſed over with all the artifice of hypocriſy. But the French people were not to be ſo enſlaved, after having ſhaken off the tyranny of force. The guilt of the traitors now ſtands revealed, and it now remains only to think of their puniſhment. For this purpoſe I demand that we declare the ſitting permanent.

The propoſition was immediately decreed.

Billaud Varennes denounced as accomplices of that conſpiracy which was on the point of being carried into effect, and the object of which was to annihilate the national convention, Boulanger, who ſaid to Hebert, while he was employed in making out his liſt of proſcriptions—*Write, and we will ſtrike*;—Dufreſne, who had been a party in the treachery of Dumourier;—Dumas, who attempted to provoke the Jacobin club to aſſaſſinate the repreſentatives of the people,—and Lavalette, an ex-noble, and one of the commanders of the armed force of Paris. He concluded by moving, that theſe perſons ſhould be arreſted. It was decreed.

Delmas moved, that the adjutant-generals and the aid-de-camp of Henriot ſhould be put in a ſtate of arreſt; which was decreed; and Daubigny and Sigeos were alſo ordered to be arreſted.

Barrere preſented a report and proclamation to be addreſſed to the people. They were received with loud applauſes; and the convention adopting this proclamation ordered it to be publiſhed, and ſent to every part of the republic. They alſo decreed, that in the armed force of Paris all rank ſuperior to that of the chief of a legion ſhould be ſuppreſſed. The armed force was ordered to be newly organized, and to be regenerated; and it was decreed, that it ſhould be commanded monthly by the chiefs of the legion by turns.

Vadier entered into a very intereſting detail of the tyranny that had been practiſed by Robeſpierre, and upon that ſyſtem of *eſpionage* (ſpies and informers) which had been applied to each of the national deputies.

After having heard ſpeeches from Tallien, Billaud Varennes, and ſeveral other members, the convention unanimouſly decreed, after deliberating on each motion, 'that Robeſpierre the elder, Robeſpierre the younger, St. Juſt, Couthon, and Lebas, ſhould be put in a ſtate of arreſt, and their papers ſealed up.—Nicolas, a member of the revolutionary jury, was alſo ordered to be arreſted. The decree was immediately put in execution, and the arreſted members were carried by the proper officers through the bar of the convention.

Collot D'Herbois then aſcended the tribune. Loud and repeated plaudits prevented his being heard for ſome time. When the plaudits had ceaſed, he made a long ſpeech, in which he congratulated the convention on the deſtruction of

that ſyſtem of terror which tended to weaken and check the exertions of the patriots.

In the mean time, the members arreſted, relying on the ſtrength of their intereſt in the commune [municipality or corporation] of Paris, were determined to reſiſt the decree. They were firſt ſent to the Luxemburgh, but the adminiſtrator of the police there would not receive them as priſoners. They were then taken to the Town-houſe, where they were received, as friends, with open arms. Henriot, who was alſo arreſted, found means to eſcape, and rode about the ſtreets at the head of ſome horſe, accompanied by his adjutants, deſiring the people to arm, as Robeſpierre was arreſted, and liberty trod under foot. He was believed by ſome, particularly the cannoneers, and between nine and ten found himſelf at the head of about 4000 men, on the Place du Carouſel. The commune rang the alarm-bell, in the front of the Town-houſe, and the Place de Grieve, was filled with armed men, and a number of pieces of cannon. Robeſpierre, St. Juſt, and Couthon, with the commune, formed themſelves into a national convention, declared the other repreſentatives of the people traitors to the country, and outlawed them; ſent circular letters to all the diſtricts, appointed a revolutionary tribunal to condemn all thoſe to death who ſhould oppoſe them, of which Dumas was made preſident. Sijas, Vivier, and others, ſounded the alarm bell at the Jacobin club, which alſo declared in favour of Robeſpierre: in a word, all Paris was in motion, and a civil war was on the point of breaking out.

The national convention, on their part, were not inactive: Henriot, Robeſpierre, Couthon, St. Juſt, and all the members of the Commune were outlawed; and a proclamation was publiſhed and read in all the diſtricts of Paris, repreſenting the danger of the country. This had its effect, and the people declared for the convention. Part of the troops quitted Henriot, and 12 deputies were appointed by the convention to direct the military operations. Between two and three in the morning, Bourdon de l'Oiſe appeared upon the Place de Grieve, and read the decrees of the convention to the people. He then flew, with a ſabre between his teeth, and a piſtol in each hand, to the hall of the commune, at the head of ſome reſolute men. This bold proceeding confuſed the inſurgents: Robeſpierre was wounded with a piſtol on the chin; his brother jumped out of a window, and broke his leg and arm; Couthon ſtabbed himſelf twice; and one Coffintal, a member of the commune, enraged that Henriot (who had declared, upon forfeiture of his head, that all Paris was in their favour) had deceived them, abſolutely threw Henriot out of the window, who, thus bruiſed and wounded, found means to hide himſelf in a ſewer, whence he was afterward dragged all over blood and mud. The Town-houſe was ſo ſurrounded, that none of the inſurgents could eſcape, and they were all ſent to the committee of public ſafety. Le Gendre did the ſame at the Jacobin club as Bourdon de l'Oiſe had done at the Town-houſe; he was going to ſhoot the preſident, but fearful leſt he might miſs his aim, or hit ſome one elſe, he only arreſted him, ſhut up the club, and took the keys to the convention. At break of day the tumult was over.

On the following day, between ſix and ſeven in the evening, Robeſpierre and nine of his adherents, with twelve members of the commune, received their puniſhment amid an innumerable crowd of people of all ſexes, crying, 'long live the republic! down with the tyrant! down with the Cromwell!' Couthon was guillotined firſt, then the younger Robeſpierre, and next Henriot. Robeſpierre himſelf was the laſt but one. The applauſes and acclamations were doubled when he aſcended the ſcaffold, where he ſtood two minutes, while the executioner took off the cloth which covered his wounded face: he did not ſay a word. Not one of the culprits ſhewed the leaſt firmneſs or courage, but all died like cowards.

On the next day (Tueſday, July 30,) 71 members of the municipality were condemned and executed.

'Every moment,' ſays one of the Paris papers,' brings to light ſome new atrocity committed by Robeſpierre, who had placed his creatures in all departments, and particularly in the revolutionary tribunal. This has given riſe to the arreſt of the judges and juries of that tribunal, which will be re-organized.

The convention have already releaſed ſeveral patriots put under arreſt by the tyrant. The plan ſeems to have been, to get rid of all, whoſe abilities ſtood the leaſt in his way, and then to form a triumvirate with the blood-thirſty Couthon and the ambitious St. Juſt.

The convention have decreed, that henceforward one fourth of the members of all the committees, without diſtinction, ſhall be renewed monthly, and on the 30th of July, they proceeded, by public vote, to complete the committee of public welfare: the new members are, Eſſechereau the elder, Breard, la Loi, Thuriot, Freilhard, and Tallien; the old ones are, Carnot, Barrere, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, Prieur de la Cote d'Or, and Robert Lindet.

(To be continued.)

State Papers.

Subſtance of the Declaration of his Majeſty the Emperor and King, delivered by Count Schlick to the Convocation of the Circle of the Upper Rhine—Auguſt 12, 1794.

THE moſt imminent danger, and the period is come, when the moſt efficacious meaſures ought to be inſtantly adopted, in the deliverance of the Germanic empire is not renounced, or if, even in this campaign—the ſovereignty of the provinces and countries of the empire, from the ſources of the Rhine to its mouth, is not to be given up to French violence.

The imperial court has ſignified the extent of this enterprize, and the confined reſources of the houſe of Auſtria to thoſe ſtates of the empire, who prayed with ſo much concern for the deliverance, previous to the exploſion, which the ſaid court has delayed as much as poſſible.

The imperial court inſiſted upon ſpeedy prepa-

rations

ations on the part of the empire, at leaſt upon the defence of its own frontiers; but in vain has it inſiſted! The neintegration of the army of the empire, which has been contrived with all poſſible zeal, has not been effected at this moment, when two thirds of the campaign have elapſed, and when the enemies are victorious in every quarter.

[After recapitulating fully the manifold and various ſacrifices which the houſe of Auſtria made for the empire at large—the following propoſal is made, to avert the threatened overthrow of the Germanic conſtitution.]

The ſpiritual and temporal communities of the ſuperior and lower claſſes are ſtill poſſeſſed of treaſures which remain untouched, but which might be beneficially applied.

The people of property of every deſcription have a credit, which they ought to lend to raiſe great ſums of money, to complete that which the houſe of Auſtria—after ſuch an immenſe influx of money into the empire, only drawn from its own hereditary dominions, is no longer able to afford by itſelf.

It is only by ſuch an influx of money that the ſtanding armies can be ſupplied with what is moſt neceſſary for their preſervation, that the fortreſſes can be put in a proper ſtate of defence, and that the maſſes who are to haſten to the frontiers will be ſupported.

The underſigned miniſter plenipotentiary is charged by the emperor and king, moſt ſolemnly to declare, in his imperial majeſty's name, that if the imperial court is abandoned at this deciſive criſis, it will not be able to ſave the empire; but it will conſole itſelf with the idea of having done all that poſſibly could be done for the country;—and that the imperial court will be obliged to make reſponſible before God and to poſterity, for all thoſe misfortunes that will then unavoidably cruſh the provinces of the Germanic empire, and for the miſery which may then ſpread infectious all over Europe, by the propagation of principles of anarchy; nay, the imperial court will make reſponſible thoſe who, by neglect, by inactivity, or even by mercenary private views, ſhall have omitted conſcientiouſly to exert themſelves for the general preſervation.

(Signed)

COUNT VON SCHLICK.

Done at Frankfort, Auguſt 12, 1794.

By the States of Holland and Weſt Frieſland. A Proclamation.

"THE ſtates of Holland and Weſt Frieſland, &c. make known—

"Whereas, the circumſtances of the war, ſo unjuſtly declared by the French government againſt the republic, have again taken ſuch a turn, that the frontiers of the ſtate are expoſed a ſecond time to the violence of the enemy's invaſion, which can be no otherwiſe reſiſted than by employing the moſt vigorous means:—to this effect, animated by the ſentiments which his moſt ſerene highneſs the prince ſtadtholder expreſſed in his addreſs to the ſtates general the 14th of laſt month, we have firmly reſolved to ſacrifice our properties and lives in defence of the ſtate—particularly of this province, and in protecting every thing that is dear to us in this country.

"We have judged it neceſſary and our duty to inform the good citizens of theſe our ſerious intentions and views, and at the ſame time to declare, that we are very far from deſpairing of the ſafety of the ſtate together with all its prerogatives, both religious and civil, in caſe that the means which Divine Goodneſs has given and preſerved to us are employed with that cordiality, concord, and true patriotiſm, which have at all times characteriſed the free-born Belgic nation.

"It is with this view that we exhort every citizen, who is not totally degenerated from the virtues of his anceſtors, to renounce at this time, when the country is in danger, all party ſpirit, and to unite heart and hand for the preſervation of their own intereſts, and to remember that every man in his own ſphere is obliged to co-operate, ſince there is not a ſingle perſon who would not loſe, in the fall of the ſtate, his own perſonal liberty, and his unreſtrained means of ſubſiſtence—but above all, let every one think that this obligation becomes greater in proportion to his poſſeſſions, or other relations to this country, ſo favoured by Heaven.

"That amongſt the means we judge may, and ought to be employed with vigour, we reckon the local ſituation and the natural force of the country,—ſtrengthened by fortreſſes and inundations, by means of which our enemies have been ſo often driven from our frontiers, as likewiſe the augmentation and the abundant ſtores with which the army of the ſtate is provided, encouraged as it is by the immortal glory it has acquired during the two laſt campaigns. But neither is it to be diſſembled, that in order to put every thing into the moſt reſpectable ſituation it is capable of, conſiderable ſums are wanted.

"For theſe wants we have endeavoured to provide in time, as well by reſolving upon different means, as by impoſing a tax after the example of like circumſtances in the year 1747; three proportions of which we, with all other well-intentioned citizens, have already paid, being obliged by our neceſſities, to anticipate the laſt proportion a month before the time. Nevertheleſs, all the means of ſupply hitherto furniſhed fall greatly ſhort of the neceſſities of this expenſive war, more eſpecially at the preſent moment, when the ſafety or the fall of the republic depends upon the prompt furniſhing of coin.

"In the mean time, we with pleaſure learn, that many good citizens, who have the power of doing ſo, have declared themſelves ready to ſuccour the country efficaciouſly with all their powers, at this conjuncture, if a general call be made to this effect—and if a loan be opened on ſuch conditions as agree beſt with the preſent value of the intereſt of money."

Proclamation by his Pruſſian Majeſty, to the Inhabitants of South Pruſſia.

I. IT being one of the firſt and moſt ſacred

duties of loyal and peaceable subjects not to obey any commands but those given by their lawful government,—and the officers appointed by them for that purpose, no magistrate or other person is entitled to excite citizens or peasants to insurrections;—on the contrary, it is their duty to hinder the execution of all orders of that nature, and to oppose them with all their power.

II. His Prussian majesty desires all the inhabitants of South Prussia, on pain of the punishments which the law in those instances demands, not to fulfil the orders given them by the insurgents for furnishing them with men, horses, arms, money, bread, forage—or provisions; but on the contrary, to deliver up all orders of that kind, and the persons who give them—to the next military jurisdiction.

III. The peasantry (always considered in Poland by the nobles as their slaves, and treated as such,)—but under the Prussian government protected against their tyranny, and which may well cause them to be discontented with their supreme government for not suffering them to oppress the peasants as they used to do), we warn not to let themselves be misled by the glittering promises of liberty; these promises will no more be fulfilled than those of a free exercise of religion;—on the contrary, his Prussian majesty intends to give them all these advantages and more, if they will shew themselves dutiful and loyal subjects.—All those peasants who perhaps have already been misled to follow the insurrection, shall receive his majesty's free pardon, provided they return immediately to their peaceable habitations.

By command of his Prussian majesty.

Posnania, August 31.

Another Proclamation.

We have heard with the greatest displeasure, that it has been reported amongst the inhabitants of Posnania, as if all Roman Catholics in that city should be murdered,—in a night appointed for that purpose, by the garrison, with the assistance of the Protestant inhabitants.

A fiction of that kind, as malicious as it is mad, can tend to no other purpose, but falsely to mislead and disturb the inhabitants of this city, as it is well enough known that his majesty loves and protects all his loyal subjects, Catholics or Protestants, in the same measure, and consequently will never suffer one party to molest the other, without being justly punished.

But as this false rumour might perhaps have already disturbed the minds of some of the inhabitants of this city—his majesty's commissaries think it necessary to contradict it thus publicly, promising that every one that continues a peaceable and loyal subject may rely on their protection.

Every one, therefore, who is convicted of propagating rumours of this kind before the magistrates, shall undergo severe punishment; and whoever will discover the first inventor of that rumour, will receive a reward of 25 rix dollars and his name be kept secret.

Signed, De Buggenhagen,
De Grafe,
Posnania, Sept. 1794. De Steudner,
De Peperling.

Gazette Intelligence.—Sept. 1.

Calvi, Aug. 10, 1794.

SIR,

I HAVE the satisfaction to inform you, that the town of Calvi surrendered to his majesty's forces on the 10th instant, after a siege of fifty-one days.

As I perfectly agreed with lord Hood in opinion that the utmost dispatch was necessary, in order to enable the troops selected for the siege of Calvi to begin their operations before the commencement of the unhealthy season, every effort was used to forward the necessary preparations; and so effectual were the exertions of the different departments, that in the course of a very few days, the regiments embarked at Bastia—and captain Nelson, of his majesty's ship Agamemnon, consented, in lord Hood's absence, to proceed to Port Agra, where a landing was effected on the 19th of June; and, in the course of the same day, the army encamped, in a strong position, upon the Serradel Capuccine, a ridge of mountains, three miles distant from the town of Calvi.

From many of the out-posts, and particularly from those the friendly Corsicans were ordered to occupy, I could distinctly discover that the town of Calvi was strong in point of situation, well fortified, and amply supplied with heavy artillery; the exterior defences, on which the enemy had bestowed a considerable labour, consisted in the bomb-proof stone ftar Fort Mozello, mounting ten pieces of ordnance, with a battery of six guns on its right, flanked by a small entrenchment. In the rear of this line (which covered the town to the westward) on a rocky hill to the east—was placed a battery of three guns. Considerably advanced on the plain to the south-west, the Fort Mollinochesco, on a steep rock, commanded the communication between Calvi and the province of Balagni, supported by two frigates moored in the bay, for the purpose of raking the intermediate country: but the principal difficulties in approaching the enemy's works did not so much arise from the strength of the defences as from the height of the mountains and rugged rocky surface of the country, it was necessary to penetrate;—and so considerable were those obstacles against the usual mode of attack, that it was judged expedient to adopt rapid and and forward movements, instead of regular approaches. In conformity to this plan of proceeding, the seamen and soldiers were laboriously employed in making roads, dragging guns to the tops of the mountains, and collecting military stores for the purpose of erecting two mortar and four separate gun batteries on the same night.—One of these was intended against the Mollinochesco; the second to be constructed on rocks to cover the principal one of six guns; which, by a sudden march, and the exertions of the whole army, was to be erected within seven hundred and fifty yards of the Mozello.

From some mistake, the battery proposed against the Mollinochesco was built and opened two days before the appointed time, and consi-

derably

derably damaged that fort. Obſerving, however, that it was the determination of the enemy to repair, and not to evacuate it, the royal Iriſh regiment was ordered, on the evening of the 6th of July, to move towards their left, expoſing their men to the fire of their artillery. This diverſion was ſeconded at ſun-ſet, and during a greater part of the night, by a feigned attack of the Corſicans, which ſo effectually deceived the enemy, that they withdrew a conſiderable picquet from the ſpot where the principal battery was to be conſtructed, in order to ſupport the Mollinochesco, and directing the whole of their fire to that point, enabled the troops to compleat their work.

This important poſition eſtabliſhed, the enemy was compelled to evacuate the Mollinochesco, and to withdraw the ſhipping under the protection of the town. A very heavy fire immediately commenced on both ſides, and continued with little intermiſſion, until the 18th of that month, when, obſerving that their batteries were conſiderably damaged, and a breach appearing practicable on the weſt ſide of the Mozello, a diſpoſition was made for a general attack upon the outworks,—under cover of two batteries, ordered to be erected that night, which, from their poſition, would, in the event of a check, appear the principal object of the movement.

From the zeal of lieutenant-colonel Wauchope, and the great exertions of the 50th regiment, the battery, which he undertook to conſtruct within three hundred yards of the Mozello, was compleated an hour before day-break without diſcovery: a ſignal gun was then fired from it for the troops to advance. Lieutenant Newhouſe, of the royal artillery, with two field pieces, covered the approach; and the grenadiers, light infantry, and ſecond battalion of royals, under the command of lieutenant-colonel Moore, of the 51ſt regiment, and major Brereton, of the 30th regiment, proceeded with a cool, ſteady confidence, and unloaded arms, towards the enemy—forced their way through a ſmart fire of muſquetry, and, regardleſs of live ſhells flung into the breach, or the additional defence of pikes, ſtormed the Mozello; while lieutenant-colonel Wemyſs, with the royal Iriſh regiment, and two pieces of cannon, under the direction of lieutenant Lemoine, of the royal artillery, equally regardleſs of oppoſition, carried the enemy's battery on the left, and forced their trenches without firing a ſhot.

The poſſeſſion of theſe very important poſts, which the troops maintained under the heavieſt fire of ſhells, ſhot, and grape, induced me to offer to conſider ſuch terms as the garriſon of Calvi might be inclined to propoſe; but receiving an unfavourable anſwer, the navy and army once more united their efforts, and, in nine days, batteries of thirteen guns, four mortars, and three howitzers, were compleated within ſix hundred yards of the town, and opened with ſo well-directed a fire, that the enemy were unable to remain at their guns;—and in eighteen hours ſent propoſals, which terminated in a capitulation, and the expulſion of the French from Corſica.

It is with ſincere regret that I have to mention the loſs of captain Serocold, of the navy, who was killed by a cannon ſhot when actively employed on the batteries. The aſſiſtance and co-operation of captain Nelſon, the activity of captain Hallowell, and the exertions of the navy, have greatly contributed to the ſucceſs of theſe movements.

The ſpirit, zeal, and willingneſs, with which this army has undergone the greateſt labour and fatigue in the moſt oppreſſive weather, is hardly to be deſcribed; and ſuch has been the determined animation of both officers and men, that the ſmalleſt murmur has never been heard, unleſs illneſs deprived them from making their ſervices uſeful to their country.

I am much indebted to lieutenant-colonel Moore, for his aſſiſtance upon every occaſion; and it is only a tribute due to his worth to mention, that he has diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon this expedition for his bravery, conduct, and military talent.

It is with the utmoſt confidence I preſume to recommend to his majeſty, my aid-du-camp, captain Duncan, of the royal artillery, whoſe activity, zeal, and ability, in his own and the engineer department, merits the higheſt commendation and advancement.

Captain Stephens, the officers and the men of the royal artillery, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves with their uſual ability in the management of the batteries, and their attention to the different branches of that line.

Sir James Erſkine and major Oakes have been eſſentially uſeful in their different departments; and permit me to aſſure you, that a cordiality ſubſiſts throughout the army, which promiſes the moſt ſignal ſucceſs on any future undertaking.

I have the happineſs to inform you, that captains Macdonald and Mackenzie, and the other wounded officers and ſoldiers, are in a fair way of recovery.

Captain Stewart, an officer of great merit, and my aid-de camp, will have the honour of delivering this diſpatch.

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. STUART, Lt. Gen.

Right Hon. Henry Dundas,
&c. &c. &c.

Principal Articles of Capitulation of the Garriſon agreed to.

The garriſon, and all perſons attached to it in a military capacity, ſhall march out of Calvi with all the honours of war, and ſhall depoſit their arms, colours, and cannons, at a place that ſhall be pointed out to them for this purpoſe; but, in conſideration of their gallant defence, they ſhall be allowed to preſerve their ſwords.

The garriſon ſhall embark on the 10th of Auguſt, and be conveyed to Toulon in tranſports, which ſhall be provided for this ſervice.

The national commiſſioner, the municipal officers, and all perſons in the ſervice of the republic, as well as the Corſican refugees, ſhall be included in the preſent capitulation.

The inhabitants of Calvi, and the Corſican refugees

fugees of both ſexes, ſhall be protected in their lives, their honour, and their property; and be at liberty to embark for France immediately with the garriſon, or to retire to ſuch other places as they may think proper, with their effects, and ſhall retain the power to diſpoſe of their real eſtates, or to manage them by their agents.

The officers and crews of the frigates, brigs, and gun-boats, ſhall be entitled to the ſame terms of capitulation as the garriſon.

Total Return of the Killed and Wounded of the Troops employed in the Expedition.

2 Field officer, 1 captain, 3 ſubalterns, 25 rank and file, killed; 1 field officer, 3 captains, 4 ſubalterns, 3 ſerjeants, 49 rank and file, wounded.

Rank and Names of Officers killed.

Lieutenant-colonel Senibaldi, Corſican battalion.—Captain Serocold, royal navy.—Mr. Banks, midſhipman, ditto.—Lieutenant Wm. Byron, royal regiment of Ireland.—Enſign Boggis, 51ſt regiment.

Rank and Names of Officers wounded.

Lieutenant-colonel Moore, 51ſt regiment.—Captain-colonel Macdonald, royal.—Captain Mackenzie, ditto.—Lieutenant Donald M'Donald.—Lieutenant Johnſton, royal regiment of Ireland.—Lieutenant Livingſton, 30th regiment.—Captain John Paoli, Corſican battalion.—Lieutenant Franciſco Mattei, ditto.

Return of Ships and Veſſels taken in the Harbour of Calvi, Aug. 10, 1794.

		Guns.
La Melpomene,	—	40
La Mignonne,	—	28
Brig Auguſte,	—	4
Brig Providence,	—	4
Ca Ira, (gun boat)	—	3

[The return of ordnance, &c. is conſiderable.]

Victory, Martella Bay, Aug. 5, 1794.

My letter of the 15th day of June would inform you, that having forced the French ſhips on the 11th which ſailed from Toulon on the 5th, to ſeek their ſafety within the ſhoals in the bay of Gourjean, and under the protection of the batteries of the iſlands of St. Honora and St. Margaretta, and on Cape Garoupe—that I had left vice-admiral Hotham to watch them—and that I was returning to Corſica, to join lieutenant-gen. Stuart for the reduction of Calvi, which I have the honour to acquaint you is now, I believe, on the point of ſurrendering to the arms of his majeſty.

Upon my junction with vice-admiral Hotham off this port on the 9th, I detached captain Nelſon in the Agamemnon to Baſtia, with orders to embark the troops, and proceed with them to Martello Bay,—where lieutenant-general Stuart embarked on the 15th; and expreſſing a wiſh to proceed to the attack of Calvi immediately, captain Nelſon complied with it, and on the 19th all the troops were landed, under the direction of captain Cooke, in a ſmall cove about three miles from Calvi.

I anchored in Martello Bay on the 19th, and ſo ſoon as I had embarked the ordnance and other ſtores the general had deſired, which the boiſterous weather for ſome days prevented, and had forced the Agamemnon and ſeveral of the tranſports from their anchors—but his majeſty's ſmaller ſhips, and the reſt of the tranſports—which were cloſe under the land, and had not room to get under ſail, very fortunately rode the gale out—without an accident to either, the wind not blowing home to the ſhore with ſo much violence.

On the 26th I ſailed, having previouſly ſent captain Hallowell and captain Serocold, (who were eager volunteers for the ſervice, as were alſo the lieutenants Ferriers and Morgan,) with as many able ſeamen as the Victory could then ſpare, to aſſiſt in dragging up the ordnance, and ſerving the batteries.

The journal I herewith tranſmit from captain Nelſon, who had the command of the ſeamen, will ſhew the daily occurrences of the ſiege, and whoſe unremitting zeal and exertion I cannot ſufficiently expreſs, or that of captain Hallowell, who took it by turns to command in the advanced battery twenty-four hours at a time;—and I flatter myſelf they, as well as the other officers and ſeamen, will have full juſtice done them by the general—it is therefore unneceſſary for me to ſay more upon the ſubject; but I have to lament, and which I do moſt ſincerely, the loſs of a very able and valuable officer, captain Serocold, who was killed by a grape ſhot, whilſt getting the laſt gun in its place, ſoon after the enemy had diſcovered our battery. The king had not a more meritorious young captain in his majeſty's navy; he commanded the floating battery, which was burnt by red-hot ſhot, before Baſtia, and afterwards ſerved, with infinite reputation, at the batteries on ſhore. Independent of my regard and eſteem for him, I feel his loſs to be a public one.

Much credit is due to the captains Wolſeley, Hood, ſir Charles Hamilton, ſir Harry Burrard, Cunningham, Macnamara, and Robinſon, for their vigilance in keeping ſuccours out, by a ſteady perſeverance in preſerving their reſpective ſtations under manifeſt difficulties—and I ought not to omit to mention my tribute of praiſe to Mr. Gibſon, commanding the Fox hired cutter, of whom all the captains ſpeak in the handſomeſt manner, for his diligence and punctual obedience to order.

For near two months they did not receive at Calvi any intelligence from the continent, until the night of the 29th, when four boats got in, the port not being then ſo well and cloſely guarded, having been obliged to ſend off three frigates to Naples and other places for ſtores, which the general preſſed for, and the night's being dark.

On the 27th I arrived off Calvi, and have kept cloſe off the port ever ſince, in order to receive the wants of the army every morning, having ſtationed a frigate at anchor off Cape Revalata, and another off Point D'Elpana. I have landed from this ſhip ſeven of her lower deck guns; and, from time to time, all requiſitions, for various other ſtores as well as for men, the general has made, have been complied with, under great inconvenience, that the operations of the army ſhould not ſtand ſtill.

On

On the 29th of last month, I had the honour of a visit from general Stuart, who brought letters that had passed between him and the commandant of the French troops, relative to a truce for twenty-five days, which appearing to be inadmissible, in the afternoon of the 30th of July our batteries were opened; and on the morning of the 1st instant, the white flag was displayed on the citadel, under the national one, and the firing ceased.

HOOD.

Philip Stephens, Esq.

Victory, off Calvi, Aug. 9, 1794.

I HEREWITH have the honour to transmit, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, duplicates of my dispatches of the 5th, from Martello Bay.

I sailed on the 7th, and got off here the next morning—and herewith transmit a copy of capt. Nelson's journal from the 28th of last month to the 8th of the present one—also a copy of a letter I have received from him, highly creditable to lieutenant Harrison, a transport agent, as well as to Mr. William Harrison, master of the Willington, and the transport's men, who were all anxiously eager, either to serve on shore or on board his majesty's ships.

I have ordered captain Wolseley to take possession of the Melpomene and Mignonne frigates; the former is one of the finest ever built in France, carries 40 guns—the other only 32—and I have received an account from the consul at Zante, that his majesty's frigates which I sent into the Levant, under the command of captain Montgomery, have taken the Sibelle, twin sister to the Melpomene.

Captain Cunningham, who has cruized with infinite diligence, zeal and perseverance under many difficulties, for three months past, off Calvi, is charged with my dispatches, and is competent to give any information their lordships may wish to have—and I beg leave to recommend him as an officer of great merit, and highly deserving any favour that can be shewn him.

Philip Stephens, Esq. HOOD.

Head Quarters at Grave, Sept. 17.

SIR,

IN my last letter of the 13th instant, I acquainted you, for his majesty's information, with a report, which I had just received, of the enemy's having made a movement towards Oosterwych.—It appeared, however, by the account of the next day, that this corps had fallen back in the night. The same accounts—confirmed by the reports of deserters—assured us, that a very considerable detachment, amounting to 15,000 men, had been made towards Maestricht.

On Sunday afternoon, a sudden attack, in which it appeared that the enemy were in great force, was made upon all my posts of the right, and that of Boxtel, which was the most advanced, was forced, with considerable loss to the Hesse Darmstadt troops, who occupied it.

As the line of my out-posts upon the Dommel could not be maintained, while the enemy were in possession of Boxtel, it appeared necessary to regain it; at the same time the degree of resistance which the enemy would make, would serve to ascertain whether this attack was supported by their army, with a view to a general attack, or was merely an affair of out-posts.

I therefore ordered lieutenant-gen. Abercromby to march with the reserve during the night, with directions to reconnoitre the post at day-light, and to act as he should judge best, from what he should discover of the force of the enemy.

Lieutenant-general Abercromby having advanced as directed, found the enemy in such strength as left very little room to doubt of the proximity of their army, and he accordingly retired, but in such good order, as prevented the enemy from making any impression—although they followed him for some distance.

About this time I received private information, on which I could rely, and which was confirmed by the observation of my patroles, and the reports of deserters—that the enemy had been reinforced by the corps which had hitherto been acting in West Flanders, as well as by the column of the army which had been employed before Valenciennes and Conde. The same information assured me also, that the column which had been marching towards Maestricht, had suddenly returned towards us.

From these accounts, and what I knew of the previous strength of the enemy, it appeared that the actual force now advancing against me, and whose object could only be an attack upon my army, could not be less than eighty thousand men.

The hazard of an action with such a very great disparity of numbers, could not but become a matter of the most serious consideration, and after the most mature deliberation, I did not think myself at liberty to risk, in so unequal a contest, his majesty's troops, or those of his allies serving with them. I had the utmost reliance on their courage and discipline, and I had no doubt but that these would have enabled me to resist the first efforts of the enemy—but it could scarcely be expected that, even by the utmost exertion of these qualities they would be able to withstand the reiterated attacks which the vast superiority of the enemy would enable them to make, and which we know, from experience, is a general principle upon which they act.

Actuated by these reasons, and the further information, which I received about noon, that the enemy were marching considerable columns towards my left, in which part my position was most vulnerable, I determined on retreating across the Meuse. The army accordingly marched at three o'clock, and without any loss whatever, took up a position, which had been previously reconnoitred, about three miles in front of this place, from which they crossed the river yesterday morning.

The loss in the attack upon the out-posts has fallen chiefly upon the Hesse Darmstadt troops,

with

with ſome of the foreign troops newly raiſed for his majeſty's ſervice. I have not as yet, however, received the returns.

Enclоſed I ſend that of the Britiſh.

I am, &c. FREDERICK.

The Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Miſſing of the Army under the Command of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, the 15th of Sept. 1794.

King's dragoon guards—1 rank and file wounded.
8th light dragoons—1 rank and file miſſing.
14th ditto—2 rank and file wounded.
12th foot—1 rank and file killed, 1 rank and file wounded, 1 officer, 3 ſerjeants, 1 drummer, 44 rank and file miſſing.
33d ditto—1 ſerjeant, 1 rank and file miſſing.
44th ditto—4 rank and file miſſing.
Grenadiers of the guards—2 ſerjeants, 5 rank and file wounded.
Light infantry of the guards—2 rank and file wounded.
1ſt regiment of guards—5 rank and file killed, 1 rank and file wounded, 1 officer, 14 rank and file miſſing.

TOTAL. 6 rank and file killed; 2 ſerjeants, 12 rank and file wounded; 2 officers, 4 ſerjeants, 1 drummer, 64 rank and file miſſing.

Captain Briſtow, of the 1ſt guards, taken priſoner.
Lieutenant Euſtace, of the 12th foot, miſſing.
Captain Rutherford, of the royal engineers, aſſiſtant-deputy-quarter-maſter-general, taken priſoner.
The light cavalry being on the advanced poſts, their return is not yet received, but their loſs is very inconſiderable.
The 89th regiment was engaged, and loſt ſeveral men. Their return has not yet been received.

(Signed)
J. H. CRAIG, Adj. Gen.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

The Candleſtick. By Mrs. Naſſe Strickland, of Blandford.

WHEN to fair Thetis' bed the weary ſun
In haſte retires, and day's ſwift courſe is run;
I ſtand prepar'd to uſher in freſh light,
And chaſe the gloomy horrors of the night:
But artificial light ſo priz'd below,
Wer't not for me, would ſoon a burthen grow;
Without my help ill ſerve the taper's fires,
When, falling, the inverted flame expires.
Thus the weak vine the ſturdy elm ſupports,
And the firm oak th' unſtable ivy courts:
The richeſt metals that both Indies ſend,
To mould my form obſequiouſly attend;
And gold, the fatal cauſe of human woes,
In me its uſeful harmleſs ſplendor ſhows;
Oh! did it all my peaceful form aſſume,
Baſe avarice ſoon would then receive its doom;
Then might we hope without a guilty ſtain,
To ſee the golden age reſtor'd again.
Confeſs the truth, ye glories of our iſle,
Who court the Muſes with nocturnal toil;
Has not my kind aſſiſtance in the night,
Supply'd the abſence of the ſolar light?
I for wit's ſake rais'd my illuſtrious head,
Half Homer, but for me, had not been read.
What greater title can my worth commend,
Than to be deem'd the ſacred Muſe's friend?
Before the ſun's bright gems their worth conceal,
Which by my milder lamp their worth reveal;
On proudeſt altars my rich pomp is plac'd,
And regal courts are with my preſence grac'd;
My ample branches ſeem a ſplendid tree,
Spread numerous as a Jewiſh progeny:
Branches more large for ſight more graceful made,
No buck in Windſor Foreſt e'er diſplay'd.
But ſhould at laſt the pow'rful motive fail,
To make the merits of my cauſe prevail;
One thing remains, which muſt your judgments fix,
Think on the ſeven Sacred Candleſticks.

Brandenburgh Houſe. A French Piece, in three Acts, written by Mr. Le Texier, entitled "Les Poiſſardes Anglois," was performed at this Place, in which the Margravine, in the Character of Poll, a Fiſhwoman, introduced the following Song, written by herſelf.

I'M a Billingſgate girl—'tis an odd ſort of name,
And my eyes are as black as a coal;
My frankneſs of heart gives me looks that are game—
But you'll find I'm a good little ſoul?
Who'll buy?—who'll buy?
Who'll buy of this good little ſoul?

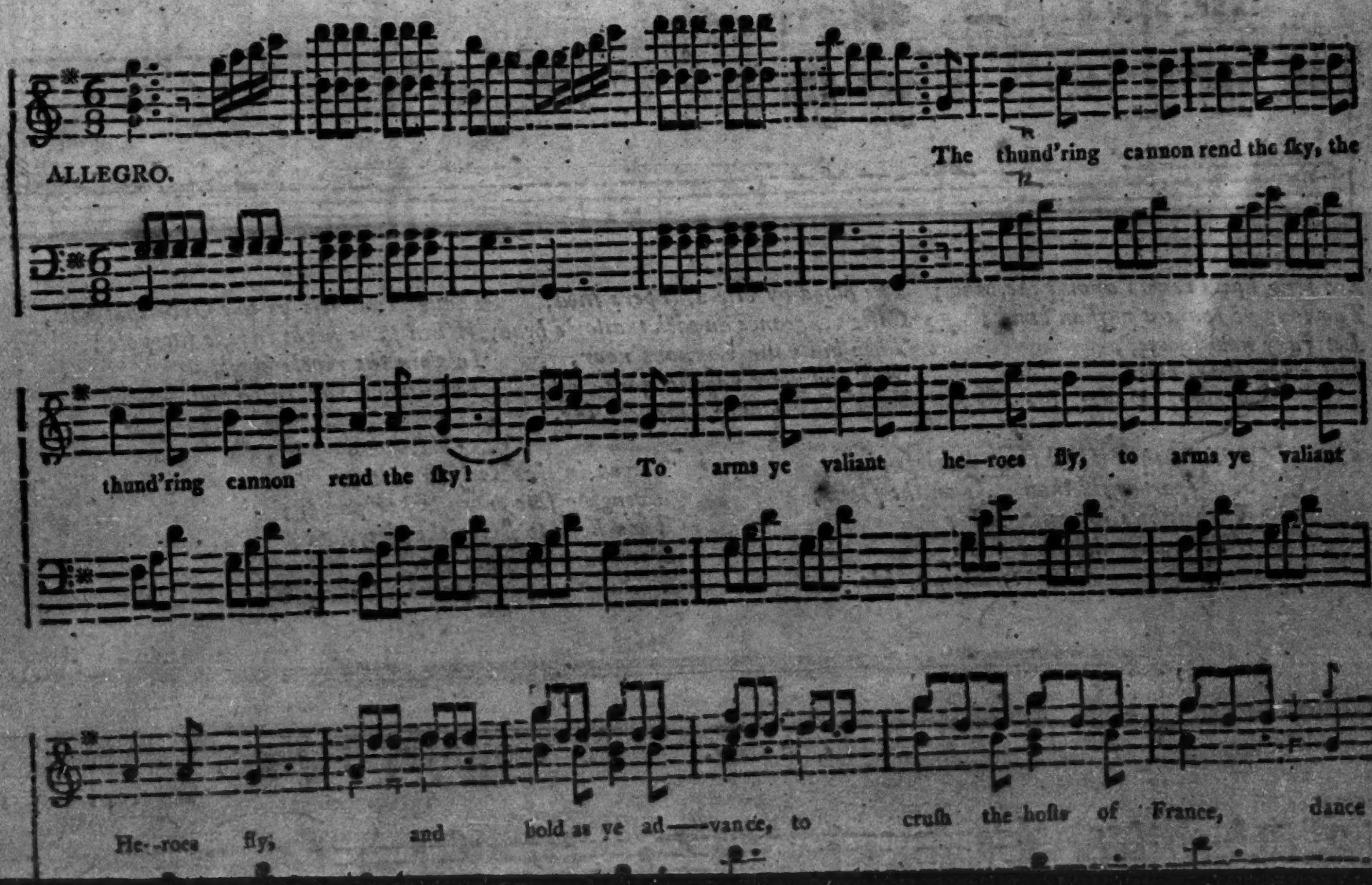
Tho' we tip off an oath as we ſip off our gin,
Why you ſure cannot think it ſo droll—
For to ſip and to jaw in this land is no ſin,
If 'tis done with a ſweet little ſoul.
Like me—d'ye ſee—
If 'tis done with a ſweet little ſoul.

Ye fine ladies from courts, and from cities combin'd,
In your coaches to us you may roll;
'Mongſt fiſhes pray chuſe out a diſh to your mind,
I'll take care to pick out a good ſoul.
I'll ſhow—I know—
How our laſſes pick out a good ſoul.

If

LA CARMAGNOLE,

A FAVOURITE FRENCH DANCE.

Parodied by T. DUTTON.

ALLEGRO.
The thund'ring cannon rend the sky, the
thund'ring cannon rend the sky!
To arms ye valiant he—roes fly, to arms ye valiant
He--roes fly, and hold as ye ad——vance, to crush the hosts of France, dance

1st regiment of guards—5 rank and file killed, 1 rank and file wounded, 1 officer, 14 rank and file missing.

TOTAL. 6 rank and file killed; 2 serjeants, 12 rank and file wounded; 2 officers, 4 serjeants, 1 drummer, 64 rank and file missing.

Captain Briskow, of the 1st guards, taken prisoner.

Lieutenant Eustace, of the 12th foot, missing.

Captain Rutherford, of the royal engineers, assistant-deputy-quarter-master-general, taken prisoner.

The light cavalry being on the advanced posts, their return is not yet received, but their loss is very inconsiderable.

The 89th regiment was engaged, and lost several men. Their return has not yet been received.

(Signed)
J. H. CRAIG, Adj. Gen.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

But should at last the pow'rful motive fail,
To make the merits of my cause prevail;
One thing remains, which must your judgments fix,
Think on the seven Sacred Candlesticks.

Brandenburgh House. A French Piece, in three Acts, written by Mr. Le Texier, entitled "Les Poissardes Anglois," was performed at this Place, in which the Margravine, in the Character of Poll, a Fishwoman, introduced the following Song, written by herself.

I'M a Billingsgate girl—'tis an odd sort of name,
And my eyes are as black as a coal;
My frankness of heart gives me looks that are game—
But you'll find I'm a good little soul?
Who'll buy?—who'll buy?
Who'll buy of this good little soul?

Tho' we tip off an oath as we sip off our gin,
Why you sure cannot think it so droll—
For to sip and to jaw in this land is no sin,
If 'tis done with a sweet little soul.
Like me—d'ye see—
If 'tis done with a sweet little soul.

Ye fine ladies from courts, and from cities combin'd,
In your coaches to us you may roll;
'Mongst fishes pray chuse out a dish to your mind,
I'll take care to pick out a good soul.
I'll show—I know—
How our lasses pick out a good soul.

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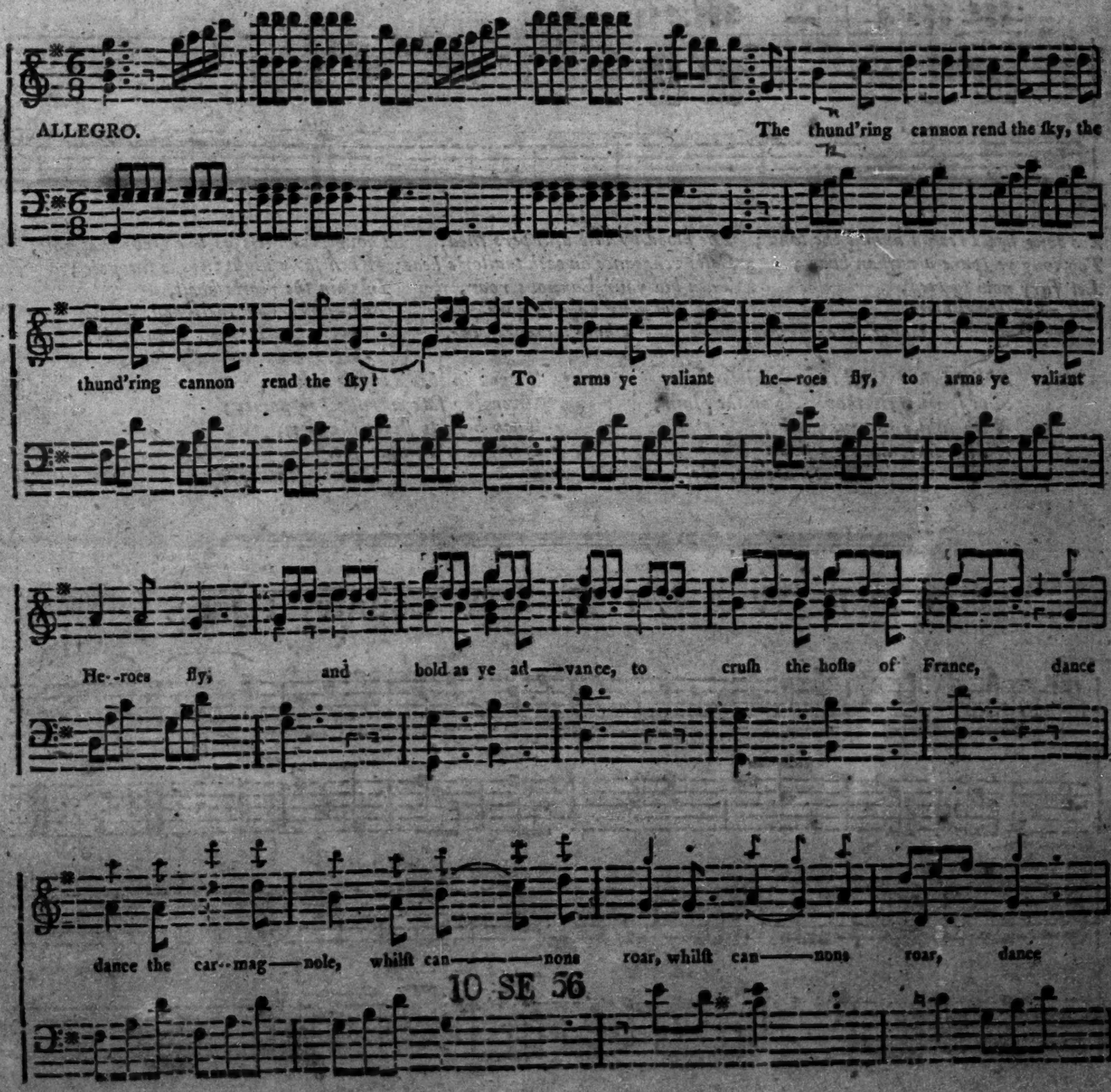
ALLEGRO.
The thund'ring cannon rend the ſky, the
thund'ring cannon rend the ſky!
To arms ye valiant he—roes fly, to arms ye valiant
He--roes fly,
and bold as ye ad——vance, to cruſh the hoſts of France, dance
dance the car--mag——nole, whilſt can————nons roar, whilſt can——nons roar, dance

10 SE 56

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British.

FREDERICK.

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(To be continued.)

O E T R Y.

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Tho' we tip off an oath as we sip off our gin,
Why you sure cannot think it so droll—
For to sip and to jaw in this land is no sin,
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Like me—d'ye see—
If 'tis done with a sweet little soul.

Ye fine ladies from courts, and from cities combin'd,
In your coaches to us you may roll;
'Mongst fishes pray chuse out a dish to your mind,
I'll take care to pick out a good soul.
I'll show—I know—
How our lasses pick out a good soul.

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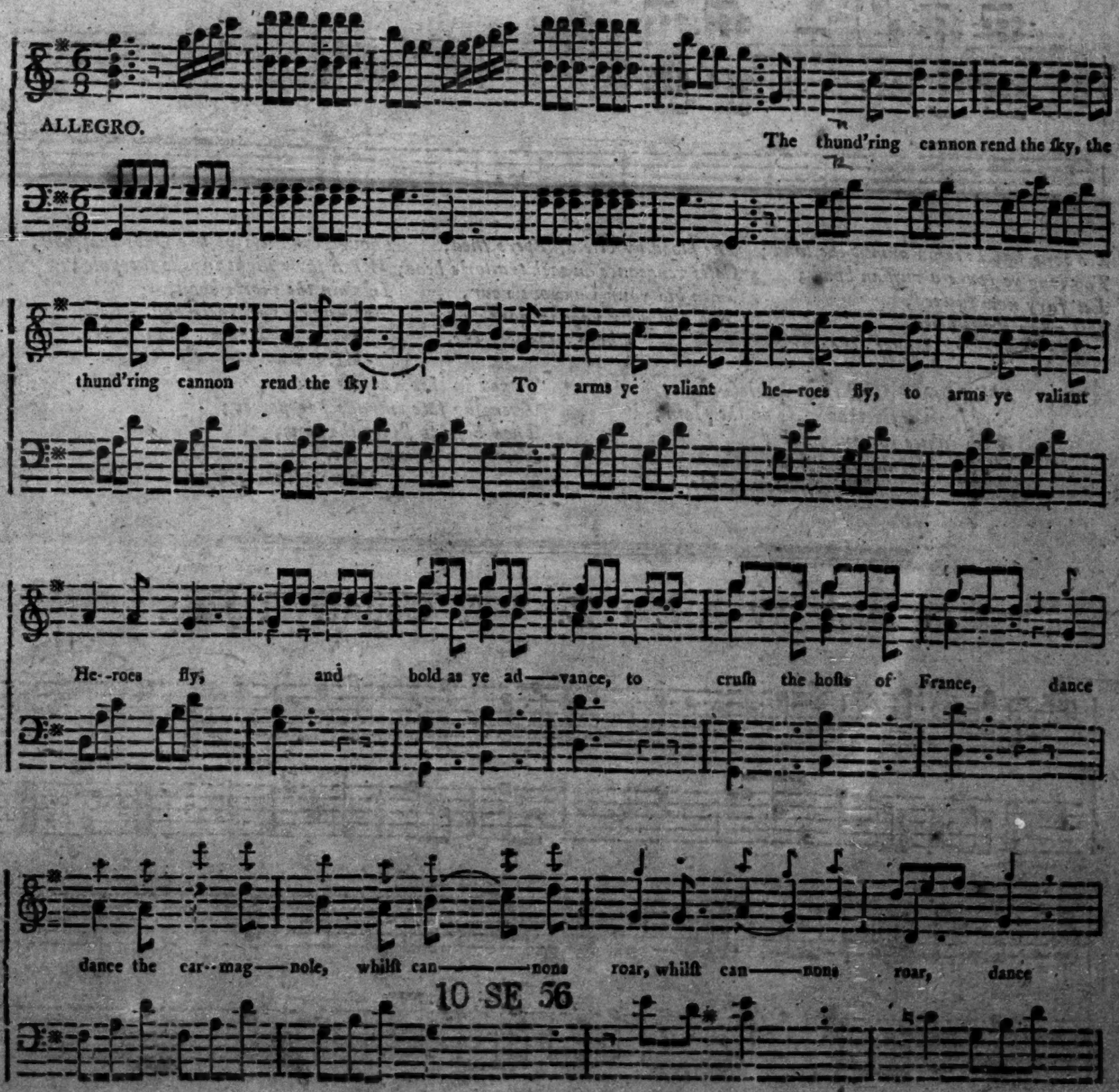
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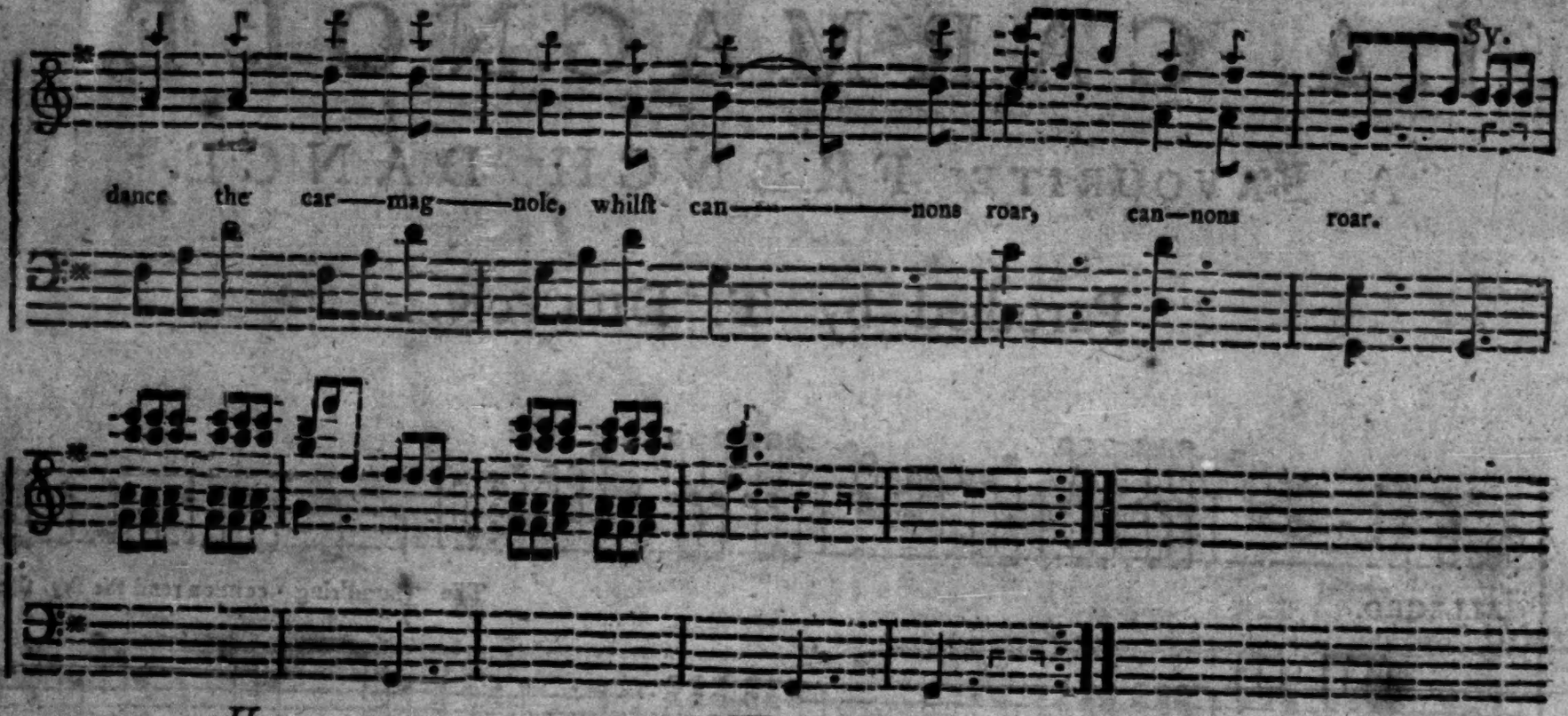
10 SE 56



II.

Too long has Treaſon armed the land;
Too long ye ſpare a ruffian band;
Let fury now ſucceed,
Till ev'ry Rebel bleed.
Dance, Dance, &c.

III.

The blood by vile uſurpers ſhed,
Calls vengeance on each traitor's head;
Then bid your Cannons roar,
And glut your rage in gore.
Dance, Dance, &c.

IV.

Though countleſs as the Orbs that roll,
When ſable night inveſts the pole;
In vain the rebels boaſt,
The numbers of their hoſt.
Dance, Dance, &c.

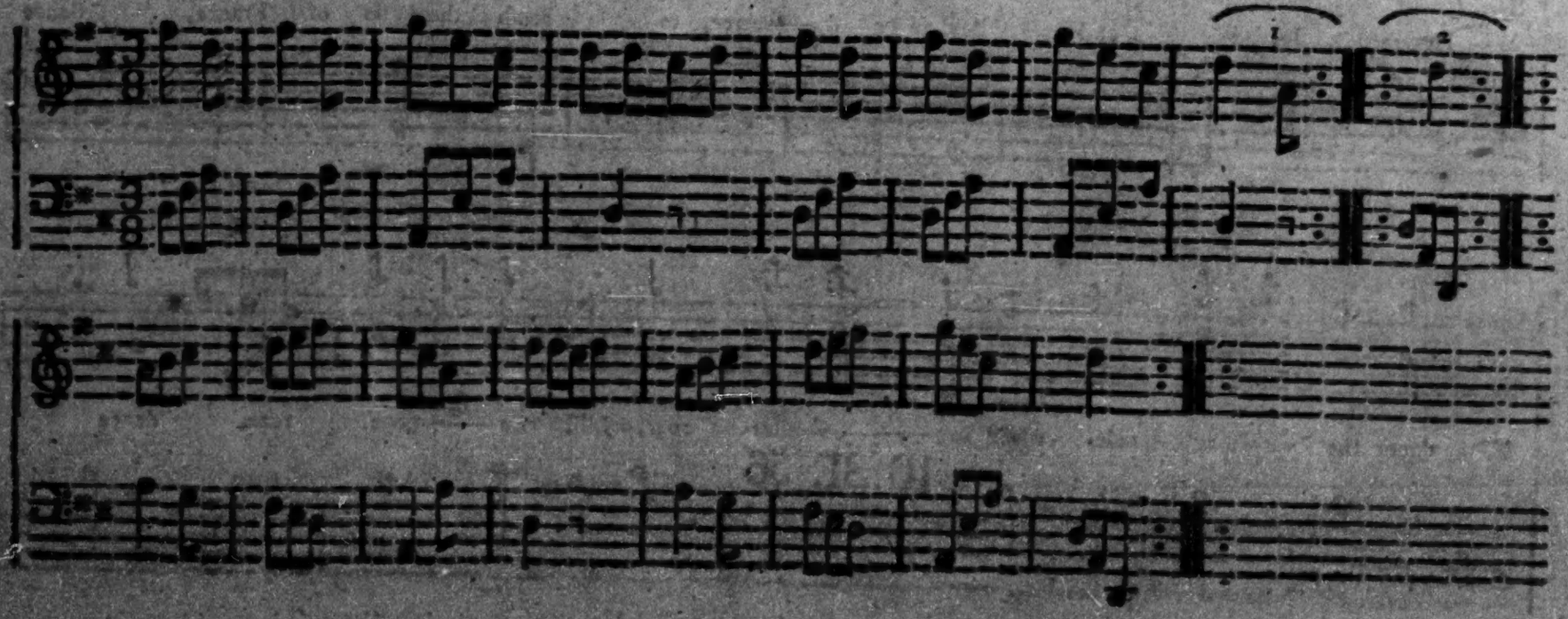
V.

Still let them ſwell their lawleſs train,
And ſport their thouſands on the plain;
With juſtice for our ſhield,
We'll boldly dare the field.
Dance, Dance, &c.

VI.

To you in this deciſive hour,
Avenging fate entruſts her power;
Then haſte to ſtrike the blow,
Nor ſpare a ſingle foe.
Dance, Dance, &c.

THE WALTZ. A Country Dance.



If John Bull looks ſo gruff—when of taxing he'll read,
In his gizzard ſhould grumble and growl:
Nay, ſhed tears when his brethren's vitals may bleed,
Yet John Bull is a very good ſoul.
He is—indeed—
Yes, John Bull is a very good ſoul.

From the ſea ſprang dame Venus and our little iſle—
While our ſeamen, from hence to each pole,
Prove of beauty and graces they merit the ſmile;
For their mercy here * proves they've a ſoul.
From us—a buſs
Shall repay each brave honeſt good ſoul.

Come here, gentlefolks all, and attend to my lay;
Tipple off Engliſh punch from our bowls:—
Come to us in a poſſe, like this ev'ry day,
And I'll ſwear that you're good ſort of ſouls.
Like me—I ſee
You diſdain not good Billingſgate ſouls.

Scrub's Reply to his Grace the Duke of Q—y.

HIS Grace unattended rode out for the air,
And ſtopp'd at an inn, as the day was ſevere;
He deſir'd the helper to rub his horſe down,
Yes ſure, ſir, replied the ſimple poor clown:
The oſtler rebuk'd him, well knowing his place,
And bid him next time (with a bow) ſay *your grace.*—
Honeſt Scrub all ſubmiſſion, reſolv'd to obey,
And often conn'd o'er what *he thought* he ſhould ſay:
The horſe it was call'd for, and Scrub juſt knew how
His grace to repeat with a very low bow:
He was aſk'd by his lordſhip if the girths had been eas'd,
Said he—*For what we're about to receive Lord be prais'd.*

A ſhort Matrimonial Dialogue.

HE. THIS moment I'll liſt, to get rid of your tongue,
For ſooner than ſtay I'd much rather be hung.

SHE. You cannot *now enter*, you're feeble and old,
Go *liſt your room door*, try and keep out the cold.

VIXEN.

Verſes addreſſed to Miſs Suſannah Medlicott, of Portarlington, on her Birth-Day.

Memor eſto brevis Ævæ.—VIRGIL.

FAIR nymph, accept the artleſs lay,
Which I to you with pleaſure pay;
My Muſe allow to wiſh you j
While I my ardent wiſh emp
That may oft days like this
To honour each ſucceeding y
May every joy your life att
That heaven's indulgent pow
May virtue be your greateſt
And that alone your actions
May pity, ſparkling in your
New luſtre to its day ſupply.
May gentle modeſty beſtow
On either cheek a deeper
To ſhine like thoſe be ſtill yo
Such charms inſpire no vulg
Then time itſelf your charm
And wiſdom ſtill pronounce
Then death, the triſler's gre
Shall immortality beſtow.

Stephenſtown School,
Oct. 3, 1794.

Original French Words of
celebrated D

(See the Muſic of this M

LE cannon vient de reſo
Guarriers, ſoyons pre
Cetoyens et ſoldats
En volant aux combats
Danſons la Carmagnole
Vive le ſon vive le ſon
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Vive le ſon du cannon.

II.

En vain des milliers d'enne
Contre nous ſe ſons reunis,
Les dangers, le trepas
Ne nous effrayent pas Dan

III.

Brunſwick ce fameux gene
Nous veut dit on beaucop d
On lui fera raiſon
A grands coups de cannon

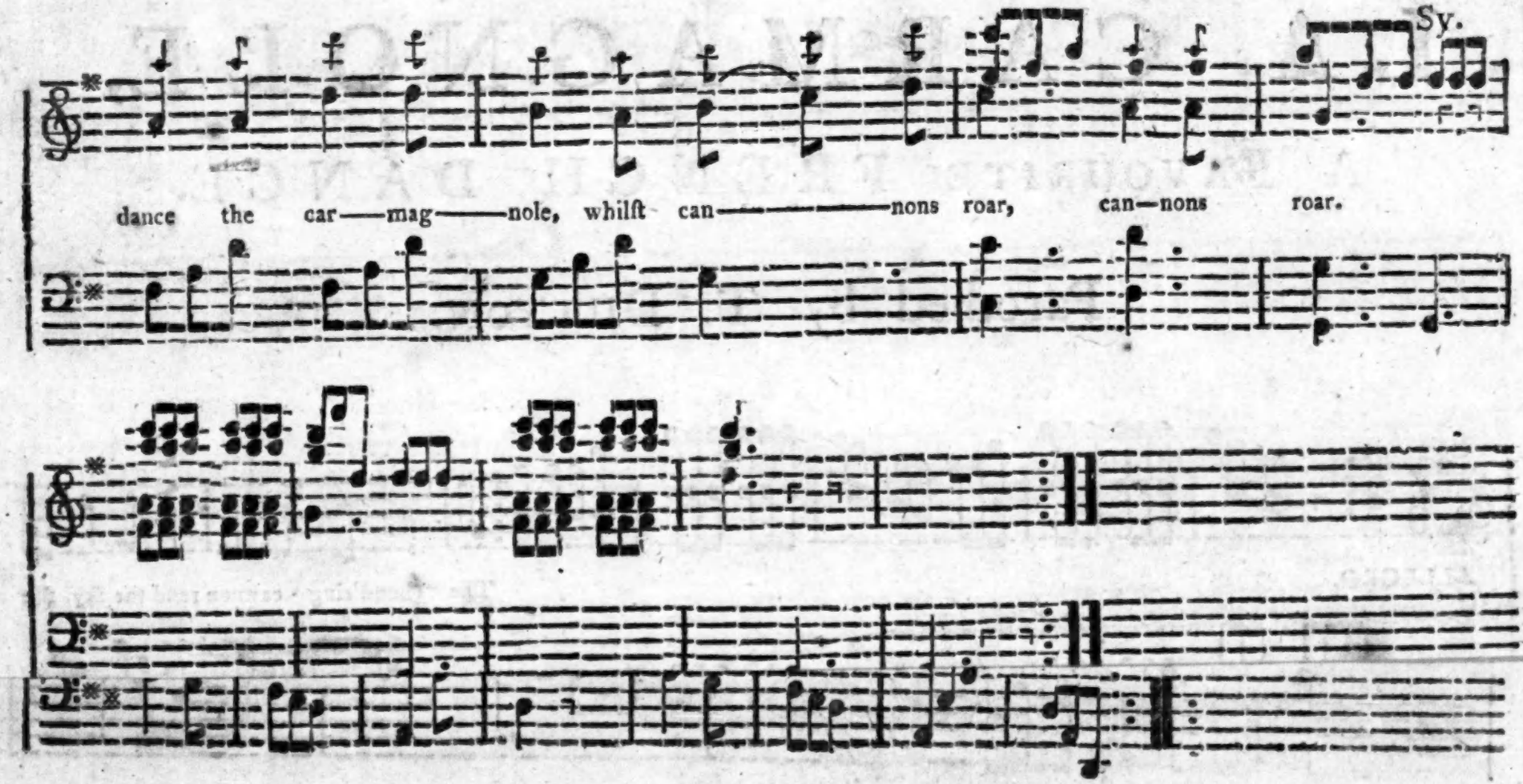
IV.

Il compte auſſi qu'a Dumou
Il arrachera le laurier,
Qui compte ainſi je crois
Compte ſouvent deux fois

Bellevue; or the

HERE far adventuring
Unfriended, of the
In luckleſs hour, and reaſ
Condemn'd, it was my doo
In verſe, nor guardian pow
Who nought imparts, but
In pity of my fame's und
Will check the chain, or

NOTE.

* Pointing to the emigrant prieſts.

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Which I to you with pleaſure pay;
My Muſe allow to wiſh you joy,
While I my ardent wiſh employ,
That may oft days like this appear,
To honour each ſucceeding year;
May every joy your life attend,
That heaven's indulgent powers can ſend
May virtue be your greateſt pride,
And that alone your actions guide;
May pity, ſparkling in your eye,
New luſtre to its day ſupply.
May gentle modeſty beſtow
On either cheek a deeper glow,
To ſhine like theſe be ſtill your aim,
Such charms inſpire no vulgar flame.
Then time itſelf your charms ſhall ſpare,
And wiſdom ſtill pronounce you fair;
Then death, the trifler's greateſt foe,
Shall immortality beſtow.

BOB EGAN.

Stephenſtown School,
Oct. 3, 1794.

NOTE.

* Pointing to the emigrant prieſts.

Original French Words of La Carmagnole. A celebrated Dance.

(See the Muſic of this Month's Magazine.)

LE cannon vient de reſonner,
Guarriers, ſoyons prets a marcher
Cetoyens et ſoldats
En volant aux combats
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Vive le ſon vive le ſon
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En vain des milliers d'ennemis
Contre nous ſe ſona reunis,
Les dangers, le trepas
Ne nous effrayent pas Danſons.

III.

Brunſwick ce fameux general
Nous veut dit on beaucop de mal,
On lui fera raiſon
A grands coups de cannon Danſons.

IV.

Il compte auſſi qu'a Dumourier
Il arrachera le laurier,
Qui compte ainſi je crois
Compte ſouvent deux fois Danſons.

Bellevue; or the Poet's Dilemmd.

HERE far adventuring and alone,
Unfriended, of the Muſe unknown;
In luckleſs hour, and reaſon's ſpite
Condemn'd, it was my doom to write
In verſe, nor guardian pow'r nor muſe,
Who nought imparts, but cold excuſe,
In pity of my fame's undoing,
Will check the chain, or ſet it going.

Abroad I ſtalk and look around,
If theme poetic can be found,
And roam for ſentiment in vain,
O'er diſtant mountain, wood and plain.
Lo! to the ſouth, where Wicklow head
Confines old Ocean to his bed!
A favouring bay his tail ſupplies,
And very like a whale he lies!
Shouting from forth his fretted ſide,
Large draughts he borrow'd of the tide,
Which foaming as its waves aſſail,
Froths like the head of Wicklow ale.

Sudden, with ardour paſt controuling,
And eyes in a fine frenzy rolling,
I wheel my view where Bray uplifts
His chain of undulating clifts,
At once the ſeaman's mark I dread,
Blue o'er the main he rears his head.
So Cyclop huge, in days of yore,
Sail'd from the ſteep Sicilian ſhore.
But! here no horrors ſcan the land,
At Bray's more hoſpitable hand;
While, by his ſide Killiney boats
In ſafety ride, as brouze her goats.

What mighty chief of mountain wights,
In ſcorn of ſublunary heights,
Lifts his proud head o'er giant crouds,
And makes a night-cap of the clouds;
Like "Sugar-loaf," (as ſo 'tis call'd,
And ſweetiſh ſimiles foreſtall'd.)
Darker than night there frowns hard by
What ſeems his grave when he ſhall die,
Tremendous Glinn, whoſe honour'd bound,
Impendant o'er the dark profound,
Smiles like day's lamp, in beams that glow
To cheer life's narrow path below.

Ah! Loaf of Sugar, but for you
Sweet Powerſcourt wou'd be juſt in view;
Thine envious baſe does intervene
'Tween Bellevue and that fine demeſne.
Thou antient, noble, beauteous ſeat,
Awhile thy ſcenes let me repeat;
"Tall ſhady groves, expanding fields,
Each bank celeſtial proſpects yields;
Caſcades from ev'ry valley teem,
Adds beauty to the noble ſcene."

Now all ye fancies, fair and new,
Compare me, if you can, Bellevue.—
Parnaſſus? no—ſince uninſpir'd
Bards on its ſummit long retir'd.
How be't ſo tuneful here decline
A friend and fav'rite of the nine;
Invoking ev'ry muſe in vain,
Finds none to animate his ſtrain.

Elyſian garden? no—for ſure
The earthly ills here find a cure;
Man's life renews, and who return
Yet mortals, have forgot to mourn!

New Eden? yes!—but where within
Obtrudes the tempter of the ſin?
Yes! in whoſe peaceful boſom lies
The Eve that crowns the paradiſe!
Ordain'd to ſave, and form'd to bleſs;
Hail! mother of the motherleſs!

What tho' no numerous ſons avouch
The bleſſings of thy honour'd couch,
Sublimer joys ſhall heaven enſure,
The common parent of the poor.
Deep furrow'd care, diſeaſe, and pain,
And want and ſorrow's weeping train,
The tear that waſtes the wretch's cheek,
And plaintive woe, and anguiſh meek,
The tyrant grief, and fell diſtreſs,
Sharp hunger, ſhiv'ring nakedneſs,
Have lineaments in which you trace,
By ſympathy, a kindred race;
And give the ſtamp, whereby you claim
A mother's care in nature's name.
Lo! where the hapleſs orphan ſtrays,
Her hopes are vaniſh'd, wild her ways!
Chance guides her; nightly ills purſue;
Chill rains her roof, and threſhold too.
Here the low kinſman's ſuccour flies,
And poverty her child denies!
Sure as the ſhaft of fate, the ſtrain
Of miſery ſmites thy breaſt amain.
With providential voice divine,
And arm out-ſtretch'd, thou cry'ſt "'Tis mine,"
(Wiping by ſtealth the drops that ſtart
Of the beſt dew the ſkies impart,)
"'Tis mine," the heaven-rais'd mother cries,
While high angelic ſympathies
Catch the pure impulſe, bred alone
Of bright perfection all their own.
Immortals claim the wiſh benign,
And higheſt heaven reſounds "'Tis mine."

STREPHON.

Elegy on the late William Herbert, Eſq. who died at Caſhel, in the County of Tipperary, in January 1790.

SEE to the grave in bloom of life deſcend,
The ſafe companion, and the ſtedfaſt friend!
Who, born to make each ſocial virtue known,
Aſpir'd to worth, and liv'd for heaven alone.
Ah! how can elegy's ſad ſtrains diſcloſe,
In tragic lays the burthen of my woes!
HERBERT, the mild, benevolent, and juſt,
Now ſinks, alas, lamented to the duſt!
His God-like ſoul has wing'd its glorious flight,
To the calm regions of Eternal Light;
Wafted from buſy life's perplexing road,
By angel myriads to their bleſt abode.
His weeping friends, in ſolemn ſad array,
Mark with their heart-flown ſighs that mournful day,
The preſſing throng with ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes, the ſkies,
With downcaſt looks, and ſhrieks that pierce
Lament their *HERBERT*, gen'rous, brave, and wiſe.
The ſhiv'ring orphan, and the widow'd poor,
Were fed, were clad, and cheriſh'd at his door;
His tender heart throbb'd faithful to their cauſe,
Studious to ſhew while meriting applauſe;
Happy when e'er his bounteous hand could give
Aid to the wretched, and their wants relieve.
But ah! no more ſhall bounty pour its balm,
No more ſhall comfort mis'ry's tumult calm,
No more ſhall charity her banquet ſpread,
For *HERBERT* lies now number'd with the dead.

Dublin. M. N——E.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

New York, June 11th, 1794.

ON Monday evening the committee, appointed by the Tammany Society to addreſs their congratulations to Dr. Prieſtley, reported their addreſs and his anſwer; both which are much too violent for the decency of an Engliſh publication. What follows however, being of a different deſcription, we very readily tranſcribe.

To JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D. F. R. S.

"SIR,

"The aſſociated teachers in the city of New York beg leave to offer you a ſincere and hearty welcome to this land of tranquillity and freedom.

"Impreſſed with an idea of the real importance of ſo valuable an acquiſition to the growing intereſts of ſcience and literature in this country, we are particularly happy that the honour of your firſt reception has fallen to this ſtate, and to the city of New York.

"As labourers in thoſe fields which you have occupied with the moſt diſtinguiſhed eminence, the arduous and important taſk of cultivating the human mind, we contemplate with peculiar ſatisfaction the auſpicious influence which your perſonal reſidence in this country will add to that of your highly-valuable ſcientific and literary productions, by which we have already been materially benefited

"We beg leave to anticipate the happineſs of ſharing, in ſome degree, that patronage of ſcience and literature, which it has ever been your delight to afford. This will give facility to our exertions; direct and encourage us in our arduous employments; aſſiſt us to form the MAN, and thereby give efficacy to the diffuſion of uſeful knowledge.

"Our moſt ardent wiſhes attend you, good ſir, that you may find in this land of virtuous ſimplicity a happy receſs from the intriguing politics and vitiating refinements of the European world. That your patriotic virtues may add to the vigour of our happy conſtitution, and that the bleſſings of this country may be abundantly renumerated into your perſon and your family.

"And we rejoice in believing that the Parent of Nature, by thoſe ſecret communications of happineſs with which he never fails to reward the virtuous mind, will here convey to you that conſolation, ſupport, and joy, which are independent of local circumſtances, and "which the world can neither give nor take away."

Signed by order of the committee,

WILLIAM PAYNE, *Chairman.*

EDWARD SHEPHARD, *Secretary.*"

To the ASSOCIATED TEACHERS in the City of NEW YORK.

"GENTLEMEN,

"A welcome to this country from my fellow-labourers in the inſtructions of youth is, I aſſure you, peculiarly grateful to me. Claſſes of men, as well as individuals, are apt to form too high ideas of their own importance; but certainly one of the moſt important is, that which contributes ſo much as ours do, to the communication of uſeful knowledge, as forming the characters of men, thereby fitting them for their ſeveral ſtations in ſociety. In ſome form or other this has been my employment and delight; and my principal object in flying for an aſylum to this country, "a land," as I hope you juſtly term it, "of virtuous ſimplicity, and a receſs from the intriguing politics and vicious refinements of the European world," is, that I may, without moleſtation, purſue my favourite ſtudies. And, if I had an opportunity of making choice of an employment for what remains of active exertion in life, it would be one in which I ſhould, as I hope I have hitherto done, contribute, with you, to advance the cauſe of ſcience, of virtue, and of religion.

J. PRIESTLEY."

Geneva, July 25. On the 18th inſtant, M. M. Soulavie and Merle, commiſſioners from the French convention, reſident here, gave a grand dinner to the principal members of a ſociety entitled The Club of the Mountain, alias the Marſeilleſe Club, conſiſting of the moſt violent patriots of this city. On breaking up, which did not happen till an early hour in the morning, the members of the club had recourſe to arms, and, arming the populace at the ſame time, took poſſeſſion of the gates and arſenals. They next proceeded to elect a revolutionary committee, or committee of public ſafety, compoſed of ſeven members, by whom every perſon inimical to their intereſts was inſtantly apprehended. As it was impoſſible for the priſons to contain the whole of thoſe, they were conveyed to the watch-towers of the baſtion, entitled "The Baſtion of Holland," and to the different public magazines. The number of perſons thus apprehended amounts at this moment to nearly a thouſand: two hundred, who were in a ſtate of proſcription, have contrived to make their eſcape. It is worthy of remark, that no one female has yet been impriſoned, notwithſtanding ſeveral have been ordered before the committee, interrogated and inſulted. Whether in ſeizing on the perſons of individuals, or in making domiciliary viſits to come at thoſe they wiſhed to apprehend, the revolutioniſts have paid but little reſpect to property. In arreſting M. Necker, late prime miniſter of France under the monarchy, at his country ſeat, they took poſſeſſion of his plate, and a conſiderable ſum in ſpecie. The houſe of M. Saladin de Craus has been plundered, as have alſo ſeveral others: but on thoſe occaſions no perſonal violence have been offered. At the firſt moment of the revolution, ſeveral muſkets were diſcharged, by which two perſons were wounded.

On Sunday the 20th, the revolutionary committee, named by the clubs, publiſhed a proclamation of "Equality, Liberty, and Independence;" which was approved, and a revolutionary tribunal elected on the 21ſt by about three thouſand voices.

The revolutionary tribunal was no ſooner

elected, than it proceeded to exercise its functions. On the 22d it sentenced to death fourteen persons; seven of those sentences were confirmed by the revolutionary mass—the others were changed into banishment or imprisonment, with confiscation of property. The populace, since the revolution, and at this hour, pillage every where, and are eager in endeavouring to discover all whom they consider any way inimical to the present system.

Stockholm, Aug. 1. Sentence was yesterday pronounced, by the court tribunal, against those persons convicted of being inculpated in the conspiracy of D'Armfeldt, amidst the assemblage of an immense crowd of people. Baron D'Armfeldt was declared outlawed, with the loss of his honour, and the confiscation of his property. Von Ehrenstrohm is to have his right hand cut off, and afterwards to be executed, with the loss of his life and honour, and confiscation of his property. Countess Rudenskold is to lose her life and honour, and her possessions to be confiscated. As to the other accomplices, Aminoff, Forster, the manager of the opera, and Mineur, the valet of D'Armfeldt, there was not sufficient evidence to convict them. The former, however, has not been acquitted: his trial has been referred to farther examination. Mr. Von Franc, the secretary of state and post director, lieutenant-colonel Lilie, Sources, Merchant, and Signeul, have been honourably acquitted.

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

Leicester, Sept. 1, 1794.

THIS day the Leicestershire volunteer cavalry received their standards in form; a ceremony as interesting and splendid as the occasion was momentous and glorious; the appearance of three hundred respectable neighbours, voluntarily standing forth in defence of their country, attended by the civil power of the county and town, as if uniting themselves in support of each other; honoured by the presence and respect of the neighbouring nobility and gentry; surrounded by a numerous concourse of their fellow-countrymen; and crowned with the approbation and smiles of all the beauties in Leicestershire, who seemed to look up to them as to the "manly hearts who guard the fair!" Early in the morning an officer's guard, under the command of captain-lieutenant Burnaby, mounted guard at head-quarters, and attended the person of the colonel (sir Wm. Skeffington) through the day. At eleven o'clock the troops assembled from their different alarm-posts, and formed a hollow square in the market-place; after which, an officer's guard, from the colonel's troop, conducted Miss Linwood, attended by Mr. Hungerford, (who represented the lord lieutenant of the county) and a splendid assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of the county and town, to head-quarters, with the truly elegant BANNER, which that lady, whose unequalled genius alone could produce it, had, to her infinite honour, wrought, as her patriotic donation to the corps, and which was afterwards, at her desire, presented by lady Skeffington. The Leicester troop, under the command of captain Heyrick, then conducted the mayor and corporation from the Guildhall, in their formalities, to the market-place, where they were received by the colonel, and saluted as they passed the line. The royal banner, which was extremely elegant, and the donation of lady Charlotte Curzon, daughter of the gallant earl Howe, was then displayed to the troops, and afterwards presented by her ladyship to the colonel, escorted by the high sheriff and earl of Moira; at the same time, lady Skeffington, attended by Mr. Hungerford and the mayor of Leicester, displayed the provincial banner, given by Miss Linwood. The presenting ladies were attended by a train of ladies and gentlemen *en uniforme*. After passing in front of the line, the banners were presented to the colonel, who delivered them to the senior cornets, accompanied by a manly and appropriate speech. On the standards being received, they were saluted by the troops.

The colonel then, with animation and dignity highly becoming his character and rank, thus addressed the corps.

On presenting the Royal Standard.

GENTLEMEN,

I have the honour to present this royal standard to the corps, being the gift of lady Charlotte Curzon, as a testimony of her loyalty to her sovereign, her zeal for the glorious cause we are engaged in, and her singular regard for the honour and welfare of the loyal corps of Leicestershire volunteer cavalry.—Under the influence of the donative of the daughter of the victorious earl Howe, I am confident that, whenever occasion offers, it will incite you to valorous deeds; to the honour of the donor, and the esteem of your country; remembering that it is to be valiantly defended, and never yielded but with life.—Long live the king!

On presenting the Provincial Standard,

GENTLEMEN,

Impressed with an unalterable loyalty for her sovereign and attachment to her country, lady Skeffington experiences an heartfelt satisfaction in the opportunity of this public declaration of her sentiments. The presentation of the provincial standard she esteems not only as an appropriate duty, but also as an honour which she ever must remember with sensations as animating as the memorable cause we so gloriously are engaged in. She warmly participates in the approbation excited by Miss Linwood, to whose ingenuity and loyalty we are indebted for a standard, which ever, in point of work, must be eminently conspicuous. Lady Skeffington, maintaining a stedfast esteem for the spirited and gallant corps of Leicestershire cavalry, ardently hopes an unvarying

varying prosperity may happily distinguish our patriotic regiment, for whose welfare she ever must retain the most anxious regard. Sincerely wishing each individual yeoman every success which valour must deserve, she exhorts you to remember that this standard, the INSIGNIA OF HONOUR, like honour, should be yielded but with life.

After the Ceremony of Presentation was concluded.

GENTLEMEN,

The gratification I experience at the glorious sight of my countrymen assembled here, is not to be described; confident I am there is not a breast but which glows with an animation equal to my own; the circumstance most sensibly felt by me on this memorable occasion is, having the honour of being appointed by our gracious sovereign to the command of a corps of such honourable and patriotic gentlemen, which I shall ever esteem the most elevated station of my life; and this day will be a memorial to remind your country of the affection you bear it, by standing forth in defence of every thing human nature holds most valuable; and at a time when you were looked up to for its defence. Since then, gentlemen, we give a proof that the same heroic ardor glows in our vains which did in our valiant ancestors, let us emulate them who so bravely fought and bled in defence of a constitution which is the pride and envy of the world; and let us by their bright example be stimulated to the last drop of our blood in defending our beneficent king, our religion, our country, and its laws. Long live the king! and may prosperity, uninterrupted, await every part of his majesty's dominions!

After this, as well as after the presentation, the band played "God save the King!" the officers saluting, and the regiment pointing their swords towards the standards: then the colonel proceeded.

GENTLEMEN,

I cannot quit the inspiring subject without taking the liberty to intimate, that thanks are too deficient for your late worthy representative in parliament Mr. Hungerford, who so long in his senatorial capacity conferred honour on the station you were pleased to call him to, and who retired from the arduous task to enjoy his well-earned reward, the approbation of a grateful county. How then, gentlemen, can we sufficiently acknowledge our obligations to him, who, on the instant this glorious undertaking was devised, flew with a zeal that kept pace with his former acts, and never quitted the enterprize till, by his sedulous and attentive care, the meritorious cause we are engaged in was accomplished! Thanks are his due; but let us do more; permit the remembrance of his attachment to the king and country, and the service he has rendered the cause, to be engraved indelibly on our hearts.

After the chaplain (the rev. T. Gresley, B.A.) had very solemnly consecrated the banners, the troops marched off to the Abbey Meadow, where they went through the exercise, to the approbation of the colonel, and the admiration of a great concourse of spectators. From the field the troops were marched again to the market-place, where the banners were delivered into the hands of the colonel. The day concluded with a ball and supper given by the corps, which was numerously attended by the nobility and gentry of the county and town.

Portsmouth, Sept. 1. At a quarter before six o'clock on Friday evening last, l'Impetueuse, one of the large line-of-battle ships lately captured by earl Howe's fleet, and which lay very near the dock-yard, was perceived to be on fire, the flames bursting out with great rapidity, and forming a pillar of fire that had the most awful appearance. Signals being immediately made, all the boats from the ships in harbour were manned, and forming themselves into two divisions, their boats lashed together, they contrived, at imminent hazard, to grapple the Impetueuse, fore and aft, with strong chains, in order that, when her anchor cables were burnt, she should be kept from moving so as to endanger the Northumberland, which was near her, and prevent the conflagration from spreading, as might be the case if she was adrift. With these grapples the boats could also force her wherever the fire would be the least dangerous; and they accomplished their purpose, by keeping her in a proper station, until she burned down to the water's edge. The flames were got under about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, but not totally extinguished till the afternoon. The flames spread with such rapidity as seemed at first to threaten the destruction of the whole dock-yard; and l'Impetueuse being moored near the powder magazine, alarmed the inhabitants so much, that great numbers of them fled in every direction from the town. A Spaniard and four or five other persons were taken up on suspicion of being concerned in this diabolical measure. They were examined before a magistrate; but the fire clearly appeared to have happened entirely from accident, as the men had that day been shovelling out the damaged powder from the magazine with iron-bound shovels, and it is imagined that one of them struck fire against some of the nails. The Impetueuse was supposed to be worth 30,000l. and though not the largest, was looked upon the finest ship of the six taken by lord Howe. The French prisoners in Portchester Castle, amounting to near five thousand, on the moment of the flames bursting out, gave a loud shout of "Vive la Republique!" and were all night singing Ca Ira, the Marseillois Hymn, &c. They expected every moment to be released. They were however disappointed, as the most proper caution was observed on the occasion, and no stranger whatever admitted into the dock-yard.

The Betsey, of London, Gibson late master, from Jamaica, was captured off the Lizard, by la Unité French frigate, in company with the Thames, three other frigates, and a corvette. Captain Gibson and his crew (except the mate, carpenter, cook, a boy, and Mrs. Williams, a passenger,) were taken out of the Betsey by the Frenchmen, and a lieutenant and thirteen men put on board to take charge of the prize. Three

days

days after, the ship being driven by heavy gales of wind in sight of Guernsey, a plot was laid for securing the Frenchmen, and to retake the ship. On the mate's suggesting it to Mrs. Williams, she instantly fainted, sensible, it is to be presumed, that if the scheme failed, every soul would be put to death. Recovering in a short time her composure, she went to the mate, and with heroism unparalleled, actually engaged to assist in the project. At eleven o'clock at night, when the lieutenant was asleep in his birth, and others of the French were between decks, in the fore-part of the ship, the signal was given, and Mrs. Williams kept her resolution, by locking the lieutenant's door, and standing with her back against it to prevent its being forced; in the mean while the Frenchmen on deck were thrust down the fore-hatchway by the three men, and threatened with death if they made any attempt to get up. Providence favouring their efforts with a fine breeze from the S. W. in twelve hours they cast anchor in this port; Mrs. Williams, in the position, when relieved by a boat's crew, who went on board, of holding a pistol to the cabin door. Thus, by the exertions of a spirited woman, and three brave fellows, have the proprietors and underwriters miraculously recovered a ship and cargo worth 20,000l. Mrs. Williams is a smart well looking woman, between thirty and forty years of age, and, when she armed herself with a cutlass and a case of pistols, she at the same time put a bottle of opium in her bosom, in case of a miscarriage.

Extract of a Letter from Harwich, Oct. 7.

Inured as the inhabitants of a sea-port town are to the distresses incident to the tempestuous weather, yet the calamitouss effects of a dreadful storm of twenty hours duration have been so great, as to amaze even those most familiar with those unhappy scenes. The tempest commenced about eight o'clock on Saturday evening, and by eleven o'clock next morning, there were thirty-five vessels wrecked within twenty miles of Harwich harbour. At one o'clock on Monday, the crew of the restoration, captain Walker, a fine new ship in the Norway trade, and the people from a North Shields collier, in three boats, with the utmost peril and difficulty made the harbour. They had been in their boats from eleven o'clock the night before, and when they at length happily reached the shore, were reduced by fatigue and the inclemency of the weather, to the greatest weakness. Captain Walker reports, that in the morning of Monday he saw upwards of seventy sail of vessels making signals of distress. The wrecks of several vessels are plainly to be seen from the town, and many lives must inevitably have been lost.

A boat with four men and two women, in attempting to cross to Languard Fort on Monday, was driven out to sea, where the unhappy people must undoubtedly have all perished.

A person at Horningsheath, in Suffolk, being drawn to serve in the militia, went to Bury and procured a substitute, who, when sworn in, was asked what family he had (the act specifying, that no person having more than one child born in wedlock shall be taken as a substitute) upon which he replied, that he had a wife and one child at home, and three in the church-yard; whereupon the magistrate, (naturally concluding that the three children were dead,) swore him in, and he joined the regiment accordingly. It afterwards, however, appeared, that the man thus enrolled had four living children, and that he purposely sent three of them into the church-yard to play whilst he was attested. The point in dispute is, whether the parish of Horningsheath have a right to reimburse the guardians of the poor of Bury for the maintenance of more than the wife and *one* child (for which we hear they have tendered payment) or whether they are liable to pay for the *whole* family of the substitute accepted by means of this evative oath.

LONDON, *Oct.* 1, 1794.

A SPECIAL commission for trying the prisoners in the Tower and Newgate, has passed the great seal; and the commissioners are, the Lord Chief Justice of the court of Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Baron Hotham, Mr. Justice Buller, Mr. Justice Grose, and Mr. Justice Lawrence.

The following is a list of the prisoners:

Committed to the Tower.

John Horne Tooke,	19th May.
Rev. Jeremiah Joyce,	
John Richter,	
John Augustus Bonny,	
John Thelwall,	
John Lovett,	
Thomas Hardy,	29th May.
John Martin,	
Stuart Kyd,	6th June.

All charged with high treason.

Committed to Newgate.

Mr. Stone,	May 29th, on suspicion of treason.
John Hillier,	
John Ashley,	
Jean Baptiste Russel,	
Richard Hayward,	
Thomas Spence,	
John Philip Francklow,	June 6th, do.
John Baxter,	July 8th, high treason.

Committed to York Castle, Henry York, alias Redhead, July 7th, high treason.

Messrs. Hull, Pearson, Secretary Adams, and Pearce, are at large on bail.

Camage, Broomhead, Moody, Wideson, and Hill, from Sheffield; Saint, the Norwich publican, and Edwards, still remain in custody.

A marriage is finally settled, with the consent of their majesties, between his royal highness the prince of Wales and his first cousin, the princess daughter of the duke of Brunswick. The above intended marriage was sanctioned by a council held at Weymouth; and an ambassador extraordinary will be appointed for the purpose of demanding the princess of Brunswick in marriage for the prince of Wales. The queen's yacht is fitting out with all imaginable magnificence in Deptford dock-yard, to bring over the princess, who is in her 17th year. Carlton-House is to be immediately

immediately completed at the expence of government.

The corpſe of a gentleman, as it was proceeding in a hearſe to the burial ground, was arreſted by a ſheriff's officer and his followers, under a warrant, as uſual, granted againſt *the body*. The friends who followed, immediately left their coaches, and told the officer, if he choſe, he was welcome to the body, but he ſhould neither have *coffin, ſhroud*, nor any one particle in which the body was enveloped; and if he took them by force, he ſhould be indicted for a *highway robbery*, as thoſe matters were the property of the executors; nay, they went further, and ſaid, that as the deceaſed had, by his will, bequeathed his body to the executors, no *execution* would hold againſt the corpſe, the proceſs muſt be againſt them. The bailiff, very properly, being perſuaded that the ſpirit of the law meant a *living*, and not a dead *body*, marched off without inſiſting on the *legality of his capture*. This is the firſt inſtance of the kind that has happened ſince the arreſt of the dead body of a ſheriff of London, not many years ago.

Extract of a Letter from Edinburgh, Wedneſday Morning, Oct. 15.

When the reſpite was intimated to Downie, he ſtarted as from a dream, and exclaimed, "Glory to God—and thanks to the king for his goodneſs: I will pray for him as long as I live." After which the tears of gratitude flowed.

Twenty minutes paſt three.

About two, Watt was brought down from the Caſtle on a hurdle with the executioner, drawn by a white horſe, and attended on foot by the two junior bailies (aldermen) the ſheriff, ſheriff-ſubſtitute, and about forty conſtables, but no military guard;—as alſo the rev. doctor Baird, and Mr. J. Robertſon; the multitude, as they came down the Caſtle Hill and Lawn-Market, falling back in the moſt reſpectful manner.

He was attended by the ſheriffs, the two bailies, and two clergymen, on the ſcaffold; where the time was ſpent in prayer till three o'clock, when he mounted the ſcaffold, and after praying alone for three or four minutes, he made the ſignal, and was launched into eternity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 1, 1794.

ON Thurſday morning, the body of Mr. Coghlan, tanner, of Dolphin's-barn, who had been miſſing ſome days paſt, was found in the harbour of the grand canal, near James's-ſtreet, ſtanding in an upright poſition—The coroner's inqueſt have brought in a verdict, wilful murder againſt perſons unknown, and ſeveral people who had been with him the night on which he was firſt miſſed, have been committed on ſuſpicion of being acceſſary to his death.

17.] At the quarter aſſembly held at the Exhibition-Room, William-ſtreet, the conduct of the committee on the new regiment to be raiſed by the city, was reprobated in the ſtrongeſt manner, and the whole of their management ſet aſide.

Another committee was appointed, and on the motion of Mr. Chambers, it was agreed, that the lord mayor do continue to refuſe ſealing the debentures voted for the regiment, until the committee ſhall preſent a report, and the ſame be ſanctioned by the approbation of the houſe; which was carried unanimouſly.

The thanks of the aſſembly were next voted to alderman William James, late lord mayor of this city, in a gold box, for his upright, active, and honourable diſcharge of the duties of his office. On a ballot which enſued upon this queſtion, there appeared for it 88, againſt it 2.

The ſum of 1000l. for the extraordinary expences of the mayoralty and hoſpitalities of the manſion-houſe, was alſo unanimouſly voted to alderman James.

The thanks of the aſſembly was alſo voted to the late high ſheriffs; the ſame to be preſented in ſilver boxes.

19.] A large party of recruits, ſome mention to the amount of two hundred, were taken at night from Lambay on board a ſmuggling cutter from Ruſh, and as their landing has not yet been heard of, it is imagined that they have ſailed for Dunkirk. The parties were enabled to effect their eſcape through the darkneſs of the night.

Two children, apparently not above ten days old, were taken out of the Poddle-hole. They were ſuppoſed not to have lain there above two days, and alſo that they were twins, thrown there by their wretched and inhuman mother, at the bare idea of which the human mind revolts.

The duke de Fitz-James is, at the particular invitation of a great perſonage, coming over to take upon him the command of the four Roman Catholic battalions about to be raiſed here.

The gentlemen appointed to command the four Roman Catholic regiments about to be raiſed are,

The right hon. Henry Dillon, brother of lord viſcount Dillon; the duke de Fitz-James; the count de Walſh; and Mr. O'Connell, late colonel in the French ſervice. The regiments are all deſtined for foreign ſervice.

A FEW SPECIMENS OF SWINDLING.—*Money Lent.*—"Perſons in want of money may have the ſame to any amount, on bond, note, or by way of annuity, at an hour's notice." The parties are not to expect more than one twentieth part of the value of their deposit; and in certain caſes may probably be plundered of the whole.

Partner Wanted.—"Any perſon having four or five thouſand pounds at his diſpoſal, will be taken into partnerſhip in a lucrative buſineſs, where he may, with very little trouble, make 20 per cent. of his capital." The advertiſer, when he procures the new partner's money, becomes a bankrupt; and by fictitious books and fictitious creditors gets his certificate, and ſets up in buſineſs on the deluded man who ſought for 20 per cent.

A Wife.—"A gentleman of property may be

be introduced to a young lady, with a capital fortune at her own diſpoſal. A handſome premium is expected, by way of bond to the advertiſer, payable on the day of marriage." The young lady to be married is a jilt, not worth ſixpence, at a boarding-ſchool, where ſhe paſſes for an immenſe fortune. The ceremony takes place, and the bridegroom is made to pay perhaps 1000l. for a wife not worth a groat.—*Such things are!*

Five Thouſand Pounds Wanted.—"On landed property, in a regiſtered county. None but principals will be treated with." The eſtate is mortgaged for the ſum, and the money paid; but when application is made for the intereſt, it is diſcovered that the party who borrowed was not the owner of the eſtate; that the whole was a fraud, and that the ſwindler and money are gone to America.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCH OF ATHLONE.

This monument was erected for the right worſhipful Matthew de Renzie, knight, who departed this life 29th Auguſt, 1634, being of the age of 57 years. Born at Cullen in Germany, and deſcended from the family and renowned warrior, George Caſtriot, alias Scanderberg; who, in the Chriſtian wars, fought 52 battles with great conqueſt and honour againſt the Great Turk. He was a great traveller and general linguiſt, and kept correſpondency with moſt nations in many weighty affairs, and in three years gave great perfection to this nation, by compoſing a grammar, dictionary, and chronicle in the Iriſh tongue: in accounts moſt expert, and exceeding all others for his great applauſe. This work was accompliſhed by Matthew de Renzie, his ſon, Aug. 29, 1635.

BIRTHS.

IN Moleſworth-ſtreet, the lady of captain Leſlie, of Fermanagh militia, of a ſon and heir.—In Patrick-ſtreet, the wife of William Anderſon, of three boys, who, with their mother, are all likely to do well.

MARRIAGES.

AT Well-Park, Thomas Naghton, of Thomaſtown, county Roſcommon, eſq. to Miſs Anne D'Arcy, daughter of the late John D'Arcy, of Houndſwood, eſq.—Nicholas Mahon, eſq. to Miſs D'Eſterre, daughter of the late Henry D'Eſterre, of Caſtle-Henry, county Clare, eſq.—James Croſton, eſq. only ſon of the rev. ſir Malby Croſton, bart. to Miſs Lyſter, daughter of the rev. John Lyſter.—In Granard, lieutenant William Nixon, of the royal Greys, to Miſs Wilſon, of Belfaſt.—John Edmondſon, of Caſtlebar, county Mayo, eſq. to Miſs Jane Baynes, daughter of Chriſtopher Baynes, of ſaid place, eſq.

DEATHS.

ON board the Boyne man of war, in the Weſt Indies, John Warburton, eſq. one of the knights of the ſhire for the Queen's county.—At Carrick-on-Suir, Walter Woulfe, eſq.—On Uſher's-Iſland, in a very advanced age, the rev. Jacob Bryan, upwards of fifty years one of the curates of St. Auguſtin's parish.—In Lower Merrion-ſtreet, the [illegible]oſtus Edward Robinſon, (ſon [illegible] D. [illegible]on, of the royal Iriſh artille[illegible], and firſt chaplain to his [illegible]—At the college of Youghal, the rev. Walter Giles.—At the Black-Rock, county Dublin, Edward Beatty, eſq. of St. Andrew-ſtreet, aged 78 years, a very eminent merchant, and ſtationer to the honourable the commiſſioners of his majeſty's revenue.—On board the Vengeance man of war, from the Weſt Indies, lieutenant-colonel Stephen Freemantle, of the 39th regiment of foot, member of parliament for the borough of Fore. He was married to Miſs Jeffreys, niece to the preſent lord chancellor Fitzgibbon.—At Martinique, in the Weſt Indies, lieutenant Thomas Thornhill, of the 64th regiment of foot, ſecond ſon of James Badham Thornhill, of Thornhill-Lawn, eſq.—In the Weſt Indies, lieutenant Jones, ſon of Thomas Morris Jones, of Moneyglaſs, eſq.—In Jamaica, George Marſhall, eſq. ſon of Walter Marſhall, of Londonderry, eſq.—On her way to Briſtol Hot-wells, Miſs Anne Phelan, of the Caſtle of Roſcrea, county Tipperary.—In Baggot-ſtreet, Miſs Daly, daughter of Denis Daly, of Raford, county Galway, eſq.—At Cara, county Kerry, the rev. Brent Johnſon.—At Cork, John Wakeman, eſq.—At Bath, full of years and full of honours, the moſt rev. father in God his grace doctor Richard Robinſon, lord archbiſhop of Armagh, primate and metropolitan of all Ireland, lord high almoner, baron Rokeby of Armagh, one of the lords of his majeſty's moſt honourable privy council, and prelate to the moſt illuſtrious order of St. Patrick. His grace was conſecrated biſhop of Killala in 1751; tranſlated to Leighlin and Ferns in 1759; to the ſee of Kildare in 1761; and to the archiepiſcopal ſee of Armagh in 1765. His grace is ſucceeded in his title of lord Rokeby, by his nephew ———— Robinſon, of Weſt Riding, Yorkſhire, eſq. now lord baron Rokeby.—On his way from Guadaloupe to Martinique, lieutenant George, of the royal Iriſh artillery.

PROMOTIONS.

ALEXANDER ARMSTRONGE, eſq. the right hon. earl Moore, John Baggott, James Shortall, Richard Legge, Edmund Malony, eſqrs. the hon. E. Jones, and Walter Blake, eſq. to be captains in the royal Iriſh artillery.—Charles Fane, eſq. to be captain in the 13th dragoons.—William Godley, eſq. to be major of the 83d regiment of foot.—Sir William Lowther, bart. to be ſecond major in colonel M'enamara's regiment.—The honourable John Moore, to be major of ſir Vere Hunt's regiment.—Dixie Blundell, and Robert Stewart, eſqrs. to be captains in the royal Iriſh artillery.—Richard Wogan Talbot, eſq. to be lieutenant-colonel-commandant of a new raiſed regiment.—The hon. John Stratford, to be lieutenant-colonel, Daniel Henry Shaw, and Charles Rawdon, eſqrs. to be majors, of a new raiſed regiment.—The hon. Robert Ward, to be lieutenant-colonel of a new raiſed regiment.—The right rev. and hon. doctor William Beresford, lord biſhop of Oſſory, tranſlated to the archbiſhopric of Tuam, (the moſt rev. Joſeph Deane, earl of Mayo, deceaſed)—John Hatton, of the 66th regiment of foot, James Kemmis, of the 40th regiment of foot, and William Buchanan, of the royal Iriſh artillery, eſqrs. to be majors by brevet in the army.

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Gets as deeply skilled in the mystery of Cards, dice as his Master and sets up for himself

Gets in to the Army — gives a Challenge while in liquor to a Brother officer

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Thus ends this strange eventful History —

Sudden — unprepared — Death !!!